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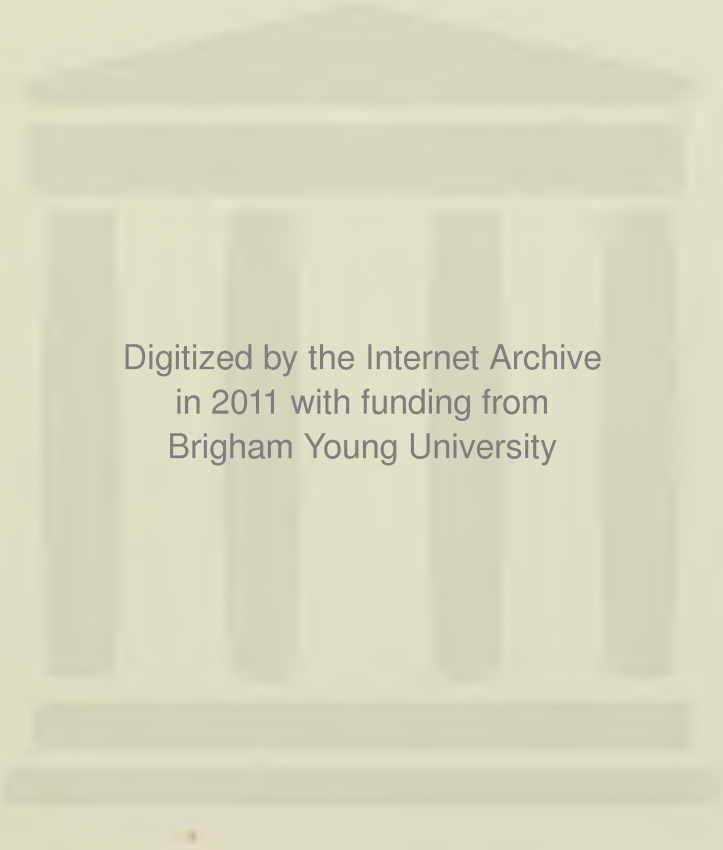

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SHAKESPEARE'S

COMEDY OF

THE WINTER'S TALE

EDITED, WITH NOTES

BY

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ILLUSTRATED

NEW YORK ·:· CINCINNATI ·:· CHICAGO
AMERICAN BOOK COMPANY

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WINTER'S TALE.
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PREFATORY NOTE

This play, which I first edited in 1879, is now presented in a revised form similar to that of its predecessors in the new series. In rewriting and enlarging the Notes I have been greatly indebted to Dr. Furness, as the frequent references to his encyclopædic edition (1898) will show.

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INTRODUCTION TO THE WINTER'S TALE

The History of the Play

The Winter's Tale was apparently first printed in the folio of 1623, where it is the last of the "Comedies," as *The Tempest* is the first.

Malone found a memorandum in the *Office Book* of Sir Henry Herbert, the Master of the Revels, which he gives as follows: —

"For the king's players. An olde playe called Winter's Tale, formerly allowed of by Sir George Bucke, and likewyse by mee on Mr. Hemmings his worde that there was nothing profane added or reformed, thogh the allowed booke was missinge, and

therefore I returned it without a fee, this 19 of August, 1623."

Malone also discovered that Sir George Buck did not obtain full possession of his office as Master of the Revels until August, 1610; and he therefore conjectured that *The Winter's Tale* "was originally licensed in the latter part of that year or the beginning of the next." This date is confirmed by the *Diary* of Doctor Forman, who writes thus: —

"In the Winters Talle at the glob
1611 the 15 of Maye g

Observe ther howe Lyontes the Kinge of Cicillia was overcom w^t^ Ielosy of his wife with the Kinge of Bohemia his frind that came to see him. and howe he contriued his death and wold haue had his cup berer to have poisoned. who gave the King of bohemia warning therof & fled with him to bohemia/Remēber also howe he sent to the Orakell of appollo & the Aunswer of apollo. that she was giltles. and that the king was Ielouse &c and howe Except the child was found Agane that was loste the Kinge shuld die with out yssue. for the child was caried into bohemia & ther laid in a forrest & brought up by a sheppard And the kinge of bohemia his sonn maried that wentch & howe they fled into Cicillia to Leontes and the sheppard hauing showed the letter of the nobleman by whom Leontes sent a [*sic*] was that child, and the Iewells found about her. she was knowen to be Leontes daughter and was then 16 yers old Re-

member also the Rog that cam in all tottered like coll pixci/and howe he feyned him sicke & to haue bin Robbed of all that he had and howe he cosoned the por man of all his money. and after cam to the shep sher with a pedlers packe & ther cosoned them Again of all their money And howe he changed apparrell wt the Kinge of bomia [*sic*] his sonn. and then howe he turned Courtiar, &c/beware of trustinge feined beggars or fawninge fellouse."

The play was also performed at Whitehall on the 5th of November the same year (1611). The entry in the *Accounts of the Revels*, like similar ones concerning *The Tempest*, *The Merchant of Venice*, and other plays of Shakespeare, is a forgery, but has been shown to be founded on fact.

The internal tests, metrical, æsthetic, and other, all tend to show that the play was one of the poet's last productions. Dowden (*Shakspere Primer*, p. 151) says of it: "The versification is that of Shakspere's latest group of plays; no five-measure lines are rhymed; run-on lines and double-endings are numerous. The tone and feeling of *The Winter's Tale* place it in the same period with *The Tempest* and *Cymbeline;* its breezy air is surely that which blew over Warwickshire fields upon Shakspere now returned to Stratford; its country lads and lasses, and their junketings, are those with which the poet had in a happy spirit renewed his acquaintance. This is perhaps the last complete play that Shakspere wrote."

Many critics believe that Ben Jonson has a little fling at *The Winter's Tale* in the Induction of his *Bartholomew Fair*, published in 1614: "If there be never a Servant-Monster i' the fayre, who can helpe it, he sayes; nor a nest of Antiques? He is loth to make nature afraid in his playes, like those that beget Tales, Tempests, and such like Drolleries." The "antiques," or *antics*, are possibly the dancing Satyrs of iv. 4, and the "servant-monster" may be Caliban of *The Tempest*.

The Winter's Tale is one of the most carefully printed plays in the folio, even the punctuation being exceptionally accurate. The style presents unusual difficulties, being more elliptical, involved, and perplexing than that of any other work of Shakespeare's. Under the circumstances, as White remarks, "it is rather surprising that the text has come down to us in so pure a state; and the absolute incomprehensibility of one or two passages may safely be attributed to the attempt, on the part of the printers, to correct that which they thought corrupt in their copy, but which was only obscure."

The Source of the Plot

The story of *The Winter's Tale* is taken from Robert Greene's *History of Dorastus and Fawnia*, which appeared first in 1588, under the title of *Pandosto*, and passed through several editions. Shakespeare follows the novel in most particulars, but varies from it in a few of some importance. For instance, in the story as

told by Greene, Bellaria (Hermione) dies upon hearing of the loss of her son ; and Pandosto (Leontes) falls in love with his own daughter, and is finally seized with a kind of melancholy or madness, in which he kills himself. The poet appears to have changed the *dénouement* because he was writing a comedy, not a tragedy.

One of the minor incidents may possibly have been altered for another reason. In *Pandosto* the daughter of the king is cast adrift at sea in a rudderless boat. Collier suggests that this was changed in *The Winter's Tale* because in *The Tempest* the same incident had already been used in the case of Prospero and Miranda. The two plays are undoubtedly of nearly the same date, but, as Gervinus observes, this alteration in the story does not prove that *The Tempest* was written first, but only indicates that the plan of both pieces was sketched at the same time.

It is hardly necessary to add that the poet's indebtedness to the novelist, as in so many other cases of the kind, is really insignificant. "Whatever the merits of Greene's work — and it is a good tale of its sort and its time, though clumsily and pedantically told — they are altogether different in kind (we will not consider the question of degree) from the merits of Shakespeare. In characterization of personages the tale is notably coarse and commonplace, in thought arid and barren, and in language alternately meagre and inflated; whereas there are few more remarkable creations in all literature than Hermione, Perdita, Autolycus, Paulina,

not to notice minor characters; and its teeming wealth of wisdom, and the daring and dainty beauty of its poetry, give the play a high place in the second rank of Shakespeare's works. Briefly, it is the old story over again: the dry stick that seems to bloom and blossom is but hidden by the leafy luxuriance and floral splendour of the plant that has been trained upon it."

General Comments on the Play

Ben Jonson, in his conversations with his Scotch friend, Drummond of Hawthornden, said that Shakespeare "wanted art and sometimes sense; for in one of his plays he brought in a number of men saying they had suffered shipwreck in Bohemia, where is no sea near by a hundred miles." In this point of geography, which has been criticised by others than Jonson, the poet simply followed his original. The author of *Consuelo* has attempted to save the poet's credit by showing that Ottokar II possessed, in addition to his Bohemian and other territories, a seaport (possibly the little port of Naon) which he purchased on the Adriatic, in order to justify the boast that his dominions extended to the sea. Whether Shakespeare knew that fact it is impossible to say. It is unlikely that, in reading Greene's novel, he troubled himself to inquire about the geography of Bohemia, or that, if he found that the country had no seacoast, he would have altered the plan of the drama to avoid copying Greene's blunder.

He did not care for these incongruities if they did not interfere with the use he wished to make of the material. *The Winter's Tale* abounds in faults — if faults they be — of this kind. We have Russian emperors, the Delphic oracle, and the painter Julio Romano, chivalry and classical mythology and the English sports of the Elizabethan age, all delightfully jumbled together. And there are other inconsistencies, which, like similar ones in earlier plays, were probably the result of oversight or forgetfulness. Thus Florizel (in iv. 3) appears in shepherd's clothes, and in the very same scene exchanges his court dress with Autolycus; and the Shepherd (in iii. 3) knows that Antigonus is an old man, though he had not seen him or heard about him. These things led Pope to doubt whether the play was really Shakespeare's; but the fact is, they are among the proofs that it *is* Shakespeare's.

Gervinus believes that the dramatist, instead of endeavouring to eliminate or modify the improbabilities and inconsistencies of Greene's novel, deliberately multiplied and exaggerated them. He says: "Shakespeare has treated Greene's narrative in the way he has usually dealt with his bad originals — he has done away with some indelicacy in the matter, and some unnatural things in the form; he has given a better foundation to the characters and course of events; but to impart an intrinsic value to the subject as a whole, to bring a double action into unity, and to give to the play the character of a regular drama by mere arrangements of

matter and alteration of motive was not possible. The wildness of the fiction, the improbability and contingency of the events, the gap in the time which divides the two actions between two generations, could not be repaired by any art. Shakespeare, therefore, began upon his theme in quite an opposite direction. He increased still more the marvellous and miraculous in the given subject, he disregarded more and more the requirements of the real and probable, and treated time, place, and circumstances with the utmost arbitrariness. He added the character of Antigonus and his death by the bear, Paulina and her second marriage in old age, the pretended death and the long forbearance and preservation of Hermione, Autolycus and his cunning tricks, and he increased thereby the improbable circumstances and strange incidents. . . . Jonson and Dryden have made all this of far too much consequence, even while laughing at it. . . . The scenic effect, the excellent characterization of certain personages, and the beauty of the language of the play were acknowledged, but the poet was continually upbraided for those very marvels which, in our opinion, he only intended as such. Three times in the play, and once for all in the title, he dwelt as emphatically as possible on the fictitious character of the play, which is wholly founded on the incredible and improbable. If we *will* dispute with him, it must be on one point only — whether fiction be admissible on the stage or not. We must not criticise mistakes here and there,

which, if that admissibility be allowed, may well have been purposed by the poet."

We must never forget that Shakespeare wrote for the stage, not for the closet or for print; and on the stage, unless we look at the play with a cold critical eye, instead of giving ourselves up to sympathetic enjoyment of what we see and hear, we seldom detect these improbabilities; or, if we do, we ignore them. Like the poet Campbell, when his attention was first called to some of the incongruities in *As You Like It* after he had been blind to them for many years, we shut our eyes to the faults because of our delight in the drama. As Campbell says, "love is *wilfully* blind. Away with your best proved improbabilities when the heart has been touched and the fancy fascinated!"

I am sure that every reader of the present play will heartily endorse what Furnivall says of it:—

"Though Mamillius tells us that 'a sad tale's best for winter,' yet, notwithstanding all Hermione's suffering, and the death of her gallant boy, who used to frighten her with goblin stories, we cannot call Shakspere's *Winter's Tale* sad. It is so fragrant with Perdita and her primroses and violets, so happy in the reunion and reconciliation of her and her father and mother, so bright with the sunshine of her and Florizel's young love, and the merry roguery of that scamp Autolycus, that none of us can think of *The Winter's Tale* as a 'sad tale' or play.

"The golden glow of the sunset of his genius is over

it, the sweet country air all through it; and of few, if any, of his plays is there a pleasanter picture in the memory than of *The Winter's Tale.* As long as men can think, shall Perdita brighten and sweeten, Hermione ennoble, men's minds and lives. How happily, too, it brings Shakspere before us, mixing with his Stratford neighbours at their sheep-shearing and country sports, enjoying the vagabond pedlar's gammon and talk, delighting in the sweet Warwickshire maidens, and buying them 'fairings,' telling goblin stories to the boys, 'There was a man dwelt by a churchyard,' — opening his heart afresh to all the innocent mirth, and the beauty of nature around him. . . . Its purpose, its lesson, are to teach forgiveness of wrongs, not vengeance for them; to give the sinner time to repent and amend, not to cut him off in his sin; to frustrate the crimes he has purposed. And as in *Cymbeline*, father and injured daughter meet again, she forgiving her wrongs; as there, too, friends meet again, the injured friend forgiving his wrongs, so here do lost daughter, injured daughter, and injuring father meet, he being forgiven; so injured friend forgiving meets injuring friend forgiven; while above all rises the figure of the noble, long-suffering wife Hermione, forgiving the base though now repentant husband who had so cruelly injured her. . . . Hermione is, I suppose, the most magnanimous and noble of Shakspere's women; without a fault, she suffers, and for sixteen years, as if for the greatest fault. . . . Combined with this noble,

suffering figure of Hermione, and her long-sundered married life, is the sweet picture of Perdita's and Florizel's love and happy future. Shakspere shows us more of Perdita than Miranda; and heavenly as the innocence of Miranda was, we yet feel that Perdita comes to us with a sweeter, more earth-like charm, though not less endowed with all that is pure and holy, than her sister of the imaginary Mediterranean isle. . . . Not only do we see Shakspere's freshness of spirit in his production of Perdita, but also in his creation of Autolycus. That, at the close of his dramatic life, after all the troubles he had passed through, Shakspere had yet the youngness of heart to bubble out into this merry rogue, the incarnation of fun and rascality, and let him sail off successful and unharmed, is wonderful. And that there is no diminution of his former comic power is shown, too, in his Clown, who wants but something to be a reasonable man."

THE WINTER'S TALE

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

LEONTES, King of Sicilia.
MAMILLIUS, young Prince of Sicilia.
CAMILLO, ANTIGONUS, CLEOMENES, DION, } Four Lords of Sicilia.
POLIXENES, King of Bohemia.
FLORIZEL, Prince of Bohemia.
ARCHIDAMUS, a Lord of Bohemia.
Old Shepherd, reputed father of Perdita.
Clown, his son.
AUTOLYCUS, a rogue.
A Mariner.
A Gaoler.
HERMIONE, Queen to Leontes.
PERDITA, daughter to Leontes and Hermione.
PAULINA, wife to Antigonus.
EMILIA, a lady attending on Hermione.
MOPSA, DORCAS, } Shepherdesses.

Other Lords and Gentlemen, Ladies, Officers, Guards, Servants, Shepherds, and Shepherdesses.

Time, as Chorus.

SCENE: *Sicilia and Bohemia.*

EMBLEMS OF JEALOUSY

ACT I

SCENE I. *Antechamber in the Palace of Leontes*

Enter CAMILLO *and* ARCHIDAMUS

Archidamus. If you shall chance, Camillo, to visit Bohemia, on the like occasion whereon my services are now on foot, you shall see, as I have said, great difference betwixt our Bohemia and your Sicilia.

Camillo. I think, this coming summer, the King

of Sicilia means to pay Bohemia the visitation which he justly owes him.

Archidamus. Wherein our entertainment shall shame us we will be justified in our loves; for indeed —

Camillo. Beseech you, —

Archidamus. Verily, I speak it in the freedom of my knowledge; we cannot with such magnificence — in so rare — I know not what to say. We will give you sleepy drinks, that your senses, unintelligent of our insufficience, may, though they cannot praise us, as little accuse us.

Camillo. You pay a great deal too dear for what 's given freely.

Archidamus. Believe me, I speak as my understanding instructs me and as mine honesty puts it to utterance.

Camillo. Sicilia cannot show himself over-kind to Bohemia. They were trained together in their childhoods; and there rooted betwixt them then such an affection which cannot choose but branch now. Since their more mature dignities and royal necessities made separation of their society, their encounters, though not personal, hath been royally attorneyed with interchange of gifts, letters, loving embassies; that they have seemed to be together, though absent, shook hands as over a vast, and embraced, as it were, from the ends of opposed winds. The heavens continue their loves!

Archidamus. I think there is not in the world

either malice or matter to alter it. You have an unspeakable comfort of your young prince Mamillius; it is a gentleman of the greatest promise that ever came into my note.

Camillo. I very well agree with you in the hopes of him. It is a gallant child, one that indeed physics the subject, makes old hearts fresh; they that went on crutches ere he was born desire yet their life to see him a man.

Archidamus. Would they else be content to die?

Camillo. Yes; if there were no other excuse why they should desire to live.

Archidamus. If the king had no son, they would desire to live on crutches till he had one. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II. *A Room of State in the Same*

Enter Leontes, Hermione, Mamillius, Polixenes, Camillo, *and* Attendants

Polixenes. Nine changes of the watery star hath been
The shepherd's note since we have left our throne
Without a burthen. Time as long again
Would be fill'd up, my brother, with our thanks,
And yet we should, for perpetuity,
Go hence in debt; and therefore, like a cipher,
Yet standing in rich place, I multiply
With one 'We thank you' many thousands moe
That go before it.

Leontes. Stay your thanks a while,
And pay them when you part.
Polixenes. Sir, that 's to-morrow.
I am question'd by my fears of what may chance
Or breed upon our absence. — That may blow
No sneaping winds at home, to make us say
' This is put forth too truly ! ' — Besides, I have stay'd
To tire your royalty.
Leontes. We are tougher, brother,
Than you can put us to 't.
Polixenes. No longer stay.
Leontes. One seven-night longer.
Polixenes Very sooth, to-morrow.
Leontes. We 'll part the time between 's then; and in that
I 'll no gainsaying.
Polixenes. Press me not, beseech you, so.
There is no tongue that moves, none, none i' the world,
So soon as yours could win me; so it should now,
Were there necessity in your request, although
'T were needful I denied it. My affairs
Do even drag me homeward, which to hinder
Were in your love a whip to me, my stay
To you a charge and trouble; to save both,
Farewell, our brother.
Leontes. Tongue-tied our queen? speak you.
Hermione. I had thought, sir, to have held my peace until

You had drawn oaths from him not to stay. You, sir,
Charge him too coldly. Tell him you are sure
All in Bohemia 's well; this satisfaction
The bygone day proclaim'd. Say this to him,
He 's beat from his best ward.

Leontes. Well said, Hermione.

Hermione. To tell he longs to see his son were strong,
But let him say so then, and let him go;
But let him swear so, and he shall not stay,
We 'll thwack him hence with distaffs. —
Yet of your royal presence I 'll adventure
The borrow of a week. When at Bohemia
You take my lord, I 'll give him my commission
To let him there a month behind the gest
Prefix'd for 's parting; — yet, good deed, Leontes,
I love thee not a jar o' the clock behind
What lady she her lord. — You 'll stay?

Polixenes. No, madam.

Hermione. Nay, but you will?

Polixenes. I may not, verily.

Hermione. Verily!
You put me off with limber vows; but I,
Though you would seek to unsphere the stars with oaths,
Should yet say 'Sir, no going.' Verily,
You shall not go; a lady's 'Verily' is
As potent as a lord's. Will you go yet?
Force me to keep you as a prisoner,
Not like a guest, so you shall pay your fees

When you depart and save your thanks? How say you?
My prisoner? or my guest? by your dread 'Verily,'
One of them you shall be.
Polixenes. Your guest, then, madam;
To be your prisoner should import offending,
Which is for me less easy to commit
Than you to punish.
Hermione. Not your gaoler, then,
But your kind hostess. Come, I 'll question you
Of my lord's tricks and yours when you were boys;
You were pretty lordings then?
Polixenes. We were, fair queen,
Two lads that thought there was no more behind
But such a day to-morrow as to-day,
And to be boy eternal.
Hermione. Was not my lord
The verier wag o' the two?
Polixenes. We were as twinn'd lambs that did frisk i' the sun
And bleat the one at the other. What we chang'd
Was innocence for innocence; we knew not
The doctrine of ill-doing nor dream'd
That any did. Had we pursued that life,
And our weak spirits ne'er been higher rear'd
With stronger blood, we should have answer'd heaven
Boldly 'not guilty;' the imposition clear'd
Hereditary ours.
Hermione. By this we gather
You have tripp'd since.

Polixenes. O my most sacred lady!
Temptations have since then been born to 's, for
In those unfledg'd days was my wife a girl;
Your precious self had then not cross'd the eyes
Of my young playfellow.
Hermione. Grace to boot!
Of this make no conclusion, lest you say
Your queen and I are devils. Yet go on;
The offences we have made you do we 'll answer,
If you first sinn'd with us, and that with us
You did continue fault, and that you slipp'd not
With any but with us.
Leontes. Is he won yet?
Hermione. He 'll stay, my lord.
Leontes. At my request he would not.
Hermione, my dearest, thou never spok'st
To better purpose.
Hermione. Never?
Leontes. Never but once.
Hermione. What! have I twice said well? when
was 't before?
I prithee tell me; cram 's with praise, and make 's
As fat as tame things. One good deed dying tongueless
Slaughters a thousand waiting upon that.
Our praises are our wages; you may ride 's
With one soft kiss a thousand furlongs ere
With spur we heat an acre. But to the goal:
My last good deed was to entreat his stay;
What was my first? it has an elder sister,

Or I mistake you. O, would her name were Grace!
But once before I spoke to the purpose; when?
Nay, let me have 't; I long.
Leontes. Why, that was when
Three crabbed months had sour'd themselves to death
Ere I could make thee open thy white hand
And clap thyself my love; then didst thou utter
'I am yours for ever.'
Hermione. 'T is grace indeed.
Why, lo you now, I have spoke to the purpose twice;
The one for ever earn'd a royal husband,
The other for some while a friend.
Leontes. [*Aside*] Too hot, too hot!
To mingle friendship far is mingling bloods.
I have tremor cordis on me; my heart dances,
But not for joy, not joy. This entertainment
May a free face put on, derive a liberty
From heartiness, from bounty's fertile bosom,
And well become the agent; 't may, I grant,
But to be paddling palms and pinching fingers,
As now they are, and making practis'd smiles,
As in a looking-glass, and then to sigh, as 't were
The mort o' the deer, — O, that is entertainment
My bosom likes not, nor my brows! — Mamillius,
Art thou my boy?
Mamillius. Ay, my good lord.
Leontes. I' fecks!
Why, that 's my bawcock. What, hast smutch'd thy nose? —

They say it is a copy out of mine. — Come, captain,
We must be neat — not neat, but cleanly, captain ;
And yet the steer, the heifer, and the calf
Are all call'd neat. — Still virginalling
Upon his palm ! — How now, you wanton calf !
Art thou my calf ?
Mamillius. Yes, if you will, my lord.
Leontes. Thou want'st a rough pash and the shoots that I have,
To be full like me ; yet they say we are
Almost as like as eggs. Women say so,
That will say any thing ; but were they false
As o'er-dyed blacks, as wind, as waters, false
As dice are to be wish'd by one that fixes
No bourn 'twixt his and mine, yet were it true
To say this boy were like me. Come, sir page,
Look on me with your welkin eye. Sweet villain !
Most dear'st ! my collop ! Can thy dam ? — may 't be ? —
Affection ! thy intention stabs the centre.
Thou dost make possible things not so held,
Communicat'st with dreams ; — how can this be ? —
With what 's unreal thou coactive art,
And fellow'st nothing. Then 't is very credent
Thou mayst co-join with something ; and thou dost,
And that beyond commission, and I find it,
And that to the infection of my brains
And hardening of my brows.
Polixenes. What means Sicilia ?

Hermione. He something seems unsettled.
Polixenes. How, my lord!
What cheer? how is 't with you, best brother?
Hermione. You look
As if you held a brow of much distraction;
Are you mov'd, my lord?
Leontes. No, in good earnest. —
How sometimes nature will betray it's folly,
It's tenderness, and make itself a pastime
To harder bosoms! Looking on the lines
Of my boy's face, methought I did recoil
Twenty-three years, and saw myself unbreech'd,
In my green velvet coat, my dagger muzzled,
Lest it should bite it's master, and so prove,
As ornaments oft do, too dangerous.
How like, methought, I then was to this kernel,
This squash, this gentleman. — Mine honest friend,
Will you take eggs for money?
Mamillius. No, my lord, I 'll fight.
Leontes. You will! why, happy man be 's dole! —
My brother,
Are you so fond of your young prince as we
Do seem to be of ours?
Polixenes. If at home, sir,
He 's all my exercise, my mirth, my matter,
Now my sworn friend and then mine enemy,
My parasite, my soldier, statesman, all.
He makes a July's day short as December,
And with his varying childness cures in me

Thoughts that would thick my blood.

Leontes. So stands this squire
Offic'd with me. We two will walk, my lord,
And leave you to your graver steps. — Hermione,
How thou lov'st us, show in our brother's welcome;
Let what is dear in Sicily be cheap.
Next to thyself and my young rover, he 's
Apparent to my heart.

Hermione. If you would seek us,
We are yours i' the garden; shall 's attend you there?

Leontes. To your own bents dispose you; you 'll be found,
Be you beneath the sky. — [*Aside*] I am angling now,
Though you perceive me not how I give line.
Go to, go to!
How she holds up the neb, the bill to him!
And arms her with the boldness of a wife
To her allowing husband!

[*Exeunt Polixenes, Hermione, and Attendants.*

Gone already!
Inch-thick, knee-deep, o'er head and ears a fork'd one! —
Go, play, boy, play. — Thy mother plays, and I
Play too, but so disgrac'd a part whose issue
Will hiss me to my grave; contempt and clamour
Will be my knell. — Go, play, boy, play. — There have been,
Or I am much deceiv'd, cuckolds ere now.
Should all despair

That have revolted wives, the tenth of mankind
Would hang themselves. Physic for 't there is none;
It is a bawdy planet, that will strike
Where 't is predominant. Many thousand on 's
Have the disease, and feel 't not. — How now, boy!

Mamillius. I am like you, they say.

Leontes. Why, that 's some comfort. —
What, Camillo there?

Camillo. Ay, my good lord.

Leontes. Go play, Mamillius; thou 'rt an honest man. — [*Exit Mamillius.*
Camillo, this great sir will yet stay longer.

Camillo. You had much ado to make his anchor hold;
When you cast out, it still came home.

Leontes. Didst note it?

Camillo. He would not stay at your petitions, made
His business more material.

Leontes. Didst perceive it? —
[*Aside*] They 're here with me already, whispering, rounding,
'Sicilia is a so-forth;' 't is far gone,
When I shall gust it last. — How came 't, Camillo,
That he did stay?

Camillo. At the good queen's entreaty.

Leontes. At the queen's be 't; 'good' should be pertinent,
But, so it is, it is not. Was this taken
By any understanding pate but thine?
For thy conceit is soaking, will draw in

More than the common blocks; — not noted, is 't,
But of the finer natures? by some severals
Of head-piece extraordinary? lower messes
Perchance are to this business purblind? say.

Camillo. Business, my lord! I think most understand
Bohemia stays here longer.

Leontes. Ha!

Camillo. Stays here longer.

Leontes. Ay, but why?

Camillo. To satisfy your highness and the entreaties
Of our most gracious mistress.

Leontes. Satisfy!
The entreaties of your mistress! satisfy!
Let that suffice. I have trusted thee, Camillo,
With all the nearest things to my heart, as well
My chamber-counsels, wherein, priest-like, thou
Hast cleans'd my bosom, I from thee departed
Thy penitent reform'd; but we have been
Deceiv'd in thy integrity, deceiv'd
In that which seems so.

Camillo. Be it forbid, my lord!

Leontes. To bide upon 't, thou art not honest, or,
If thou inclin'st that way, thou art a coward,
Which hoxes honesty behind, restraining
From course requir'd; or else thou must be counted
A servant grafted in my serious trust
And therein negligent; or else a fool
That seest a game play'd home, the rich stake drawn,
And tak'st it all for jest.

Camillo. My gracious lord,
I may be negligent, foolish, and fearful;
In every one of these no man is free,
But that his negligence, his folly, fear,
Among the infinite doings of the world,
Sometime puts forth. In your affairs, my lord,
If ever I were wilful-negligent,
It was my folly; if industriously
I play'd the fool, it was my negligence,
Not weighing well the end; if ever fearful
To do a thing where I the issue doubted,
Whereof the execution did cry out
Against the non-performance, 't was a fear
Which oft infects the wisest; these, my lord,
Are such allow'd infirmities that honesty
Is never free of. But, beseech your grace,
Be plainer with me, let me know my trespass
By it's own visage; if I then deny it,
'T is none of mine.

Leontes. Ha' not you seen, Camillo, —
But that 's past doubt; you have, or your eye-glass
Is thicker than a cuckold's horn, — or heard, —
For to a vision so apparent rumour
Cannot be mute, — or thought, — for cogitation
Resides not in that man that does not think, —
My wife is slippery? If thou wilt confess,
Or else be impudently negative,
To have nor eyes nor ears nor thought, then say
My wife 's a hobby-horse; say 't and justify 't.

Camillo. I would not be a stander-by to hear
My sovereign mistress clouded so, without
My present vengeance taken. 'Shrew my heart,
You never spoke what did become you less
Than this; which to reiterate were sin
As deep as that, though true.
Leontes. Is whispering nothing?
Is leaning cheek to cheek? is meeting noses?
Kissing with inside lip? stopping the career
Of laughing with a sigh? — a note infallible
Of breaking honesty — horsing foot on foot?
Skulking in corners? wishing clocks more swift?
Hours, minutes? noon, midnight? and all eyes
Blind with the pin and web but theirs, theirs only,
That would unseen be wicked? is this nothing?
Why, then the world and all that 's in 't is nothing;
The covering sky is nothing; Bohemia nothing;
My wife is nothing; nor nothing have these nothings,
If this be nothing.
Camillo. Good my lord, be cur'd
Of this diseas'd opinion, and betimes;
For 't is most dangerous.
Leontes. Say it be, 't is true.
Camillo. No, no, my lord.
Leontes. It is; you lie, you lie!
I say thou liest, Camillo, and I hate thee,
Pronounce thee a gross lout, a mindless slave,
Or else a hovering temporizer, that
Canst with thine eyes at once see good and evil,

Inclining to them both. Were my wife's liver
Infected as her life, she would not live
The running of one glass.

Camillo. Who does infect her?

Leontes. Why, he that wears her like her medal, hanging
About his neck, Bohemia, — who, if I
Had servants true about me, that bare eyes
To see alike mine honour as their profits,
Their own particular thrifts, they would do that
Which should undo more doing. Ay, and thou,
His cup-bearer, — whom I from meaner form
Have bench'd and rear'd to worship, who mayst see
Plainly as heaven sees earth and earth sees heaven
How I am galled, — mightst bespice a cup
To give mine enemy a lasting wink,
Which draught to me were cordial.

Camillo. Sir, my lord,
I could do this, and that with no rash potion,
But with a lingering dram that should not work
Maliciously like poison; but I cannot
Believe this crack to be in my dread mistress,
So sovereignly being honourable.
I have lov'd thee, —

Leontes. Make that thy question, and go rot!
Dost think I am so muddy, so unsettled,
To appoint myself in this vexation, sully
The purity and whiteness of my sheets,
Which to preserve is sleep, which being spotted

Is goads, thorns, nettles, tails of wasps,
Give scandal to the blood o' the prince my son,
Who I do think is mine and love as mine,
Without ripe moving to 't? Would I do this?
Could man so blench?

Camillo. I must believe you, sir.
I do, and will fetch off Bohemia for 't;
Provided that, when he 's remov'd, your highness
Will take again your queen as yours at first,
Even for your son's sake, and thereby for sealing
The injury of tongues in courts and kingdoms
Known and allied to yours.

Leontes. Thou dost advise me
Even so as I mine own course have set down;
I 'll give no blemish to her honour, none.

Camillo. My lord,
Go then, and with a countenance as clear
As friendship wears at feasts, keep with Bohemia
And with your queen. I am his cup-bearer;
If from me he have wholesome beverage,
Account me not your servant.

Leontes. This is all:
Do 't and thou hast the one half of my heart;
Do 't not, thou split'st thine own.

Camillo. I 'll do 't, my lord.

Leontes. I will seem friendly, as thou hast advis'd me. [*Exit.*

Camillo. O miserable lady! — But, for me,
What case stand I in? I must be the poisoner

Of good Polixenes; and my ground to do 't
Is the obedience to a master, one
Who in rebellion with himself will have
All that are his so too. To do this deed,
Promotion follows. If I could find example
Of thousands that had struck anointed kings
And flourish'd after, I 'd not do 't; but since
Nor brass nor stone nor parchment bears not one,
Let villany itself forswear 't. I must
Forsake the court; to do 't, or no, is certain
To me a break-neck. — Happy star reign now!
Here comes Bohemia.

Re-enter POLIXENES

Polixenes. This is strange! methinks
My favour here begins to warp. Not speak? —
Good day, Camillo.

Camillo. Hail, most royal sir!

Polixenes. What is the news i' the court?

Camillo. None rare, my lord.

Polixenes. The king hath on him such a countenance
As he had lost some province, and a region
Lov'd as he loves himself; even now I met him
With customary compliment, when he,
Wafting his eyes to the contrary and falling
A lip of much contempt, speeds from me and
So leaves me to consider what is breeding
That changeth thus his manners.

Camillo. I dare not know, my lord.

Polixenes. How! dare not! — do not? Do you know, and dare not
Be intelligent to me? 't is thereabouts;
For, to yourself, what you do know you must,
And cannot say you dare not. Good Camillo,
Your chang'd complexions are to me a mirror
Which shows me mine chang'd too; for I must be
A party in this alteration, finding
Myself thus alter'd with 't.

Camillo. There is a sickness
Which puts some of us in distemper, but
I cannot name the disease; and it is caught
Of you that yet are well.

Polixenes. How! caught of me!
Make me not sighted like the basilisk;
I have look'd on thousands who have sped the better
By my regard, but kill'd none so. Camillo, —
As you are certainly a gentleman, thereto
Clerk-like experienc'd, which no less adorns
Our gentry than our parents' noble names,
In whose success we are gentle, — I beseech you,
If you know aught which does behove my knowledge
Thereof to be inform'd, imprison 't not
In ignorant concealment.

Camillo. I may not answer.

Polixenes. A sickness caught of me, and yet I well!
I must be answer'd. Dost thou hear, Camillo,
I conjure thee, by all the parts of man

Which honour does acknowledge, — whereof the least
Is not this suit of mine, — that thou declare
What incidency thou dost guess of harm
Is creeping toward me ; how far off, how near ;
Which way to be prevented, if to be ;
If not, how best to bear it.

Camillo. Sir, I will tell you,
Since I am charg'd in honour and by him
That I think honourable ; therefore mark my counsel,
Which must be even as swiftly follow'd as
I mean to utter it, or both yourself and me
Cry lost, and so good night !

Polixenes. On, good Camillo.

Camillo. I am appointed him to murther you.

Polixenes. By whom, Camillo ?

Camillo. By the king.

Polixenes. For what ?

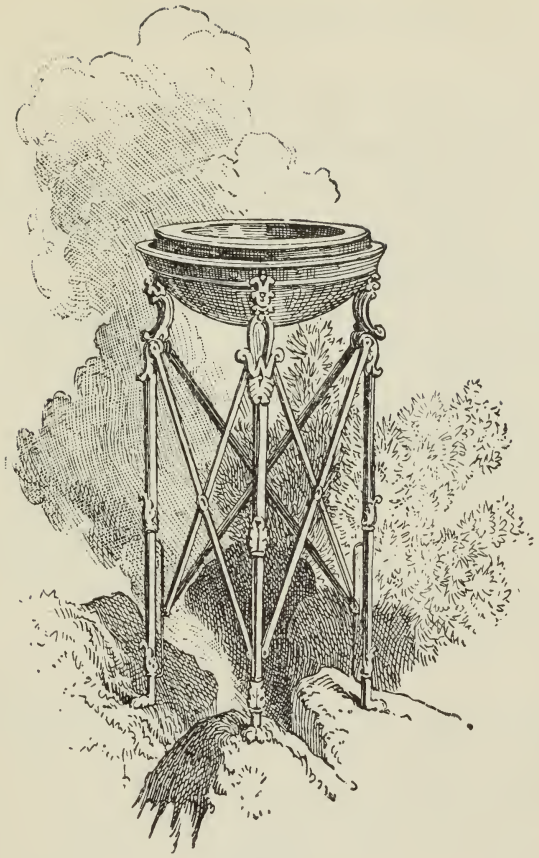
Camillo. He thinks, — nay, with all confidence he swears,
As he had seen 't or been an instrument
To vice you to 't, — that you have touch'd his queen
Forbiddenly.

Polixenes. O, then my best blood turn
To an infected jelly, and my name
Be yok'd with his that did betray the Best !
Turn then my freshest reputation to
A savour that may strike the dullest nostril
Where I arrive, and my approach be shunn'd,

Nay, hated too, worse than the great'st infection
That e'er was heard or read!
Camillo. Swear his thought over
By each particular star in heaven and
By all their influences, you may as well
Forbid the sea for to obey the moon
As or by oath remove or council shake
The fabric of his folly, whose foundation
Is pil'd upon his faith and will continue
The standing of his body.
Polixenes. How should this grow?
Camillo. I know not; but I am sure 't is safer to
Avoid what 's grown than question how 't is born.
If therefore you dare trust my honesty,
That lies enclosed in this trunk which you
Shall bear along impawn'd, away to-night!
Your followers I will whisper to the business,
And will by twos and threes at several posterns
Clear them o' the city. For myself, I 'll put
My fortunes to your service, which are here
By this discovery lost. Be not uncertain,
For, by the honour of my parents, I
Have utter'd truth, which if you seek to prove
I dare not stand by; nor shall you be safer
Than one condemn'd by the king's own mouth, thereon
His execution sworn.
Polixenes. I do believe thee;
I saw his heart in 's face. Give me thy hand;
Be pilot to me, and thy places shall

Still neighbour mine. My ships are ready, and
My people did expect my hence departure
Two days ago. This jealousy
Is for a precious creature; as she 's rare,
Must it be great, and as his person 's mighty,
Must it be violent, and as he does conceive
He is dishonour'd by a man which ever
Profess'd to him, why, his revenges must
In that be made more bitter. Fear o'ershades me;
Good expedition be my friend, and comfort
The gracious queen, part of his theme, but nothing
Of his ill-ta'en suspicion! — Come, Camillo;
I will respect thee as a father if
Thou bear'st my life off hence. Let us avoid.

Camillo. It is in mine authority to command
The keys of all the posterns; please your highness
To take the urgent hour. Come, sir, away. [*Exeunt.*



TRIPOD

ACT II

SCENE I. *A Room in the Palace of Leontes*

Enter HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS, *and* Ladies

Hermione. Take the boy to you; he so troubles me
'T is past enduring.

1 *Lady.* Come, my gracious lord,
Shall I be your playfellow?

Mamillius. No, I 'll none of you.

1 *Lady.* Why, my sweet lord?

Mamillius. You 'll kiss me hard, and speak to me as if I were a baby still. — I love you better.

2 *Lady.* And why so, my lord?

Mamillius. Not for because
Your brows are blacker; yet black brows, they say,
Become some women best, so that there be not
Too much hair there, but in a semicircle
Or a half-moon made with a pen.

2 *Lady.* Who taught you this?

Mamillius. I learnt it out of women's faces. — Pray now,
What colour are your eyebrows?

1 *Lady.* Blue, my lord.

Mamillius. Nay, that's a mock; I have seen a lady's nose
That has been blue, but not her eyebrows.

1 *Lady.* Hark ye;
The queen your mother rounds apace. We shall
Present our services to a fine new prince
One of these days; and then you 'd wanton with us,
If we would have you.

2 *Lady.* She is spread of late
Into a goodly bulk; good time encounter her!

Hermione. What wisdom stirs amongst you? — Come, sir, now
I am for you again; pray you, sit by us,
And tell 's a tale.

Mamillius. Merry or sad shall 't be?

Hermione. As merry as you will.

Mamillius. A sad tale 's best for winter; I have one
Of sprites and goblins.

Hermione. Let 's have that, good sir.
Come on, sit down. Come on, and do your best
To fright me with your sprites; you 're powerful at it.

Mamillius. There was a man —

Hermione. Nay, come, sit down; then on.

Mamillius. Dwelt by a churchyard. — I will tell it softly;
Yond crickets shall not hear it.

Hermione. Come on, then,
And give 't me in mine ear.

Enter LEONTES, *with* ANTIGONUS, Lords, *and* others

Leontes. Was he met there? his train? Camillo with him?

1 *Lord.* Behind the tuft of pines I met them; never
Saw I men scour so on their way. I eyed them
Even to their ships.

Leontes. How blest am I
In my just censure, in my true opinion!
Alack, for lesser knowledge! how accurs'd
In being so blest! There may be in the cup
A spider steep'd, and one may drink, depart,
And yet partake no venom, for his knowledge
Is not infected; but if one present

The abhorr'd ingredient to his eye, make known
How he hath drunk, he cracks his gorge, his sides,
With violent hefts. I have drunk, and seen the spider.
Camillo was his help in this, his pander.
There is a plot against my life, my crown;
All 's true that is mistrusted. That false villain
Whom I employ'd was pre-employ'd by him.
He has discover'd my design, and I
Remain a pinch'd thing; yea, a very trick
For them to play at will. — How came the posterns
So easily open?

1 *Lord.* By his great authority,
Which often hath no less prevail'd than so
On your command.

Leontes. I know 't too well. —
Give me the boy; I am glad you did not nurse him.
Though he does bear some signs of me, yet you
Have too much blood in him.

Hermione. What is this? sport?

Leontes. Bear the boy hence; he shall not come about her;
Away with him! — You, my lords,
Look on her, mark her well; be but about
To say 'she is a goodly lady,' and
The justice of your hearts will thereto add
' 'T is pity she 's not honest, honourable.'
Praise her but for this her without-door form,
Which on my faith deserves high speech, and straight
The shrug, the hum or ha, these petty brands

That calumny doth use — O, I am out —
That mercy does, for calumny will sear
Virtue itself; these shrugs, these hums and ha's,
When you have said 'she 's goodly,' come between
Ere you can say 'she 's honest;' but be 't known,
From him that has most cause to grieve it should be,
She 's an adulteress.

Hermione. Should a villain say so,
The most replenish'd villain in the world,
He were as much more villain; you, my lord,
Do but mistake.

Leontes. You have mistook, my lady,
Polixenes for Leontes. O thou thing!
Which I 'll not call a creature of thy place,
Lest barbarism, making me the precedent,
Should a like language use to all degrees,
And mannerly distinguishment leave out
Betwixt the prince and beggar. — I have said
She 's an adulteress; I have said with whom;
More, she 's a traitor, and Camillo is
A federary with her, and one that knows
What she should shame to know herself
But with her most vile principal, that she 's
A bed-swerver, even as bad as those
That vulgars give bold'st titles, — ay, and privy
To this their late escape.

Hermione. No, by my life,
Privy to none of this. How will this grieve you,
When you shall come to clearer knowledge, that

You thus have publish'd me! Gentle my lord,
You scarce can right me throughly then to say
You did mistake.
Leontes. No; if I mistake
In those foundations which I build upon,
The centre is not big enough to bear
A school-boy's top. — Away with her! to prison!
He who shall speak for her is afar off guilty
But that he speaks.
Hermione. There 's some ill planet reigns;
I must be patient till the heavens look
With an aspect more favourable. — Good my lords,
I am not prone to weeping, as our sex
Commonly are, — the want of which vain dew
Perchance shall dry your pities, — but I have
That honourable grief lodg'd here which burns
Worse than tears drown. Beseech you all, my lords,
With thoughts so qualified as your charities
Shall best instruct you, measure me; — and so
The king's will be perform'd!
Leontes. Shall I be heard?
Hermione. Who is 't that goes with me? — Beseech your highness,
My women may be with me; for you see
My plight requires it. — Do not weep, good fools,
There is no cause; when you shall know your mistress
Has deserv'd prison, then abound in tears
As I come out. This action I now go on
Is for my better grace. — Adieu, my lord.

I never wish'd to see you sorry; now
I trust I shall. — My women, come; you have leave.
Leontes. Go, do our bidding; hence!
[*Exit Queen, guarded; with Ladies.*
1 *Lord.* Beseech your highness, call the queen again.
Antigonus. Be certain what you do, sir, lest your justice
Prove violence, in the which three great ones suffer,
Yourself, your queen, your son.
1 *Lord.* For her, my lord,
I dare my life lay down, and will do 't, sir,
Please you to accept it, that the queen is spotless
I' the eyes of heaven and to you, — I mean,
In this which you accuse her.
Antigonus. If it prove
She 's otherwise, I 'll keep my stables where
I lodge my wife; I 'll go in couples with her;
Than when I feel and see her no farther trust her;
For every inch of woman in the world,
Ay, every dram of woman's flesh, is false
If she be.
Leontes. Hold your peaces.
1 *Lord.* Good my lord, —
Antigonus. It is for you we speak, not for ourselves.
You are abus'd, and by some putter-on
That will be damn'd for 't; would I knew the villain,
I would land-damn him.
Leontes. Cease; no more.
You smell this business with a sense as cold

As is a dead man's nose; but I do see 't and feel 't,
As you feel doing thus, and see withal
The instruments that feel.
Antigonus. If it be so,
We need no grave to bury honesty;
There 's not a grain of it the face to sweeten
Of the whole dungy earth.
Leontes. What! lack I credit?
1 *Lord.* I had rather you did lack than I, my lord,
Upon this ground; and more it would content me
To have her honour true than your suspicion,
Be blam'd for 't how you might.
Leontes. Why, what need we
Commune with you of this, but rather follow
Our forceful instigation? Our prerogative
Calls not your counsels, but our natural goodness
Imparts this, which if you, or stupefied
Or seeming so in skill, cannot or will not
Relish a truth like us, inform yourselves
We need no more of your advice; the matter,
The loss, the gain, the ordering on 't, is all
Properly ours.
Antigonus. And I wish, my liege,
You had only in your silent judgment tried it,
Without more overture.
Leontes. How could that be?
Either thou art most ignorant by age,
Or thou wert born a fool. Camillo's flight,
Added to their familiarity, —

Which was as gross as ever touch'd conjecture,
That lack'd sight only, nought for approbation
But only seeing, all other circumstances
Made up to the deed, — doth push on this proceeding.
Yet, for a greater confirmation, —
For in an act of this importance 't were
Most piteous to be wild, — I have dispatch'd in post
To sacred Delphos, to Apollo's temple,
Cleomenes and Dion, whom you know
Of stuff'd sufficiency. Now from the oracle
They will bring all, whose spiritual counsel had
Shall stop or spur me. Have I done well?

1 *Lord.* Well done, my lord.

Leontes. Though I am satisfied and need no more
Than what I know, yet shall the oracle
Give rest to the minds of others, such as he
Whose ignorant credulity will not
Come up to the truth. So have we thought it good
From our free person she should be confin'd,
Lest that the treachery of the two fled hence
Be left her to perform. Come, follow us;
We are to speak in public, for this business
Will raise us all.

Antigonus. [*Aside*] To laughter, as I take it,
If the good truth were known. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II. *A Prison*

Enter Paulina, *a* Gentleman, *and* Attendants

Paulina. The keeper of the prison, call to him;
Let him have knowledge who I am.—[*Exit Gentleman.*]
Good lady,
No court in Europe is too good for thee;
What dost thou then in prison?—

Re-enter Gentleman *with the* Gaoler

Now, good sir,
You know me, do you not?
Gaoler. For a worthy lady,
And one who much I honour.
Paulina. Pray you then,
Conduct me to the queen.
Gaoler. I may not, madam;
To the contrary I have express commandment.
Paulina. Here 's ado,
To lock up honesty and honour from
The access of gentle visitors!—Is 't lawful, pray you,
To see her women? any of them? Emilia?
Gaoler. So please you, madam,
To put apart these your attendants, I
Shall bring Emilia forth.
Paulina. I pray now, call her.—
Withdraw yourselves.

[*Exeunt Gentleman and Attendants.*

Gaoler. And, madam,
I must be present at your conference.
Paulina. Well, be 't so, prithee. — [*Exit Gaoler.*
Here 's such ado to make no stain a stain
As passes colouring. —

Re-enter Gaoler, *with* EMILIA

Dear gentlewoman,
How fares our gracious lady?
Emilia. As well as one so great and so forlorn
May hold together; on her frights and griefs,
Which never tender lady hath borne greater,
She is something before her time deliver'd.
Paulina. A boy?
Emilia. A daughter, and a goodly babe,
Lusty and like to live; the queen receives
Much comfort in 't, says 'My poor prisoner,
I am innocent as you.'
Paulina. I dare be sworn. —
These dangerous unsafe lunes i' the king, beshrew them!
He must be told on 't, and he shall. The office
Becomes a woman best; I 'll take 't upon me.
If I prove honey-mouth'd, let my tongue blister
And never to my red-look'd anger be
The trumpet any more. — Pray you, Emilia,
Commend my best obedience to the queen;
If she dares trust me with her little babe,
I 'll show 't the king, and undertake to be
Her advocate to the loud'st. We do not know

How he may soften at the sight o' the child;
The silence often of pure innocence
Persuades when speaking fails.
Emilia. Most worthy madam,
Your honour and your goodness is so evident
That your free undertaking cannot miss
A thriving issue; there is no lady living
So meet for this great errand. Please your ladyship
To visit the next room, I 'll presently
Acquaint the queen of your most noble offer,
Who but to-day hammer'd of this design,
But durst not tempt a minister of honour,
Lest she should be denied.
Paulina. Tell her, Emilia,
I 'll use that tongue I have; if wit flow from 't
As boldness from my bosom, let 't not be doubted
I shall do good.
Emilia. Now be you blest for it!
I 'll to the queen; please you, come something nearer.
Gaoler. Madam, if 't please the queen to send the babe,
I know not what I shall incur to pass it,
Having no warrant.
Paulina. You need not fear it, sir;
This child was prisoner to the womb, and is
By law and process of great nature thence
Freed and enfranchis'd, not a party to
The anger of the king, nor guilty of,
If any be, the trespass of the queen.

Gaoler. I do believe it.

Paulina. Do not you fear; upon mine honour, I
Will stand betwixt you and danger. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III. *A Room in the Palace of Leontes*

Enter Leontes, Antigonus, Lords, *and* Servants

Leontes. Nor night nor day no rest; it is but weakness
To bear the matter thus, mere weakness. If
The cause were not in being, — part o' the cause,
She the adulteress; for the harlot king
Is quite beyond mine arm, out of the blank
And level of my brain, plot-proof, but she
I can hook to me; — say that she were gone,
Given to the fire, a moiety of my rest
Might come to me again. — Who 's there?

1 *Servant.* My lord?

Leontes. How does the boy?

1 *Servant.* He took good rest to-night;
'T is hop'd his sickness is discharg'd.

Leontes. To see his nobleness!
Conceiving the dishonour of his mother,
He straight declin'd, droop'd, took it deeply,
Fasten'd and fix'd the shame on 't in himself,
Threw off his spirit, his appetite, his sleep,
And downright languish'd. — Leave me solely; go,
See how he fares. — [*Exit Servant.*] Fie, fie! no thought of him.

The very thought of my revenges that way
Recoil upon me; in himself too mighty,
And in his parties, his alliance. Let him be
Until a time may serve; for present vengeance,
Take it on her. Camillo and Polixenes
Laugh at me, make their pastime at my sorrow;
They should not laugh if I could reach them, nor
Shall she within my power.

Enter PAULINA, *with a child*

1 *Lord.* You must not enter.

Paulina. Nay, rather, good my lords, be second to me;
Fear you his tyrannous passion more, alas,
Than the queen's life? a gracious innocent soul,
More free than he is jealous.

Antigonus. That 's enough.

2 *Servant.* Madam, he hath not slept to-night, commanded
None should come at him.

Paulina. Not so hot, good sir;
I come to bring him sleep. 'T is such as you,
That creep like shadows by him and do sigh
At each his needless heavings, such as you
Nourish the cause of his awaking; I
Do come with words as medicinal as true,
Honest as either, to purge him of that humour
That presses him from sleep.

Leontes. What noise there, ho?

Paulina. No noise, my lord; but needful conference
About some gossips for your highness.
Leontes. How! —
Away with that audacious lady! Antigonus,
I charg'd thee that she should not come about me;
I knew she would.
Antigonus. I told her so, my lord,
On your displeasure's peril and on mine,
She should not visit you.
Leontes. What, canst not rule her?
Paulina. From all dishonesty he can; in this,
Unless he take the course that you have done,
Commit me for committing honour, trust it,
He shall not rule me.
Antigonus. La you now, you hear!
When she will take the rein I let her run;
But she 'll not stumble.
Paulina. Good my liege, I come, —
And, I beseech you, hear me, who professes
Myself your loyal servant, your physician,
Your most obedient counsellor, yet that dares
Less appear so in comforting your evils
Than such as most seem yours, — I say, I come
From your good queen.
Leontes. Good queen!
Paulina. Good queen, my lord,
Good queen, I say good queen,
And would by combat make her good, so were I
A man, the worst about you.

Leontes. Force her hence.

Paulina. Let him that makes but trifles of his eyes
First hand me; on mine own accord I 'll off,
But first I 'll do my errand. — The good queen,
For she is good, hath brought you forth a daughter, —
Here 't is, — commends it to your blessing.
[*Laying down the child.*

Leontes. Out!
A mankind witch! Hence with her, out o' door!
A most intelligencing bawd!

Paulina. Not so;
I am as ignorant in that as you
In so entitling me, and no less honest
Than you are mad, which is enough, I 'll warrant,
As this world goes, to pass for honest.

Leontes. Traitors!
Will you not push her out? Give her the bastard. —
Thou dotard! thou art woman-tir'd, unroosted
By thy dame Partlet here. Take up the bastard;
Take 't up, I say, give 't to thy crone.

Paulina. For ever
Unvenerable be thy hands if thou
Takest up the princess by that forced baseness
Which he has put upon 't!

Leontes. He dreads his wife.

Paulina. So I would you did; then 't were past all doubt
You 'd call your children yours.

Leontes. A nest of traitors!

Antigonus. I am none, by this good light.
Paulina. Nor I, nor any
But one that 's here, and that 's himself, for he
The sacred honour of himself, his queen's,
His hopeful son's, his babe's, betrays to slander,
Whose sting is sharper than the sword's, and will not —
For, as the case now stands, it is a curse
He cannot be compell'd to 't — once remove
The root of his opinion, which is rotten
As ever oak or stone was sound.
Leontes. A callat
Of boundless tongue, who late hath beat her husband
And now baits me! — This brat is none of mine;
It is the issue of Polixenes.
Hence with it, and together with the dam
Commit them to the fire!
Paulina. It is yours;
And, might we lay the old proverb to your charge,
So like you, 't is the worse. — Behold, my lords,
Although the print be little, the whole matter
And copy of the father, eye, nose, lip,
The trick of 's frown, his forehead, nay, the valley,
The pretty dimples of his chin and cheek,
His smiles,
The very mould and frame of hand, nail, finger; —
And thou, good goddess Nature, which hast made it
So like to him that got it, if thou hast
The ordering of the mind too, 'mongst all colours

No yellow in 't, lest she suspect, as he does,
Her children not her husband's!
Leontes. A gross hag! —
And, lozel, thou art worthy to be hang'd,
That wilt not stay her tongue.
Antigonus. Hang all the husbands
That cannot do that feat, you 'll leave yourself
Hardly one subject.
Leontes. Once more, take her hence.
Paulina. A most unworthy and unnatural lord
Can do no more.
Leontes. I 'll ha' thee burnt.
Paulina. I care not;
It is an heretic that makes the fire,
Not she which burns in 't. I 'll not call you tyrant;
But this most cruel usage of your queen,
Not able to produce more accusation
Than your own weak-hing'd fancy, something savours
Of tyranny, and will ignoble make you,
Yea, scandalous to the world.
Leontes. On your allegiance,
Out of the chamber with her! Were I a tyrant,
Where were her life? she durst not call me so
If she did know me one. Away with her!
Paulina. I pray you, do not push me; I 'll be gone. —
Look to your babe, my lord; 't is yours. — Jove send her
A better guiding spirit! — What needs these hands? —
You, that are thus so tender o'er his follies,

Will never do him good, not one of you. —
So, so. — Farewell; we are gone. [*Exit.*
Leontes. Thou, traitor, hast set on thy wife to this. —
My child? away with 't! — Even thou, that hast
A heart so tender o'er it, take it hence
And see it instantly consum'd with fire;
Even thou and none but thou. Take it up straight;
Within this hour bring me word 't is done,
And by good testimony, or I 'll seize thy life,
With what thou else call'st thine. If thou refuse
And wilt encounter with my wrath, say so;
The bastard brains with these my proper hands
Shall I dash out. Go, take it to the fire;
For thou set'st on thy wife.
Antigonus. I did not, sir;
These lords, my noble fellows, if they please,
Can clear me in 't.
Lords. We can; my royal liege,
He is not guilty of her coming hither.
Leontes. You 're liars all.
1 *Lord.* Beseech your highness, give us better credit.
We have always truly serv'd you, and beseech you
So to esteem of us; and on our knees we beg,
As recompense of our dear services
Past and to come, that you do change this purpose,
Which being so horrible, so bloody, must
Lead on to some foul issue. We all kneel.
Leontes. I am a feather for each wind that blows. —
Shall I live on to see this bastard kneel

And call me father? better burn it now
Than curse it then. But be it; let it live. —
It shall not neither. — You, sir, come you hither;
You that hath been so tenderly officious
With Lady Margery, your midwife there,
To save this bastard's life, — for 't is a bastard,
So sure as this beard's grey, — what will you adventure
To save this brat's life?

Antigonus. Any thing, my lord,
That my ability may undergo
And nobleness impose; at least thus much, —
I 'll pawn the little blood which I have left
To save the innocent, — any thing possible.

Leontes. It shall be possible. Swear by this sword
Thou wilt perform my bidding.

Antigonus. I will, my lord.

Leontes. Mark and perform it, see'st thou; for the fail
Of any point in 't shall not only be
Death to thyself, but to thy lewd-tongu'd wife,
Whom for this time we pardon. We enjoin thee,
As thou art liegeman to us, that thou carry
This female bastard hence, and that thou bear it
To some remote and desert place quite out
Of our dominions, and that there thou leave it,
Without more mercy, to it own protection
And favour of the climate. As by strange fortune
It came to us, I do in justice charge thee,
On thy soul's peril and thy body's torture,

That thou commend it strangely to some place
Where chance may nurse or end it. Take it up.
Antigonus. I swear to do this, though a present death
Had been more merciful. — Come on, poor babe;
Some powerful spirit instruct the kites and ravens
To be thy nurses. Wolves and bears, they say,
Casting their savageness aside, have done
Like offices of pity. — Sir, be prosperous
In more than this deed does require! — And blessing
Against this cruelty fight on thy side,
Poor thing, condemn'd to loss! [*Exit with the child.*
Leontes. No, I 'll not rear
Another's issue.

Enter a Servant

Servant. Please your highness, posts
From those you sent to the oracle are come
An hour since; Cleomenes and Dion,
Being well arriv'd from Delphos, are both landed,
Hasting to the court.
1 *Lord.* So please you, sir, their speed
Hath been beyond account.
Leontes. Twenty-three days
They have been absent; 't is good speed, — foretells
The great Apollo suddenly will have
The truth of this appear. Prepare you, lords;
Summon a session, that we may arraign
Our most disloyal lady, for, as she hath

Been publicly accus'd, so shall she have
A just and open trial. While she lives
My heart will be a burthen to me. Leave me,
And think upon my bidding. [*Exeunt*

"WHAT HAVE WE HERE?"

ACT III

SCENE I. *A Seaport in Sicilia*

Enter CLEOMENES *and* DION

Cleomenes. The climate 's delicate, the air most sweet,
Fertile the isle, the temple much surpassing
The common praise it bears.
Dion. I shall report,
For most it caught me, the celestial habits, —

Methinks I so should term them, — and the reverence
Of the grave wearers. O, the sacrifice!
How ceremonious, solemn, and unearthly
It was i' the offering!

Cleomenes. But of all, the burst
And the ear-deafening voice o' the oracle,
Kin to Jove's thunder, so surpris'd my sense
That I was nothing.

Dion. If the event o' the journey
Prove as successful to the queen — O, be 't so! —
As it hath been to us rare, pleasant, speedy,
The time is worth the use on 't.

Cleomenes. Great Apollo
Turn all to the best! These proclamations,
So forcing faults upon Hermione,
I little like.

Dion. The violent carriage of it
Will clear or end the business; when the oracle,
Thus by Apollo's great divine seal'd up,
Shall the contents discover, something rare
Even then will rush to knowledge. — Go; fresh horses! —
And gracious be the issue! [*Exeunt.*

Scene II. *A Court of Justice*

Enter Leontes, Lords, *and* Officers

Leontes. This sessions, to our great grief we pronounce,

Even pushes 'gainst our heart; the party tried
The daughter of a king, our wife, and one
Of us too much belov'd. — Let us be clear'd
Of being tyrannous, since we so openly
Proceed in justice, which shall have due course,
Even to the guilt or the purgation.
Produce the prisoner.

Officer. It is his highness' pleasure that the queen
Appear in person here in court. — Silence!

Enter HERMIONE *guarded;* PAULINA *and* Ladies *attending*

Leontes. Read the indictment.

Officer. [Reads] '*Hermione, queen to the worthy Leontes, king of Sicilia, thou art here accused and arraigned of high treason, in committing adultery with Polixenes, king of Bohemia, and conspiring with Camillo to take away the life of our sovereign lord the king, thy royal husband; the pretence whereof being by circumstances partly laid open, thou, Hermione, contrary to the faith and allegiance of a true subject, didst counsel and aid them, for their better safety, to fly away by night.*'

Hermione. Since what I am to say must be but that
Which contradicts my accusation, and
The testimony on my part no other
But what comes from myself, it shall scarce boot me
To say 'not guilty;' mine integrity,
Being counted falsehood, shall, as I express it,

Be so receiv'd. But thus: if powers divine
Behold our human actions, as they do,
I doubt not then but innocence shall make
False accusation blush and tyranny
Tremble at patience. — You, my lord, best know,
Who least will seem to do so, my past life
Hath been as continent, as chaste, as true,
As I am now unhappy, which is more
Than history can pattern, though devis'd
And play'd to take spectators. For behold me,
A fellow of the royal bed, which owe
A moiety of the throne, a great king's daughter,
The mother to a hopeful prince, here standing,
To prate and talk for life and honour fore
Who please to come and hear. For life, I prize it
As I weigh grief, which I would spare; for honour,
'T is a derivative from me to mine,
And only that I stand for. I appeal
To your own conscience, sir, before Polixenes
Came to your court, how I was in your grace,
How merited to be so; since he came,
With what encounter so uncurrent I
Have strain'd to appear thus, if one jot beyond
The bound of honour, or in act or will
That way inclining, harden'd be the hearts
Of all that hear me, and my near'st of kin
Cry fie upon my grave!

Leontes. I ne'er heard yet
That any of these bolder vices wanted

Less impudence to gainsay what they did
Than to perform it first.
Hermione. That 's true enough;
Though 't is a saying, sir, not due to me.
Leontes. You will not own it.
Hermione. More than mistress of
Which comes to me in name of fault, I must not
At all acknowledge. For Polixenes,
With whom I am accus'd, I do confess
I lov'd him as in honour he requir'd,
With such a kind of love as might become
A lady like me, with a love even such,
So and no other, as yourself commanded;
Which not to have done I think had been in me
Both disobedience and ingratitude
To you and toward your friend, whose love had spoke,
Even since it could speak, from an infant, freely
That it was yours. Now, for conspiracy,
I know not how it tastes, though it be dish'd
For me to try how; all I know of it
Is that Camillo was an honest man,
And why he left your court, the gods themselves,
Wotting no more than I, are ignorant.
Leontes. You knew of his departure, as you know
What you have underta'en to do in 's absence.
Hermione. Sir,
You speak a language that I understand not;
My life stands in the level of your dreams,
Which I 'll lay down.

Leontes. Your actions are my dreams;
You had a bastard by Polixenes,
And I but dream'd it. As you were past all shame,—
Those of your fact are so—so past all truth,
Which to deny concerns more than avails; for as
Thy brat hath been cast out, like to itself,
No father owning it,—which is, indeed,
More criminal in thee than it,—so thou
Shalt feel our justice, in whose easiest passage
Look for no less than death.

Hermione. Sir, spare your threats;
The bug which you would fright me with I seek.
To me can life be no commodity.
The crown and comfort of my life, your favour,
I do give lost; for I do feel it gone,
But know not how it went. My second joy
And first-fruits of my body, from his presence
I am barr'd, like one infectious. My third comfort,
Starr'd most unluckily, is from my breast,
The innocent milk in it most innocent mouth,
Hal'd out to murther; myself on every post
Proclaim'd a strumpet; with immodest hatred
The child-bed privilege denied which longs
To women of all fashion; lastly, hurried
Here to this place, i' the open air, before
I have got strength of limit. Now, my liege,
Tell me what blessings I have here alive,
That I should fear to die? Therefore proceed.
But yet hear this, mistake me not: for life,

I prize it not a straw; but for mine honour,
Which I would free, if I shall be condemn'd
Upon surmises, all proofs sleeping else
But what your jealousies awake, I tell you
'T is rigour and not law. — Your honours all,
I do refer me to the oracle;
Apollo be my judge!

1 *Lord.* This your request
Is altogether just; therefore bring forth,
And in Apollo's name, his oracle.

[*Exeunt certain Officers.*

Hermione. The Emperor of Russia was my father;
O that he were alive, and here beholding
His daughter's trial! that he did but see
The flatness of my misery, — yet with eyes
Of pity, not revenge!

Re-enter Officers, *with* CLEOMENES *and* DION

Officer. You here shall swear upon this sword of justice
That you, Cleomenes and Dion, have
Been both at Delphos, and from thence have brought
This seal'd-up oracle, by the hand deliver'd
Of great Apollo's priest, and that since then
You have not dar'd to break the holy seal
Nor read the secrets in 't.

Cleomenes, Dion. All this we swear.

Leontes. Break up the seals and read.

Officer. [Reads] '*Hermione is chaste; Polixenes*

blameless; Camillo a true subject; Leontes a jealous tyrant; his innocent babe truly begotten; and the king shall live without an heir if that which is lost be not found.'

Lords. Now blessed be the great Apollo!

Hermione. Praised!

Leontes. Hast thou read truth?

Officer. Ay, my lord; even so
As it is here set down.

Leontes. There is no truth at all i' the oracle.
The sessions shall proceed; this is mere falsehood.

Enter Servant

Servant. My lord the king, the king!

Leontes. What is the business?

Servant. O sir, I shall be hated to report it!
The prince your son, with mere conceit and fear
Of the queen's speed, is gone.

Leontes. How! gone!

Servant. Is dead.

Leontes. Apollo 's angry; and the heavens themselves
Do strike at my injustice. — [*Hermione swoons.*] How now there!

Paulina. This news is mortal to the queen; look down
And see what death is doing.

Leontes. Take her hence.
Her heart is but o'ercharg'd; she will recover. —
I have too much believ'd mine own suspicion. —

Beseech you, tenderly apply to her
Some remedies for life. —
[*Exeunt Paulina and Ladies, with Hermione.*
Apollo, pardon
My great profaneness 'gainst thine oracle!
I 'll reconcile me to Polixenes,
New woo my queen, recall the good Camillo,
Whom I proclaim a man of truth, of mercy;
For, being transported by my jealousies
To bloody thoughts and to revenge, I chose
Camillo for the minister to poison
My friend Polixenes, which had been done,
But that the good mind of Camillo tardied
My swift command, though I with death and with
Reward did threaten and encourage him,
Not doing 't and being done. He, most humane
And fill'd with honour, to my kingly guest
Unclasp'd my practice, quit his fortunes here,
Which you knew great, and to the hazard
Of all incertainties himself commended,
No richer than his honour. — How he glisters
Thorough my rust! and how his piety
Does my deeds make the blacker!

Re-enter PAULINA

Paulina. Woe the while!
O, cut my lace, lest my heart, cracking it,
Break too.

1 *Lord.* What fit is this, good lady?

Paulina. What studied torments, tyrant, hast for me?
What wheels? racks? fires? what flaying? boiling
In leads or oils? what old or newer torture
Must I receive, whose every word deserves
To taste of thy most worst? Thy tyranny
Together working with thy jealousies,
Fancies too weak for boys, too green and idle
For girls of nine, — O, think what they have done,
And then run mad indeed, stark mad! for all
Thy bygone fooleries were but spices of it.
That thou betray'dst Polixenes, 't was nothing;
That did but show thee, of a fool, inconstant
And damnable ingrateful; nor was 't much,
Thou wouldst have poison'd good Camillo's honour,
To have him kill a king; — poor trespasses,
More monstrous standing by, whereof I reckon
The casting forth to crows thy baby-daughter
To be or none or little, though a devil
Would have shed water out of fire ere done 't;
Nor is 't directly laid to thee, the death
Of the young prince, whose honourable thoughts,
Thoughts high for one so tender, cleft the heart
That could conceive a gross and foolish sire
Blemish'd his gracious dam, — this is not, no,
Laid to thy answer; but the last, — O lords,
When I have said, cry woe! — the queen, the queen,
The sweet'st, dear'st creature 's dead, and vengeance for 't
Not dropp'd down yet.

1 *Lord.* The higher powers forbid!
Paulina. I say she 's dead; I 'll swear 't. If word nor oath
Prevail not, go and see; if you can bring
Tincture or lustre in her lip, her eye,
Heat outwardly or breath within, I 'll serve you
As I would do the gods. — But, O thou tyrant!
Do not repent these things, for they are heavier
Than all thy woes can stir; therefore betake thee
To nothing but despair. A thousand knees
Ten thousand years together, naked, fasting,
Upon a barren mountain, and still winter
In storm perpetual, could not move the gods
To look that way thou wert.
Leontes. Go on, go on!
Thou canst not speak too much; I have deserv'd
All tongues to talk their bitterest.
1 *Lord.* Say no more;
Howe'er the business goes, you have made fault
I' the boldness of your speech.
Paulina. I am sorry for 't;
All faults I make, when I shall come to know them,
I do repent. Alas! I have show'd too much
The rashness of a woman; he is touch'd
To the noble heart. — What 's gone and what 's past help
Should be past grief. Do not receive affliction
At my petition; I beseech you, rather
Let me be punish'd, that have minded you

Of what you should forget. Now, good my liege,
Sir, royal sir, forgive a foolish woman.
The love I bore your queen — lo, fool again! —
I 'll speak of her no more, nor of your children;
I 'll not remember you of my own lord,
Who is lost too; take your patience to you,
And I 'll say nothing.

Leontes. Thou didst speak but well
When most the truth, which I receive much better
Than to be pitied of thee. Prithee, bring me
To the dead bodies of my queen and son.
One grave shall be for both; upon them shall
The causes of their death appear, unto
Our shame perpetual. Once a day I 'll visit
The chapel where they lie, and tears shed there
Shall be my recreation; so long as nature
Will bear up with this exercise, so long
I daily vow to use it. Come and lead me
Unto these sorrows. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Bohemia. A Desert Country near the Sea*

Enter ANTIGONUS *with a Child, and a* Mariner

Antigonus. Thou art perfect then, our ship hath touch'd upon
The deserts of Bohemia?

Mariner. Ay, my lord, and fear
We have landed in ill time; the skies look grimly
And threaten present blusters. In my conscience,

The heavens with that we have in hand are angry
And frown upon 's.

Antigonus. Their sacred wills be done! — Go, get aboard,
Look to thy bark; I 'll not be long before
I call upon thee.

Mariner. Make your best haste, and go not
Too far i' the land; 't is like to be loud weather.
Besides, this place is famous for the creatures
Of prey that keep upon 't.

Antigonus. Go thou away;
I 'll follow instantly.

Mariner. I am glad at heart
To be so rid o' the business. [*Exit.*

Antigonus. Come, poor babe.
I have heard, but not believ'd, the spirits o' the dead
May walk again; if such thing be, thy mother
Appear'd to me last night, for ne'er was dream
So like a waking. To me comes a creature,
Sometimes her head on one side, some another;
I never saw a vessel of like sorrow,
So fill'd and so becoming. In pure white robes,
Like very sanctity, she did approach
My cabin where I lay, thrice bow'd before me,
And gasping to begin some speech, her eyes
Became two spouts. The fury spent, anon
Did this break from her: 'Good Antigonus,
Since fate, against thy better disposition,
Hath made thy person for the thrower-out

Of my poor babe, according to thine oath,
Places remote enough are in Bohemia.
There weep and leave it crying; and, for the babe
Is counted lost for ever, Perdita,
I prithee, call 't. For this ungentle business,
Put on thee by my lord, thou ne'er shalt see
Thy wife Paulina more.' And so, with shrieks,
She melted into air. Affrighted much,
I did in time collect myself and thought
This was so and no slumber. Dreams are toys;
Yet for this once, yea, superstitiously,
I will be squar'd by this. I do believe
Hermione hath suffer'd death, and that
Apollo would, this being indeed the issue
Of King Polixenes, it should here be laid,
Either for life or death, upon the earth
Of its right father. — Blossom, speed thee well!
There lie, and there thy character; there these,
Which may, if fortune please, both breed thee, pretty,
And still rest thine. — The storm begins. — Poor wretch,
That for thy mother's fault art thus expos'd
To loss and what may follow! — Weep I cannot,
But my heart bleeds; and most accurs'd am I
To be by oath enjoin'd to this. — Farewell!
The day frowns more and more; thou 'rt like to have
A lullaby too rough; I never saw
The heavens so dim by day. A savage clamour! —
Well may I get aboard! — This is the chase;
I am gone for ever. [*Exit, pursued by a bear.*

Enter a Shepherd

Shepherd. I would there were no age between sixteen and three-and-twenty, or that youth would sleep out the rest; for there is nothing in the between but wronging the ancientry, stealing, fighting — Hark you now! Would any but these boiled brains of nineteen and two-and-twenty hunt this weather? They have scared away two of my best sheep, which I fear the wolf will sooner find than the master; if any where I have them, 't is by the seaside, browsing of ivy. Good luck, an 't be thy will! what have we here? Mercy on 's, a barne, a very pretty barne! A boy or a child, I wonder? A pretty one, a very pretty one. Sure, some scape; though I am not bookish, yet I can read waiting-gentlewoman in the scape. I 'll take it up for pity; yet I 'll tarry till my son come, he hallooed but even now. — Whoa, ho, hoa!

Enter Clown

Clown. Hilloa, loa!

Shepherd. What, art so near? If thou 'lt see a thing to talk on when thou art dead and rotten, come hither. What ailest thou, man?

Clown. I have seen two such sights, by sea and by land! but I am not to say it is a sea, for it is now the sky; betwixt the firmament and it you cannot thrust a bodkin's point.

Shepherd. Why, boy, how is it?

Clown. I would you did but see how it chafes, how it rages, how it takes up the shore! but that 's not to the point. O, the most piteous cry of the poor souls! sometimes to see 'em, and not to see 'em; now the ship boring the moon with her mainmast, and anon swallowed with yest and froth, as you 'd thrust a cork into a hogshead. And then for the land-service, to see how the bear tore out his shoulder-bone, how he cried to me for help and said his name was Antigonus, a nobleman. But to make an end of the ship, to see how the sea flap-dragoned it; but, first, how the poor souls roared, and the sea mocked them; and how the poor gentleman roared and the bear mocked him, both roaring louder than the sea or weather.

Shepherd. Name of mercy, when was this, boy?

Clown. Now, now; I have not winked since I saw these sights. The men are not yet cold under water, nor the bear half dined on the gentleman; he 's at it now.

Shepherd. Would I had been by, to have helped the old man!

Clown. I would you had been by the ship side, to have helped her; there your charity would have lacked footing.

Shepherd. Heavy matters! heavy matters! but look thee here, boy. Now bless thyself; thou mettest with things dying, I with things new-born.

Here 's a sight for thee; look thee, a bearing-cloth for a squire's child! look thee here; take up, take up, boy, open 't. So, let 's see; it was told me I should be rich by the fairies. This is some changeling; open 't. What 's within, boy?

Clown. You 're a made old man; if the sins of your youth are forgiven you, you 're well to live. Gold! all gold!

Shepherd. This is fairy gold, boy, and 't will prove so; up with 't, keep it close. Home, home, the next way. We are lucky, boy; and to be so still requires nothing but secrecy. Let my sheep go; come, good boy, the next way home.

Clown. Go you the next way with your findings. I 'll go see if the bear be gone from the gentleman and how much he hath eaten; they are never curst but when they are hungry. If there be any of him left, I 'll bury it.

Shepherd. That 's a good deed. If thou mayest discern by that which is left of him what he is, fetch me to the sight of him.

Clown. Marry, will I; and you shall help to put him i' the ground.

Shepherd. 'T is a lucky day, boy, and we 'll do good deeds on 't. [*Exeunt.*

FLORIZEL (iv. 4. 14)

ACT IV

SCENE I

Enter Time, *the* Chorus

Time. I that please some, try all, both joy and terror
Of good and bad, that makes and unfolds error,
Now take upon me, in the name of Time,
To use my wings. Impute it not a crime
To me or my swift passage that I slide
O'er sixteen years and leave the growth untried
Of that wide gap, since it is in my power

To o'erthrow law and in one self-born hour
To plant and o'erwhelm custom. Let me pass
The same I am, ere ancient'st order was
Or what is now receiv'd. I witness to
The times that brought them in; so shall I do
To the freshest things now reigning, and make stale
The glistering of this present, as my tale
Now seems to it. Your patience this allowing,
I turn my glass and give my scene such growing
As you had slept between. Leontes leaving,
The effects of his fond jealousies so grieving
That he shuts up himself, imagine me,
Gentle spectators, that I now may be
In fair Bohemia; and remember well
I mention'd a son o' the king's, which Florizel
I now name to you, and with speed so pace
To speak of Perdita, now grown in grace
Equal with wondering. What of her ensues
I list not prophesy; but let Time's news
Be known when 't is brought forth. A shepherd's daughter,
And what to her adheres which follows after,
Is the argument of Time. Of this allow,
If ever you have spent time worse ere now;
If never, yet that Time himself doth say
He wishes earnestly you never may. [*Exit.*

Scene II. *Bohemia. The Palace of Polixenes*

Enter Polixenes *and* Camillo

Polixenes. I pray thee, good Camillo, be no more importunate. 'T is a sickness denying thee any thing; a death to grant this.

Camillo. It is fifteen years since I saw my country; though I have for the most part been aired abroad, I desire to lay my bones there. Besides, the penitent king, my master, hath sent for me, to whose feeling sorrows I might be some allay, or I o'erween to think so, which is another spur to my departure.

Polixenes. As thou lovest me, Camillo, wipe not out the rest of thy services by leaving me now. The need I have of thee thine own goodness hath made; better not to have had thee than thus to want thee. Thou, having made me businesses which none without thee can sufficiently manage, must either stay to execute them thyself or take way with thee the very services thou hast done, which if I have not enough considered, as too much I cannot, to be more thankful to thee shall be my study, and my profit therein the heaping friendships. Of that fatal country, Sicilia, prithee speak no more, whose very naming punishes me with the remembrance of that penitent, as thou callest him, and reconciled king, my brother, whose loss of his most precious queen and children are even now to be afresh lamented. Say to me, when sawest thou the Prince Florizel, my son? Kings are

no less unhappy, their issue not being gracious, than they are in losing them when they have approved their virtues.

Camillo. Sir, it is three days since I saw the prince. What his happier affairs may be are to me unknown; but I have missingly noted he is of late much retired from court and is less frequent to his princely exercises than formerly he hath appeared.

Polixenes. I have considered so much, Camillo, and with some care; so far that I have eyes under my service which look upon his removedness, from whom I have this intelligence, that he is seldom from the house of a most homely shepherd, a man, they say, that from very nothing, and beyond the imagination of his neighbours, is grown into an unspeakable estate.

Camillo. I have heard, sir, of such a man, who hath a daughter of most rare note; the report of her is extended more than can be thought to begin from such a cottage.

Polixenes. That 's likewise part of my intelligence, but, I fear, the angle that plucks our son thither. Thou shalt accompany us to the place; where we will, not appearing what we are, have some question with the shepherd, from whose simplicity I think it not uneasy to get the cause of my son's resort thither. Prithee, be my present partner in this business and lay aside the thoughts of Sicilia.

Camillo. I willingly obey your command.

Polixenes. My best Camillo! We must disguise ourselves. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III. *A Road near the Shepherd's Cottage*

Enter Autolycus, *singing*

When daffodils begin to peer,
With heigh! the doxy over the dale,
Why, then comes in the sweet o' the year;
For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale.

The white sheet bleaching on the hedge,
With heigh! the sweet birds, O, how they sing!
Doth set my pugging tooth on edge;
For a quart of ale is a dish for a king.

The lark, that tirra-lirra chants,
With heigh! with heigh! the thrush and the jay,
Are summer songs for me and my aunts,
While we lie tumbling in the hay.

I have served Prince Florizel and in my time wore three-pile, but now I am out of service;

But shall I go mourn for that, my dear?
The pale moon shines by night;
And when I wander here and there,
I then do most go right.

If tinkers may have leave to live,
And bear the sow-skin budget,

Then my account I well may give,
And in the stocks avouch it.

My traffic is sheets; when the kite builds, look to lesser linen. My father named me Autolycus, who being, as I am, littered under Mercury, was likewise a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles. With die and drab I purchased this caparison, and my revenue is the silly cheat. Gallows and knock are too powerful on the highway; beating and hanging are terrors to me; for the life to come, I sleep out the thought of it. — A prize! a prize!

Enter Clown

Clown. Let me see: every 'leven wether tods; every tod yields pound and odd shilling; fifteen hundred shorn, — what comes the wool to?

Autolycus. [*Aside*] If the springe hold, the cock's mine.

Clown. I cannot do 't without counters. Let me see; what am I to buy for our sheep-shearing feast? Three pound of sugar, five pound of currants, rice, — what will this sister of mine do with rice? But my father hath made her mistress of the feast, and she lays it on. She hath made me four-and-twenty nosegays for the shearers, three-man songmen all, and very good ones, but they are most of them means and bases; but one puritan amongst them, and he sings psalms to hornpipes. I must have saffron to colour

the warden pies; mace; dates? — none, that 's out of my note; nutmegs, seven; a race or two of ginger, but that I may beg; four pound of prunes, and as many of raisins o' the sun.

Autolycus. O that ever I was born!

[*Grovelling on the ground.*

Clown. I' the name of me —

Autolycus. O, help me, help me! pluck but off these rags; and then, death, death!

Clown. Alack, poor soul! thou hast need of more rags to lay on thee, rather than have these off.

Autolycus. O sir, the loathsomeness of them offends me more than the stripes I have received, which are mighty ones and millions.

Clown. Alas, poor man! a million of beating may come to a great matter.

Autolycus. I am robbed, sir, and beaten; my money and apparel ta'en from me, and these detestable things put upon me.

Clown. What, by a horseman, or a footman?

Autolycus. A footman, sweet sir, a footman.

Clown. Indeed, he should be a footman by the garments he has left with thee; if this be a horseman's coat, it hath seen very hot service. Lend me thy hand, I 'll help thee; come, lend me thy hand.

Autolycus. O, good sir, tenderly, O!

Clown. Alas, poor soul!

Autolycus. O, good sir, softly, good sir! I fear, sir, my shoulder-blade is out.

Clown. How now! canst stand?

Autolycus. [*Picking his pocket*] Softly, dear sir; good sir, softly. You ha' done me a charitable office.

Clown. Dost lack any money? I have a little money for thee.

Autolycus. No, good sweet sir; no, I beseech you, sir. I have a kinsman not past three quarters of a mile hence, unto whom I was going; I shall there have money, or any thing I want. Offer me no money, I pray you; that kills my heart.

Clown. What manner of fellow was he that robbed you?

Autolycus. A fellow, sir, that I have known to go about with troll-my-dames. I knew him once a servant of the prince; I cannot tell, good sir, for which of his virtues it was, but he was certainly whipped out of the court.

Clown. His vices, you would say; there 's no virtue whipped out of the court. They cherish it to make it stay there; and yet it will no more but abide.

Autolycus. Vices, I would say, sir. I know this man well. He hath been since an ape-bearer; then a process-server, a bailiff; then he compassed a motion of the Prodigal Son, and married a tinker's wife within a mile where my land and living lies; and, having flown over many knavish professions, he settled only in rogue. Some call him Autolycus.

Clown. Out upon him! prig, for my life, prig; he haunts wakes, fairs, and bear-baitings.

Autolycus. Very true, sir; he, sir, he; that 's the rogue that put me into this apparel.

Clown. Not a more cowardly rogue in all Bohemia; if you had but looked big and spit at him, he 'd have run.

Autolycus. I must confess to you, sir, I am no fighter. I am false of heart that way; and that he knew, I warrant him.

Clown. How do you now?

Autolycus. Sweet sir, much better than I was; I can stand and walk. I will even take my leave of you, and pace softly towards my kinsman's.

Clown. Shall I bring thee on the way?

Autolycus. No, good-faced sir; no, sweet sir.

Clown. Then fare thee well; I must go buy spices for our sheep-shearing.

Autolycus. Prosper you, sweet sir!—[*Exit Clown.*] Your purse is not hot enough to purchase your spice. I 'll be with you at your sheep-shearing too; if I make not this cheat bring out another and the shearers prove sheep, let me be unroll'd and my name put in the book of virtue!

[Sings] *Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way,*
And merrily hent the stile-a;
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile-a. [*Exit.*

Scene IV. *The Shepherd's Cottage*

Enter Florizel *and* Perdita

Florizel. These your unusual weeds to each part of you
Do give a life; no shepherdess, but Flora
Peering in April's front. This your sheep-shearing
Is as a meeting of the petty gods,
And you the queen on 't.

Perdita. Sir, my gracious lord,
To chide at your extremes it not becomes me;
O, pardon, that I name them! Your high self,
The gracious mark o' the land, you have obscur'd
With a swain's wearing, and me, poor lowly maid,
Most goddess-like prank'd up. But that our feasts
In every mess have folly and the feeders
Digest it with a custom, I should blush
To see you so attir'd, sworn, I think,
To show myself a glass.

Florizel. I bless the time
When my good falcon made her flight across
Thy father's ground.

Perdita. Now Jove afford you cause!
To me the difference forges dread; your greatness
Hath not been us'd to fear. Even now I tremble
To think your father, by some accident,
Should pass this way as you did. O, the Fates!
How would he look, to see his work so noble
Vilely bound up? What would he say? Or how

Should I, in these my borrow'd flaunts, behold
The sternness of his presence?

Florizel. Apprehend
Nothing but jollity. The gods themselves,
Humbling their deities to love, have taken
The shapes of beasts upon them. Jupiter
Became a bull, and bellow'd; the green Neptune
A ram, and bleated; and the fire-rob'd god,
Golden Apollo, a poor humble swain,
As I seem now. Their transformations
Were never for a piece of beauty rarer,
Nor in a way so chaste, — since my desires
Run not before mine honour, nor my lusts
Burn hotter than my faith.

Perdita. O, but, sir,
Your resolution cannot hold when 't is
Oppos'd, as it must be, by the power of the king;
One of these two must be necessities,
Which then will speak, — that you must change this purpose,
Or I my life.

Florizel. Thou dearest Perdita,
With these forc'd thoughts, I prithee, darken not
The mirth o' the feast. Or I 'll be thine, my fair,
Or not my father's. For I cannot be
Mine own, nor any thing to any, if
I be not thine. To this I am most constant,
Though destiny say no. Be merry, gentle;
Strangle such thoughts as these with any thing

That you behold the while. Your guests are coming;
Lift up your countenance, as it were the day
Of celebration of that nuptial which
We two have sworn shall come.
Perdita. O lady Fortune,
Stand you auspicious!
Florizel. See, your guests approach;
Address yourself to entertain them sprightly,
And let 's be red with mirth.

Enter Shepherd, Clown, Mopsa, Dorcas, *and others, with* Polixenes *and* Camillo *disguised*

Shepherd. Fie, daughter! when my old wife liv'd, upon
This day she was both pantler, butler, cook,
Both dame and servant, welcom'd all, serv'd all,
Would sing her song and dance her turn; now here,
At upper end o' the table, now i' the middle;
On his shoulder, and his; her face o' fire
With labour; and the thing she took to quench it,
She would to each one sip. You are retir'd,
As if you were a feasted one, and not
The hostess of the meeting. Pray you, bid
These unknown friends to 's welcome; for it is
A way to make us better friends, more known.
Come, quench your blushes and present yourself
That which you are, mistress o' the feast; come on,
And bid us welcome to your sheep-shearing,
As your good flock shall prosper.
Perdita. [*To Polixenes*] Sir, welcome!

It is my father's will I should take on me
The hostess-ship o' the day. — [*To Camillo*] You 're
welcome, sir. —
Give me those flowers there, Dorcas. — Reverend sirs,
For you there 's rosemary and rue; these keep
Seeming and savour all the winter long.
Grace and remembrance be to you both,
And welcome to our shearing!
Polixenes. Shepherdess, —
A fair one are you — well you fit our ages
With flowers of winter.
Perdita. Sir, the year growing ancient, —
Not yet on summer's death, nor on the birth
Of trembling winter, — the fairest flowers o' the season
Are our carnations and streak'd gillyvors,
Which some call nature's bastards; of that kind
Our rustic garden 's barren, and I care not
To get slips of them.
Polixenes. Wherefore, gentle maiden,
Do you neglect them?
Perdita. For I have heard it said
There is an art which in their piedness shares
With great creating nature.
Polixenes. Say there be,
Yet nature is made better by no mean
But nature makes that mean; so, over that art
Which you say adds to nature, is an art
That nature makes. You see, sweet maid, we marry
A gentler scion to the wildest stock,

And make conceive a bark of baser kind
By bud of nobler race. This is an art
Which does mend nature, — change it rather; but
The art itself is nature.

Perdita. So it is.

Polixenes. Then make your garden rich in gillyvors,
And do not call them bastards.

Perdita. I 'll not put
The dibble in earth to set one slip of them;
No more than were I painted I would wish
This youth should say 't were well and only therefore
Desire to breed by me. — Here 's flowers for you:
Hot lavender, mints, savory, marjoram,
The marigold, that goes to bed wi' the sun
And with him rises weeping; these are flowers
Of middle summer, and I think they are given
To men of middle age. You 're very welcome.

Camillo. I should leave grazing, were I of your flock,
And only live by gazing.

Perdita. Out, alas!
You 'd be so lean that blasts of January
Would blow you through and through. — Now, my fair'st friend,
I would I had some flowers o' the spring that might
Become your time of day; — and yours, — and yours,
That wear upon your virgin branches yet
Your maidenheads growing. — O Proserpina,
For the flowers now that frighted thou let'st fall
From Dis's waggon! daffodils,

That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty; violets dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes
Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroses,
That die unmarried, ere they can behold
Bright Phœbus in his strength — a malady
Most incident to maids; bold oxlips and
The crown imperial; lilies of all kinds,
The flower-de-luce being one! — O, these I lack,
To make you garlands of, and my sweet friend,
To strew him o'er and o'er!

Florizel. What, like a corse?

Perdita. No, like a bank for love to lie and play on,
Not like a corse; or if, — not to be buried,
But quick and in mine arms. Come, take your flowers.
Methinks I play as I have seen them do
In Whitsun pastorals; sure this robe of mine
Does change my disposition.

Florizel. What you do
Still betters what is done. When you speak, sweet,
I 'd have you do it ever; when you sing,
I 'd have you buy and sell so, so give alms,
Pray so, and, for the ordering your affairs,
To sing them too; when you do dance, I wish you
A wave o' the sea, that you might ever do
Nothing but that, — move still, still so,
And own no other function. Each your doing,
So singular in each particular,

Crowns what you are doing in the present deed,
That all your acts are queens.
Perdita. O Doricles,
Your praises are too large; but that your youth,
And the true blood which peeps so fairly through 't,
Do plainly give you out an unstain'd shepherd,
With wisdom I might fear, my Doricles,
You woo'd me the false way.
Florizel. I think you have
As little skill to fear as I have purpose
To put you to 't. — But come; our dance, I pray.
Your hand, my Perdita; so turtles pair
That never mean to part.
Perdita. I 'll swear for 'em.
Polixenes. This is the prettiest low-born lass that ever
Ran on the green-sward; nothing she does or seems
But smacks of something greater than herself,
Too noble for this place.
Camillo. He tells her something
That makes her blood look out; good sooth, she is
The queen of curds and cream.
Clown. Come on, strike up!
Dorcas. Mopsa must be your mistress; marry, garlic,
To mend her kissing with!
Mopsa. Now, in good time!
Clown. Not a word, a word; we stand upon our manners. —
Come, strike up!
[*Music. Here a dance of Shepherds and Shepherdesses.*

Polixenes. Pray, good shepherd, what fair swain is this
Which dances with your daughter?

Shepherd. They call him Doricles,—and boasts himself
To have a worthy feeding; but I have it
Upon his own report and I believe it;
He looks like sooth. He says he loves my daughter.
I think so too, for never gaz'd the moon
Upon the water as he 'll stand and read
As 't were my daughter's eyes; and, to be plain,
I think there is not half a kiss to choose
Who loves another best.

Polixenes. She dances featly.

Shepherd. So she does any thing; though I report it
That should be silent. If young Doricles
Do light upon her, she shall bring him that
Which he not dreams of.

Enter Servant

Servant. O master, if you did but hear the pedler at the door, you would never dance again after a tabor and pipe; no, the bagpipe could not move you. He sings several tunes faster than you 'll tell money; he utters them as he had eaten ballads and all men's ears grew to his tunes.

Clown. He could never come better; he shall come in. I love a ballad but even too well, if it be doleful matter merrily set down, or a very pleasant thing indeed and sung lamentably.

Servant. He hath songs for man or woman, of all sizes; no milliner can so fit his customers with gloves. He has the prettiest love-songs for maids; so without bawdry, which is strange; with such delicate burthens of dildos and fadings, 'jump her and thump her;' and where some stretch-mouthed rascal would, as it were, mean mischief and break a foul gap into the matter, he makes the maid to answer 'Whoop, do me no harm, good man,' — puts him off, slights him, with 'Whoop, do me no harm, good man.'

Polixenes. This is a brave fellow.

Clown. Believe me, thou talkest of an admirable conceited fellow. Has he any unbraided wares?

Servant. He hath ribbons of all the colours i' the rainbow; points more than all the lawyers in Bohemia can learnedly handle, though they come to him by the gross; inkles, caddisses, cambrics, lawns. Why, he sings 'em over as they were gods or goddesses; you would think a smock were a she-angel, he so chants to the sleeve-hand and the work about the square on 't.

Clown. Prithee bring him in; and let him approach singing.

Perdita. Forewarn him that he use no scurrilous words in 's tunes. [*Exit Servant.*

Clown. You have of these pedlers that have more in them than you 'd think, sister.

Perdita. Ay, good brother, or go about to think.

Enter AUTOLYCUS, *singing*

Lawn as white as driven snow;
Cyprus black as e'er was crow;
Gloves as sweet as damask roses;
Masks for faces and for noses;
Bugle bracelet, necklace amber,
Perfume for a lady's chamber;
Golden quoifs and stomachers,
For my lads to give their dears;
Pins and poking-sticks of steel,
What maids lack from head to heel.
Come buy of me, come; come buy, come buy;
Buy, lads, or else your lasses cry; come buy.

Clown. If I were not in love with Mopsa, thou shouldst take no money of me; but being enthralled as I am, it will also be the bondage of certain ribbons and gloves.

Mopsa. I was promised them against the feast; but they come not too late now.

Dorcas. He hath promised you more than that, or there be liars.

Mopsa. He hath paid you all he promised you; may be, he has paid you more, which will shame you to give him again.

Clown. Is there no manners left among maids? Is there not milking-time, when you are going to bed, or kiln-hole, to whistle off these secrets, but you must

be tittle-tattling before all our guests? 't is well they are whispering; clamour your tongues, and not a word more.

Mopsa. I have done. Come, you promised me a tawdry-lace and a pair of sweet gloves.

Clown. Have I not told thee how I was cozened by the way and lost all my money?

Autolycus. And indeed, sir, there are cozeners abroad; therefore it behoves men to be wary.

Clown. Fear not thou, man, thou shalt lose nothing here.

Autolycus. I hope so, sir; for I have about me many parcels of charge.

Clown. What hast here? ballads?

Mopsa. Pray now, buy some; I love a ballad in print o' life, for then we are sure they are true.

Autolycus. Here 's one to a very doleful tune, how a usurer's wife longed to eat adder's heads and toads carbonadoed.

Mopsa. Is it true, think you?

Autolycus. Very true, and but a month old.

Dorcas. Bless me from marrying a usurer!

Mopsa. Pray you now, buy it.

Clown. Come on, lay it by; and let 's first see moe ballads; we 'll buy the other things anon.

Autolycus. Here 's another ballad of a fish, that appeared upon the coast on Wednesday the fourscore of April, forty thousand fathom above water, and sung this ballad against the hard hearts of maids; it was

thought she was a woman and was turned into a cold fish. The ballad is very pitiful and as true.

Dorcas. Is it true too, think you?

Autolycus. Five justices' hands at it, and witnesses more than my pack will hold.

Clown. Lay it by too; another.

Autolycus. This is a merry ballad, but a very pretty one.

Mopsa. Let 's have some merry ones.

Autolycus. Why, this is a passing merry one and goes to the tune of 'Two maids wooing a man.' There 's scarce a maid westward but she sings it; 't is in request, I can tell you.

Mopsa. We can both sing it. If thou 'lt bear a part, thou shalt hear; 't is in three parts.

Dorcas. We had the tune on 't a month ago.

Autolycus. I can bear my part; you must know 't is my occupation. Have at it with you.

Song

Autolycus. *Get you hence, for I must go*
Where it fits not you to know.
Dorcas. *Whither?*
Mopsa. *O, whither?*
Dorcas. *Whither?*
Mopsa. *It becomes thy oath full well,*
Thou to me thy secrets tell.
Dorcas. *Me too, let me go thither.*
Mopsa. *Or thou goest to the grange or mill.*

Dorcas. *If to either, thou dost ill.*
Autolycus. *Neither.*
Dorcas. *What, neither?*
Autolycus. *Neither.*
Dorcas. *Thou hast sworn my love to be.*
Mopsa. *Thou hast sworn it more to me:*
Then whither goest? say, whither?

Clown. We 'll have this song out anon by ourselves; my father and the gentlemen are in sad talk, and we 'll not trouble them. Come, bring away thy pack after me. — Wenches, I 'll buy for you both. — Pedler, let 's have the first choice. — Follow me, girls. [*Exit with Dorcas and Mopsa.*

Autolycus. And you shall pay well for 'em.
[*Follows singing.*

Will you buy any tape,
Or lace for your cape,
My dainty duck, my dear-a?
Any silk, any thread,
Any toys for your head,
Of the new'st and fin'st, fin'st wear-a?
Come to the pedler;
Money 's a meddler,
That doth utter all men's ware-a. [*Exit.*

Re-enter Servant

Servant. Master, there is three carters, three shepherds, three neat-herds, three swine-herds, that have made themselves all men of hair, they call themselves Saltiers, and they have a dance which the wenches

say is a gallimaufry of gambols, because they are not in 't; but they themselves are o' the mind, if it be not too rough for some that know little but bowling, it will please plentifully.

Shepherd. Away! we 'll none on 't; here has been too much homely foolery already. — I know, sir, we weary you.

Polixenes. You weary those that refresh us. Pray, let 's see these four threes of herdsmen.

Servant. One three of them, by their own report, sir, hath danced before the king; and not the worst of the three but jumps twelve foot and a half by the squire.

Shepherd. Leave your prating. Since these good men are pleased, let them come in; but quickly now.

Servant. Why, they stay at door, sir. [*Exit.*

[*Here a dance of twelve Satyrs*

Polixenes. O, father, you 'll know more of that hereafter. —

[*To Camillo*] Is it not too far gone? — 'T is time to part them.

He 's simple and tells much. — [*To Florizel*] How now, fair shepherd!

Your heart is full of something that does take
Your mind from feasting. Sooth, when I was young
And handed love as you do, I was wont
To load my she with knacks. I would have ransack'd
The pedler's silken treasury and have pour'd it
To her acceptance; you have let him go

And nothing marted with him. If your lass
Interpretation should abuse and call this
Your lack of love or bounty, you were straited
For a reply, at least if you make a care
Of happy holding her.
Florizel. Old sir, I know
She prizes not such trifles as these are;
The gifts she looks from me are pack'd and lock'd
Up in my heart, which I have given already,
But not deliver'd. — O, hear me breathe my life
Before this ancient sir, who, it should seem,
Hath sometime lov'd! I take thy hand, this hand,
As soft as dove's down and as white as it,
Or Ethiopian's tooth, or the fann'd snow that 's bolted
By the northern blasts twice o'er.
Polixenes. What follows this? —
How prettily the young swain seems to wash
The hand was fair before! — I have put you out.
But to your protestation; let me hear
What you profess.
Florizel. Do, and be witness to 't.
Polixenes. And this my neighbour too?
Florizel. And he, and more
Than he, and men, the earth, the heavens, and all:
That, were I crown'd the most imperial monarch,
Thereof most worthy, were I the fairest youth
That ever made eye swerve, had force and knowledge
More than was ever man's, I would not prize them
Without her love, — for her employ them all,

Commend them and condemn them to her service
Or to their own perdition.
Polixenes. Fairly offer'd.
Camillo. This shows a sound affection.
Shepherd. But, my daughter,
Say you the like to him?
Perdita. I cannot speak
So well, nothing so well; no, nor mean better.
By the pattern of mine own thoughts I cut out
The purity of his.
Shepherd. Take hands, a bargain!—
And, friends unknown, you shall bear witness to 't;
I give my daughter to him, and will make
Her portion equal his.
Florizel. O, that must be
I' the virtue of your daughter. One being dead,
I shall have more than you can dream of yet;
Enough then for your wonder. But, come on,
Contract us fore these witnesses.
Shepherd. Come, your hand;—
And, daughter, yours.
Polixenes. Soft, swain, awhile, beseech you;
Have you a father?
Florizel. I have; but what of him?
Polixenes. Knows he of this?
Florizel. He neither does nor shall.
Polixenes. Methinks a father
Is at the nuptial of his son a guest
That best becomes the table. Pray you once more,

Is not your father grown incapable
Of reasonable affairs? is he not stupid
With age and altering rheums? can he speak? hear?
Know man from man? dispute his own estate?
Lies he not bed-rid? and again does nothing
But what he did being childish?
Florizel. No, good sir;
He has his health and ampler strength indeed
Than most have of his age.
Polixenes. By my white beard,
You offer him, if this be so, a wrong
Something unfilial. Reason my son
Should choose himself a wife, but as good reason
The father, all whose joy is nothing else
But fair posterity, should hold some counsel
In such a business.
Florizel. I yield all this;
But for some other reasons, my grave sir,
Which 't is not fit you know, I not acquaint
My father of this business.
Polixenes. Let him know 't.
Florizel. He shall not.
Polixenes. Prithee, let him.
Florizel. No, he must not.
Shepherd. Let him, my son; he shall not need to grieve
At knowing of thy choice.
Florizel. Come, come, he must not. —
Mark our contract.

Polixenes. Mark your divorce, young sir,
[*Discovering himself.*
Whom son I dare not call; thou art too base
To be acknowledg'd, thou a sceptre's heir
That thus affects a sheep-hook! — Thou old traitor,
I am sorry that by hanging thee I can
But shorten thy life one week. — And thou, fresh piece
Of excellent witchcraft, who of force must know
The royal fool thou cop'st with, —
Shepherd. O, my heart!
Polixenes. I 'll have thy beauty scratch'd with briers, and made
More homely than thy state. — For thee, fond boy,
If I may ever know thou dost but sigh
That thou no more shalt see this knack, as never
I mean thou shalt, we 'll bar thee from succession,
Not hold thee of our blood, no, not our kin,
Far than Deucalion off. Mark thou my words.
Follow us to the court. — Thou churl, for this time,
Though full of our displeasure, yet we free thee
From the dead blow of it. — And you, enchantment, —
Worthy enough a herdsman; yea, him too,
That makes himself, but for our honour therein,
Unworthy thee, — if ever henceforth thou
These rural latches to his entrance open,
Or hoop his body more with thy embraces,
I will devise a death as cruel for thee
As thou art tender to 't. [*Exit.*
Perdita. Even here undone!

I was not much afeard; for once or twice
I was about to speak and tell him plainly,
The selfsame sun that shines upon his court
Hides not his visage from our cottage, but
Looks on alike. — Will 't please you, sir, be gone?
I told you what would come of this. Beseech you,
Of your own state take care; this dream of mine, —
Being now awake, I 'll queen it no inch farther,
But milk my ewes and weep.
Camillo. Why, how now, father?
Speak ere thou diest.
Shepherd. I cannot speak, nor think,
Nor dare to know that which I know. — O sir!
You have undone a man of fourscore three,
That thought to fill his grave in quiet, yea,
To die upon the bed my father died,
To lie close by his honest bones; but now
Some hangman must put on my shroud, and lay me
Where no priest shovels in dust. — O cursed wretch,
That knew'st this was the prince, and wouldst adventure
To mingle faith with him! — Undone! undone!
If I might die within this hour, I have liv'd
To die when I desire. [*Exit.*
Florizel. Why look you so upon me?
I am but sorry, not afeard, delay'd,
But nothing alter'd. What I was I am,
More straining on for plucking back, not following
My leash unwillingly.

Camillo. Gracious my lord,
You know your father's temper. At this time
He will allow no speech, which I do guess
You do not purpose to him; and as hardly
Will he endure your sight as yet, I fear.
Then, till the fury of his highness settle,
Come not before him.
Florizel. I not purpose it.
I think, — Camillo?
Camillo. Even he, my lord.
Perdita. How often have I told you 't would be thus!
How often said my dignity would last
But till 't were known!
Florizel. It cannot fail but by
The violation of my faith; and then
Let nature crush the sides o' the earth together
And mar the seeds within! Lift up thy looks. —
From my succession wipe me, father; I
Am heir to my affection.
Camillo. Be advis'd.
Florizel. I am, and by my fancy. If my reason
Will thereto be obedient, I have reason;
If not, my senses, better pleas'd with madness,
Do bid it welcome.
Camillo. This is desperate, sir.
Florizel. So call it, but it does fulfil my vow;
I needs must think it honesty. Camillo,
Not for Bohemia, nor the pomp that may

Be thereat glean'd, for all the sun sees or
The close earth wombs or the profound sea hides
In unknown fathoms, will I break my oath
To this my fair belov'd! Therefore, I pray you,
As you have ever been my father's honour'd friend,
When he shall miss me, — as, in faith, I mean not
To see him any more, — cast your good counsels
Upon his passion; let myself and fortune
Tug for the time to come. This you may know
And so deliver, — I am put to sea
With her whom here I cannot hold on shore;
And most opportune to our need I have
A vessel rides fast by, but not prepar'd
For this design. What course I mean to hold
Shall nothing benefit your knowledge nor
Concern me the reporting.

Camillo. O my lord!
I would your spirit were easier for advice,
Or stronger for your need.

Florizel. Hark, Perdita. — [*Drawing her aside.*
I 'll hear you by and by.

Camillo. He 's irremovable,
Resolv'd for flight. Now were I happy if
His going I could frame to serve my turn,
Save him from danger, do him love and honour,
Purchase the sight again of dear Sicilia
And that unhappy king, my master, whom
I so much thirst to see.

Florizel. Now, good Camillo;

I am so fraught with curious business that
I leave out ceremony.
Camillo. Sir, I think
You have heard of my poor services, i' the love
That I have borne your father?
Florizel. Very nobly
Have you deserv'd; it is my father's music
To speak your deeds, not little of his care
To have them recompens'd as thought on.
Camillo. Well, my lord,
If you may please to think I love the king
And through him what is nearest to him, which is
Your gracious self, embrace but my direction:
If your more ponderous and settled project
May suffer alteration, on mine honour,
I 'll point you where you shall have such receiving
As shall become your highness; where you may
Enjoy your mistress, from the whom, I see,
There 's no disjunction to be made, but by —
As heavens forefend! — your ruin; marry her,
And, with my best endeavours in your absence,
Your discontenting father strive to qualify
And bring him up to liking.
Florizel. How, Camillo,
May this, almost a miracle, be done?
That I may call thee something more than man,
And after that trust to thee.
Camillo. Have you thought on
A place whereto you 'll go?

Florizel. Not any yet;
But as the unthought-on accident is guilty
To what we wildly do, so we profess
Ourselves to be the slaves of chance and flies
Of every wind that blows.
Camillo. Then list to me.
This follows, if you will not change your purpose
But undergo this flight, make for Sicilia,
And there present yourself and your fair princess,
For so I see she must be, fore Leontes;
She shall be habited as it becomes
The partner of your bed. Methinks I see
Leontes opening his free arms and weeping
His welcomes forth; asks thee the son forgiveness,
As 't were i' the father's person; kisses the hands
Of your fresh princess; o'er and o'er divides him
'Twixt his unkindness and his kindness; the one
He chides to hell, and bids the other grow
Faster than thought or time.
Florizel. Worthy Camillo,
What colour for my visitation shall I
Hold up before him?
Camillo. Sent by the king your father
To greet him and to give him comforts. Sir,
The manner of your bearing towards him, with
What you as from your father shall deliver,
Things known betwixt us three, I 'll write you down,
The which shall point you forth at every sitting
What you must say; that he shall not perceive

But that you have your father's bosom there
And speak his very heart.
Florizel. I am bound to you;
There is some sap in this.
Camillo. A cause more promising
Than a wild dedication of yourselves
To unpath'd waters, undream'd shores, most certain
To miseries enough; no hope to help you,
But as you shake off one to take another;
Nothing so certain as your anchors, who
Do their best office if they can but stay you
Where you 'll be loath to be. Besides, you know
Prosperity 's the very bond of love,
Whose fresh complexion and whose heart together
Affliction alters.
Perdita. One of these is true;
I think affliction may subdue the cheek,
But not take in the mind.
Camillo. Yea, say you so?
There shall not at your father's house these seven years
Be born another such.
Florizel. My good Camillo,
She is as forward of her breeding as
She is i' the rear o' our birth.
Camillo. I cannot say 't is pity
She lacks instructions, for she seems a mistress
To most that teach.
Perdita. Your pardon, sir; for this
I 'll blush you thanks.

Florizel. My prettiest Perdita! —
But O, the thorns we stand upon! — Camillo,
Preserver of my father, now of me,
The medicine of our house, how shall we do?
We are not furnish'd like Bohemia's son,
Nor shall appear in Sicilia.

Camillo. My lord,
Fear none of this. I think you know my fortunes
Do all lie there; it shall be so my care
To have you royally appointed as if
The scene you play were mine. For instance, sir,
That you may know you shall not want, — one word.

[*They talk aside.*

Re-enter AUTOLYCUS

Autolycus. Ha, ha! what a fool Honesty is! and Trust, his sworn brother, a very simple gentleman! I have sold all my trumpery; not a counterfeit stone, not a ribbon, glass, pomander, brooch, table-book, ballad, knife, tape, glove, shoe-tie, bracelet, horn-ring, to keep my pack from fasting. They throng who should buy first, as if my trinkets had been hallowed and brought a benediction to the buyer, by which means I saw whose purse was best in picture; and what I saw, to my good use I remembered. My clown, who wants but something to be a reasonable man, grew so in love with the wenches' song that he would not stir his pettitoes till he had both tune and words, which so drew the rest of the herd to me that all their other senses stuck in ears. I could have

filed keys off that hung in chains; no hearing, no feeling, but my sir's song, and admiring the nothing of it. So that in this time of lethargy I picked and cut most of their festival purses; and had not the old man come in with a whoo-bub against his daughter and the king's son and scared my choughs from the chaff, I had not left a purse alive in the whole army.

[*Camillo, Florizel, and Perdita come forward.*

Camillo. Nay, but my letters, by this means being there
So soon as you arrive, shall clear that doubt.

Florizel. And those that you 'll procure from King Leontes —

Camillo. Shall satisfy your father.

Perdita. Happy be you!
All that you speak shows fair.

Camillo. Who have we here? —
[*Seeing Autolycus.*
We 'll make an instrument of this, omit
Nothing may give us aid.

Autolycus. If they have overheard me now, why, hanging.

Camillo. How now, good fellow! why shakest thou so?
Fear not, man; here 's no harm intended to thee.

Autolycus. I am a poor fellow, sir.

Camillo. Why, be so still; here 's nobody will steal that from thee, yet for the outside of thy poverty we must make an exchange. Therefore discase thee

instantly, — thou must think there 's a necessity in 't, — and change garments with this gentleman. Though the pennyworth on his side be the worst, yet hold thee, there 's some boot.

Autolycus. I am a poor fellow, sir. — [*Aside*] I know ye well enough.

Camillo. Nay, prithee, dispatch; the gentleman is half flayed already.

Autolycus. Are you in earnest, sir? — [*Aside*] I smell the trick on 't.

Florizel. Dispatch, I prithee.

Autolycus. Indeed, I have had earnest; but I cannot with conscience take it.

Camillo. Unbuckle, unbuckle. —

[*Florizel and Autolycus exchange garments.*

Fortunate mistress, — let my prophecy
Come home to ye! — you must retire yourself
Into some covert; take your sweetheart's hat
And pluck it o'er your brows, muffle your face,
Dismantle you, and, as you can, disliken
The truth of your own seeming, that you may —
For I do fear eyes over — to shipboard
Get undescried.

Perdita. I see the play so lies
That I must bear a part.

Camillo. No remedy. —
Have you done there?

Florizel. Should I now meet my father,
He would not call me son.

Camillo. Nay, you shall have no hat. —
[*Giving it to Perdita.*
Come, lady, come. — Farewell, my friend.
Autolycus. Adieu, sir.
Florizel. O Perdita, what have we twain forgot!
Pray you, a word.
Camillo. [*Aside*] What I do next shall be to tell the king
Of this escape and whither they are bound;
Wherein my hope is I shall so prevail
To force him after, in whose company
I shall review Sicilia, for whose sight
I have a woman's longing.
Florizel. Fortune speed us! —
Thus we set on, Camillo, to the sea-side.
Camillo. The swifter speed the better.
[*Exeunt Florizel, Perdita, and Camillo.*
Autolycus. I understand the business, I hear it. To have an open ear, a quick eye, and a nimble hand, is necessary for a cut-purse; a good nose is requisite also, to smell out work for the other senses. I see this is the time that the unjust man doth thrive. What an exchange had this been without boot! What a boot is here with this exchange! Sure the gods do this year connive at us, and we may do any thing extempore. The prince himself is about a piece of iniquity, stealing away from his father with his clog at his heels. If I thought it were a piece of honesty to acquaint the king withal, I would not do 't.

I hold it the more knavery to conceal it; and therein am I constant to my profession. —

Re-enter Clown *and* Shepherd

Aside, aside; here is more matter for a hot brain. Every lane's end, every shop, church, session, hanging, yields a careful man work.

Clown. See, see; what a man you are now! There is no other way but to tell the king she 's a changeling and none of your flesh and blood.

Shepherd. Nay, but hear me.

Clown. Nay, but hear me.

Shepherd. Go to, then.

Clown. She being none of your flesh and blood, your flesh and blood has not offended the king; and so your flesh and blood is not to be punished by him. Show those things you found about her, those secret things, all but what she has with her. This being done, let the law go whistle, I warrant you.

Shepherd. I will tell the king all, every word, yea, and his son's pranks too, who, I may say, is no honest man, neither to his father nor to me, to go about to make me the king's brother-in-law.

Clown. Indeed, brother-in-law was the farthest off you could have been to him, and then your blood had been the dearer by I know how much an ounce.

Autolycus. [*Aside*] Very wisely, puppies!

Shepherd. Well, let us to the king; there is that in this fardel will make him scratch his beard.

Autolycus. [*Aside*] I know not what impediment this complaint may be to the flight of my master.

Clown. Pray heartily he be at palace.

Autolycus. [*Aside*] Though I am not naturally honest, I am so sometimes by chance; let me pocket up my pedler's excrement. — [*Takes off his false beard.*] How now, rustics! whither are you bound?

Shepherd. To the palace, an it like your worship.

Autolycus. Your affairs there, what, with whom, the condition of that fardel, the place of your dwelling, your names, your ages, of what having, breeding, and any thing that is fitting to be known, discover.

Clown. We are but plain fellows, sir.

Autolycus. A lie! you are rough and hairy. Let me have no lying; it becomes none but tradesmen, and they often give us soldiers the lie. But we pay them for it with stamped coin, not stabbing steel; therefore they do not give us the lie.

Clown. Your worship had like to have given us one, if you had not taken yourself with the manner.

Shepherd. Are you a courtier, an 't like you, sir?

Autolycus. Whether it like me or no, I am a courtier. Seest thou not the air of the court in these enfoldings? hath not my gait in it the measure of the court? receives not thy nose court-odour from me? reflect I not on thy baseness court-contempt? Thinkest thou, for that I insinuate, or touze from thee thy business, I am therefore no courtier? I am courtier cap-a-pe, and one that will either push on or pluck

back thy business there; whereupon I command thee to open thy affair.

Shepherd. My business, sir, is to the king.

Autolycus. What advocate hast thou to him?

Shepherd. I know not, an 't like you.

Clown. Advocate 's the court-word for a pheasant; say you have none.

Shepherd. None, sir; I have no pheasant, cock nor hen.

Autolycus. How blest are we that are not simple men!
Yet nature might have made me as these are,
Therefore I will not disdain.

Clown. This cannot be but a great courtier.

Shepherd. His garments are rich, but he wears them not handsomely.

Clown. He seems to be the more noble in being fantastical. A great man, I 'll warrant; I know by the picking on 's teeth.

Autolycus. The fardel there? what 's i' the fardel? Wherefore that box?

Shepherd. Sir, there lies such secrets in this fardel and box which none must know but the king, and which he shall know within this hour, if I may come to the speech of him.

Autolycus. Age, thou hast lost thy labour.

Shepherd. Why, sir?

Autolycus. The king is not at the palace; he is gone aboard a new ship to purge melancholy and air

himself, for, if thou beest capable of things serious, thou must know the king is full of grief.

Shepherd. So 't is said, sir; about his son, that should have married a shepherd's daughter.

Autolycus. If that shepherd be not in hand-fast, let him fly; the curses he shall have, the tortures he shall feel, will break the back of man, the heart of monster. 772

Clown. Think you so, sir?

Autolycus. Not he alone shall suffer what wit can make heavy and vengeance bitter, but those that are germane to him, though removed fifty times, shall all come under the hangman, which, though it be great pity, yet it is necessary. An old sheep-whistling rogue, a ram-tender, to offer to have his daughter come into grace! Some say he shall be stoned; but that death is too soft for him, say I. Draw our throne into a sheep-cote! all deaths are too few, the sharpest too easy. 783

Clown. Has the old man e'er a son, sir, do you hear, an 't like you, sir?

Autolycus. He has a son, who shall be flayed alive; then 'nointed over with honey, set on the head of a wasp's nest; then stand till he be three quarters and a dram dead; then recovered again with aqua-vitæ or some other hot infusion; then, raw as he is, and in the hottest day prognostication proclaims, shall he be set against a brick-wall, the sun looking with a southward eye upon him, where he is to behold him

with flies blown to death. But what talk we of these traitorly rascals, whose miseries are to be smiled at, their offences being so capital? Tell me, for you seem to be honest plain men, what you have to the king. Being something gently considered, I 'll bring you where he is aboard, tender your persons to his presence, whisper him in your behalfs; and if it be in man besides the king to effect your suits, here is man shall do it.

Clown. He seems to be of great authority. Close with him, give him gold; and though authority be a stubborn bear, yet he is oft led by the nose with gold. Show the inside of your purse to the outside of his hand, and no more ado. Remember, stoned and flayed alive!

Shepherd. An 't please you, sir, to undertake the business for us, here is that gold I have; I 'll make it as much more, and leave this young man in pawn till I bring it you.

Autolycus. After I have done what I promised?

Shepherd. Ay, sir.

Autolycus. Well, give me the moiety. — Are you a party in this business?

Clown. In some sort, sir; but though my case be a pitiful one, I hope I shall not be flayed out of it.

Autolycus. O, that 's the case of the shepherd's son; hang him, he 'll be made an example.

Clown. Comfort, good comfort! We must to the king and show our strange sights. He must know 't

is none of your daughter nor my sister; we are gone else. — Sir, I will give you as much as this old man does when the business is performed, and remain, as he says, your pawn till it be brought you.

Autolycus. I will trust you. Walk before toward the seaside; go on the right hand. I will but look upon the hedge and follow you.

Clown. We are blest in this man, as I may say, even blest.

Shepherd. Let 's before, as he bids us; he was provided to do us good. [*Exeunt Shepherd and Clown.*

Autolycus. If I had a mind to be honest, I see Fortune would not suffer me; she drops booties in my mouth. I am courted now with a double occasion, gold and a means to do the prince my master good, — which who knows how that may turn back to my advancement? I will bring these two moles, these blind ones, aboard him. If he think it fit to shore them again, and that the complaint they have to the king concerns him nothing, let him call me rogue for being so far officious; for I am proof against that title and what shame else belongs to 't. To him will I present them; there may be matter in it. [*Exit.*

"O, SHE 'S WARM!"

ACT V

SCENE I. *A Room in the Palace of Leontes*

Enter LEONTES, CLEOMENES, DION, PAULINA, *and* Servants

Cleomenes. Sir, you have done enough, and have perform'd
A saint-like sorrow. No fault could you make
Which you have not redeem'd, — indeed, paid down
More penitence than done trespass. At the last,
Do as the heavens have done, forget your evil;
With them forgive yourself.

Leontes. Whilst I remember

Her and her virtues, I cannot forget
My blemishes in them, and so still think of
The wrong I did myself, which was so much
That heirless it hath made my kingdom, and
Destroy'd the sweet'st companion that e'er man
Bred his hopes out of.
Paulina. True, too true, my lord;
If, one by one, you wedded all the world,
Or from the all that are took something good
To make a perfect woman, she you kill'd
Would be unparallel'd.
Leontes. I think so. Kill'd!
She I kill'd! I did so, but thou strikest me
Sorely, to say I did; it is as bitter
Upon thy tongue as in my thought. Now, good now,
Say so but seldom.
Cleomenes. Not at all, good lady;
You might have spoken a thousand things that would
Have done the time more benefit and grac'd
Your kindness better.
Paulina. You are one of those
Would have him wed again.
Dion. If you would not so,
You pity not the state nor the remembrance
Of his most sovereign name, consider little
What dangers, by his highness' fail of issue,
May drop upon his kingdom and devour
Incertain lookers-on. What were more holy
Than to rejoice the former queen is well?

What holier than, for royalty's repair,
For present comfort and for future good,
To bless the bed of majesty again
With a sweet fellow to 't?
Paulina. There is none worthy,
Respecting her that 's gone. Besides, the gods
Will have fulfill'd their secret purposes;
For has not the divine Apollo said,
Is 't not the tenor of his oracle,
That King Leontes shall not have an heir
Till his lost child be found? which that it shall,
Is all as monstrous to our human reason
As my Antigonus to break his grave
And come again to me, who, on my life,
Did perish with the infant. 'T is your counsel
My lord should to the heavens be contrary,
Oppose against their wills. — [*To Leontes*] Care not for issue;
The crown will find an heir. Great Alexander
Left his to the worthiest; so his successor
Was like to be the best.
Leontes. Good Paulina, —
Who hast the memory of Hermione,
I know, in honour, — O that ever I
Had squar'd me to thy counsel! then, even now,
I might have look'd upon my queen's full eyes,
Have taken treasure from her lips —
Paulina. And left them
More rich for what they yielded.

Leontes. Thou speak'st truth
No more such wives; therefore, no wife. One worse,
And better us'd, would make her sainted spirit
Again possess her corpse, and on this stage,
Where we offenders now, appear soul-vex'd,
And begin, 'Why to me?'
Paulina. Had she such power, 6
She had just cause.
Leontes. She had, and would incense me
To murther her I married.
Paulina. I should so.
Were I the ghost that walk'd, I 'd bid you mark
Her eye, and tell me for what dull part in 't
You chose her; then I 'd shriek, that even your ears
Should rift to hear me; and the words that follow'd
Should be 'Remember mine.'
Leontes. Stars, stars,
And all eyes else dead coals! — Fear thou no wife;
I 'll have no wife, Paulina.
Paulina. Will you swear
Never to marry but by my free leave? 7
Leontes. Never, Paulina! so be blest my spirit!
Paulina. Then, good my lords, bear witness to hi
oath.
Cleomenes. You tempt him over-much.
Paulina. Unless anothe
As like Hermione as is her picture,
Affront his eye.
Cleomenes. Good madam, —

Paulina. I have done.
Yet, if my lord will marry, — if you will, sir,
No remedy, but you will, — give me the office
To choose you a queen. She shall not be so young
As was your former; but she shall be such
As, walk'd your first queen's ghost, it should take joy
To see her in your arms.
Leontes. My true Paulina,
We shall not marry till thou bid'st us.
Paulina. That
Shall be when your first queen 's again in breath;
Never till then.

Enter a Gentleman

Gentleman. One that gives out himself Prince Florizel,
Son of Polixenes, with his princess, — she
The fairest I have yet beheld, — desires access
To your high presence.
Leontes. What with him? he comes not
Like to his father's greatness; his approach,
So out of circumstance and sudden, tells us
'T is not a visitation fram'd, but forc'd
By need and accident. What train?
Gentleman. But few,
And those but mean.
Leontes. His princess, say you, with him?
Gentleman. Ay, the most peerless piece of earth, I think,
That e'er the sun shone bright on.
Paulina. O Hermione,

As every present time doth boast itself
Above a better gone, so must thy grave
Give way to what 's seen now! — Sir, you yourself
Have said and writ so, but your writing now
Is colder than that theme, 'She had not been,
Nor was not to be equall'd,' — thus your verse
Flow'd with her beauty once; 't is shrewdly ebb'd,
To say you have seen a better.

Gentleman. Pardon, madam.
The one I have almost forgot, — your pardon, —
The other, when she has obtain'd your eye,
Will have your tongue too. This is a creature,
Would she begin a sect, might quench the zeal
Of all professors else, make proselytes
Of who she but bid follow.

Paulina. How! not women?

Gentleman. Women will love her, that she is a woman
More worth than any man; men, that she is
The rarest of all women.

Leontes. Go, Cleomenes;
Yourself, assisted with your honour'd friends,
Bring them to our embracement. — Still, 't is strange
[*Exeunt Cleomenes and others.*
He thus should steal upon us.

Paulina. Had our prince,
Jewel of children, seen this hour, he had pair'd
Well with this lord; there was not full a month
Between their births.

Leontes. Prithee, no more; cease; thou know'st
He dies to me again when talk'd of. Sure,
When I shall see this gentleman, thy speeches
Will bring me to consider that which may
Unfurnish me of reason. — They are come. —

Re-enter CLEOMENES *and others, with* FLORIZEL *and* PERDITA

Your mother was most true to wedlock, prince;
For she did print your royal father off,
Conceiving you. Were I but twenty-one,
Your father's image is so hit in you,
His very air, that I should call you brother,
As I did him, and speak of something wildly
By us perform'd before. Most dearly welcome!
And your fair princess, — goddess! — O, alas!
I lost a couple, that 'twixt heaven and earth
Might thus have stood begetting wonder as
You, gracious couple, do; and then I lost —
All mine own folly — the society,
Amity too, of your brave father, whom,
Though bearing misery, I desire my life
Once more to look on him.

Florizel. By his command
Have I here touch'd Sicilia, and from him
Give you all greetings that a king, at friend,
Can send his brother; and, but infirmity
Which waits upon worn times hath something seiz'd
His wish'd ability, he had himself

The lands and waters 'twixt your throne and his
Measur'd to look upon you, whom he loves —
He bade me say so — more than all the sceptres
And those that bear them living.
Leontes. O my brother,
Good gentlemen! the wrongs I have done thee stir
Afresh within me, and these thy offices,
So rarely kind, are as interpreters
Of my behind-hand slackness. — Welcome hither,
As is the spring to the earth. And hath he too
Expos'd this paragon to the fearful usage,
At least ungentle, of the dreadful Neptune,
To greet a man not worth her pains, much less
The adventure of her person?
Florizel. Good my lord,
She came from Libya.
Leontes. Where the warlike Smalus,
That noble honour'd lord, is fear'd and lov'd?
Florizel. Most royal sir, from thence; from him, whose daughter
His tears proclaim'd his, parting with her. Thence,
A prosperous south-wind friendly, we have cross'd,
To execute the charge my father gave me
For visiting your highness. My best train
I have from your Sicilian shores dismiss'd,
Who for Bohemia bend, to signify
Not only my success in Libya, sir,
But my arrival and my wife's in safety
Here where we are.

Leontes. The blessed gods
Purge all infection from our air whilst you
Do climate here! You have a holy father,
A graceful gentleman, against whose person,
So sacred as it is, I have done sin,
For which the heavens, taking angry note,
Have left me issueless; and your father 's blest,
As he from heaven merits it, with you
Worthy his goodness. What might I have been,
Might I a son and daughter now have look'd on,
Such goodly things as you!

Enter a Lord

Lord. Most noble sir,
That which I shall report will bear no credit,
Were not the proof so nigh. Please you, great sir,
Bohemia greets you from himself by me,
Desires you to attach his son, who has —
His dignity and duty both cast off —
Fled from his father, from his hopes, and with
A shepherd's daughter.

Leontes. Where 's Bohemia? speak.

Lord. Here in your city; I now came from him.
I speak amazedly; and it becomes
My marvel and my message. To your court
Whiles he was hastening, in the chase, it seems,
Of this fair couple, meets he on the way
The father of this seeming lady and
Her brother, having both their country quitted
With this young prince.

Florizel. Camillo has betray'd me,
Whose honour and whose honesty till now
Endur'd all weathers.
Lord. Lay 't so to his charge;
He 's with the king your father.
Leontes. Who? Camillo?
Lord. Camillo, sir; I spake with him, who now
Has these poor men in question. Never saw I
Wretches so quake; they kneel, they kiss the earth,
Forswear themselves as often as they speak.
Bohemia stops his ears and threatens them
With divers deaths in death.
Perdita. O my poor father! —
The heaven sets spies upon us, will not have
Our contract celebrated.
Leontes. You are married?
Florizel. We are not, sir, nor are we like to be;
The stars, I see, will kiss the valleys first.
The odds for high and low 's alike.
Leontes. My lord,
Is this the daughter of a king?
Florizel. She is,
When once she is my wife.
Leontes. That once, I see by your good father's speed,
Will come on very slowly. I am sorry,
Most sorry, you have broken from his liking
Where you were tied in duty, and as sorry
Your choice is not so rich in worth as beauty,
That you might well enjoy her.

Florizel. Dear, look up;
Though Fortune, visible an enemy,
Should chase us with my father, power no jot
Hath she to change our loves. — Beseech you, sir,
Remember since you owed no more to time
Than I do now. With thought of such affections,
Step forth mine advocate; at your request
My father will grant precious things as trifles.

Leontes. Would he do so, I 'd beg your precious mistress,
Which he counts but a trifle.

Paulina. Sir, my liege,
Your eye hath too much youth in 't; not a month
Fore your queen died, she was more worth such gazes
Than what you look on now.

Leontes. I thought of her
Even in these looks I made. — [*To Florizel*] But your petition
Is yet unanswer'd. I will to your father.
Your honour not o'erthrown by your desires,
I am friend to them and you, upon which errand
I now go toward him; therefore follow me
And mark what way I make. Come, good my lord.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene II. *Before the Palace of Leontes*

Enter Autolycus *and a* Gentleman

Autolycus. Beseech you, sir, were you present at this relation?

1 *Gentleman.* I was by at the opening of the fardel, heard the old shepherd deliver the manner how he found it, whereupon, after a little amazedness, we were all commanded out of the chamber; only this methought I heard the shepherd say, he found the child.

Autolycus. I would most gladly know the issue of it. 9

1 *Gentleman.* I make a broken delivery of the business; but the changes I perceived in the king and Camillo were very notes of admiration. They seemed almost, with staring on one another, to tear the cases of their eyes; there was speech in their dumbness, language in their very gesture; they looked as they had heard of a world ransomed, or one destroyed. A notable passion of wonder appeared in them, but the wisest beholder, that knew no more but seeing, could not say if the importance were joy or sorrow; but in the extremity of the one, it must needs be. — 21

Enter another Gentleman

Here comes a gentleman that happily knows more. — The news, Rogero?

2 *Gentleman.* Nothing but bonfires. The oracle is fulfilled; the king's daughter is found. Such a deal of wonder is broken out within this hour that ballad-makers cannot be able to express it.

Enter a third Gentleman

Here comes the Lady Paulina's steward; he can

deliver you more. — How goes it now, sir? this news which is called true is so like an old tale that the verity of it is in strong suspicion. Has the king found his heir? 32

3 *Gentleman.* Most true, if ever truth were pregnant by circumstance; that which you hear you'll swear you see, there is such unity in the proofs. The mantle of Queen Hermione's, her jewel about the neck of it, the letters of Antigonus found with it which they know to be his character, the majesty of the creature in resemblance of the mother, the affection of nobleness which nature shows above her breeding, and many other evidences proclaim her with all certainty to be the king's daughter. Did you see the meeting of the two kings? 43

2 *Gentleman.* No.

3 *Gentleman.* Then have you lost a sight which was to be seen, cannot be spoken of. There might you have beheld one joy crown another, so and in such manner that it seemed sorrow wept to take leave of them, for their joy waded in tears. There was casting up of eyes, holding up of hands, with countenances of such distraction that they were to be known by garment, not by favour. Our king, being ready to leap out of himself for joy of his found daughter, as if that joy were now become a loss, cries 'O, thy mother, thy mother!' then asks Bohemia forgiveness; then embraces his son-in-law; then again worries he his daughter with clipping

her; now he thanks the old shepherd, which stands by like a weather-bitten conduit of many kings' reigns. I never heard of such another encounter, which lames report to follow it and undoes description to do it.

2 *Gentleman.* What, pray you, became of Antigonus, that carried hence the child?

3 *Gentleman.* Like an old tale still, which will have matter to rehearse, though credit be asleep and not an ear open. He was torn to pieces with a bear; this avouches the shepherd's son, who has not only his innocence, which seems much, to justify him, but a handkerchief and rings of his that Paulina knows.

1 *Gentleman.* What became of his bark and his followers?

3 *Gentleman.* Wracked the same instant of their master's death, and in the view of the shepherd; so that all the instruments which aided to expose the child were even then lost when it was found. But O, the noble combat that 'twixt joy and sorrow was fought in Paulina! She had one eye declined for the loss of her husband, another elevated that the oracle was fulfilled; she lifted the princess from the earth, and so locks her in embracing as if she would pin her to her heart that she might no more be in danger of losing.

1 *Gentleman.* The dignity of this act was worth the audience of kings and princes, for by such was it acted.

3 *Gentleman.* One of the prettiest touches of all and that which angled for mine eyes, caught the water though not the fish, was when, at the relation of the queen's death, with the manner how she came to 't bravely confessed and lamented by the king, how attentiveness wounded his daughter; till, from one sign of dolour to another, she did, with an 'Alas,' I would fain say, bleed tears, for I am sure my heart wept blood. Who was most marble there changed colour; some swooned, all sorrowed. If all the world could have seen 't, the woe had been universal.

1 *Gentleman.* Are they returned to the court?

3 *Gentleman.* No; the princess hearing of her mother's statue, which is in the keeping of Paulina, — a piece many years in doing and now newly performed by that rare Italian master, Julio Romano, who, had he himself eternity and could put breath into his work, would beguile Nature of her custom, so perfectly he is her ape; — he so near to Hermione hath done Hermione that they say one would speak to her and stand in hope of answer; — thither with all greediness of affection are they gone, and there they intend to sup.

2 *Gentleman.* I thought she had some great matter there in hand; for she hath privately twice or thrice a day, ever since the death of Hermione, visited that removed house. Shall we thither and with our company piece the rejoicing?

1 *Gentleman.* Who would be thence that has the benefit of access? every wink of an eye some new grace will be born; our absence makes us unthrifty to our knowledge. Let 's along. [*Exeunt Gentlemen.*

Autolycus. Now, had I not the dash of my former life in me, would preferment drop on my head. I brought the old man and his son aboard the prince, told him I heard them talk of a fardel and I know not what; but he at that time, overfond of the shepherd's daughter, so he then took her to be, who began to be much sea-sick, and himself little better, extremity of weather continuing, this mystery remained undiscovered. But 't is all one to me; for had I been the finder-out of this secret, it would not have relished among my other discredits. —

Enter Shepherd *and* Clown

Here come those I have done good to against my will, and already appearing in the blossoms of their fortune.

Shepherd. Come, boy; I am past moe children, but thy sons and daughters will be all gentlemen born.

Clown. You are well met, sir. You denied to fight with me this other day, because I was no gentleman born. See you these clothes? say you see them not and think me still no gentleman born; you were best say these robes are not gentlemen born; give me the lie, do, and try whether I am not now a gentleman born.

Autolycus. I know you are now, sir, a gentleman born.

Clown. Ay, and have been so any time these four hours.

Shepherd. And so have I, boy.

Clown. So you have, but I was a gentleman born before my father; for the king's son took me by the hand, and called me brother; and then the two kings called my father brother; and then the prince my brother and the princess my sister called my father father; and so we wept, and there was the first gentleman-like tears that ever we shed. 154

Shepherd. We may live, son, to shed many more.

Clown. Ay; or else 't were hard luck, being in so preposterous estate as we are.

Autolycus. I humbly beseech you, sir, to pardon me all the faults I have committed to your worship and to give me your good report to the prince my master. 161

Shepherd. Prithee, son, do; for we must be gentle, now we are gentlemen.

Clown. Thou wilt amend thy life?

Autolycus. Ay, an it like your good worship.

Clown. Give me thy hand; I will swear to the prince thou art as honest a true fellow as any is in Bohemia.

Shepherd. You may say it, but not swear it. 169

Clown. Not swear it, now I am a gentleman? Let boors and franklins say it, I 'll swear it.

Shepherd. How if it be false, son?

Clown. If it be ne'er so false, a true gentleman may swear it in the behalf of his friend; and I 'll swear to the prince thou art a tall fellow of thy hands and that thou wilt not be drunk, but I know thou art no tall fellow of thy hands and that thou wilt be drunk; but I 'll swear it, and I would thou wouldst be a tall fellow of thy hands.

Autolycus. I will prove so, sir, to my power. 180

Clown. Ay, by any means prove a tall fellow; if I do not wonder how thou darest venture to be drunk, not being a tall fellow, trust me not. — Hark! the kings and the princes, our kindred, are going to see the queen's picture. Come, follow us; we 'll be thy good masters. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III. *A Chapel in Paulina's House*

Enter Leontes, Polixenes, Florizel, Perdita, Camillo, Paulina, Lords, *and* Attendants

Leontes. O grave and good Paulina, the great comfort
That I have had of thee!

Paulina. What, sovereign sir,
I did not well I meant well. All my services
You have paid home; but that you have vouchsaf'd,
With your crown'd brother and these your contracted
Heirs of your kingdoms, my poor house to visit,

It is a surplus of your grace, which never
My life may last to answer.
Leontes. O Paulina,
We honour you with trouble; but we came
To see the statue of our queen. Your gallery
Have we pass'd through, not without much content
In many singularities, but we saw not
That which my daughter came to look upon,
The statue of her mother.
Paulina. As she liv'd peerless,
So her dead likeness, I do well believe,
Excels whatever yet you look'd upon
Or hand of man hath done; therefore I keep it
Lonely, apart. But here it is; prepare
To see the life as lively mock'd as ever
Still sleep mock'd death. Behold, and say 't is well.
[*Paulina draws a curtain, and discovers Hermione standing like a statue.*
I like your silence, it the more shows off
Your wonder; but yet speak, — first, you, my liege.
Comes it not something near?
Leontes. Her natural posture! —
Chide me, dear stone, that I may say indeed
Thou art Hermione; or rather, thou art she
In thy not chiding, for she was as tender
As infancy and grace. — But yet, Paulina,
Hermione was not so much wrinkled, nothing
So aged as this seems.
Polixenes. O, not by much!

Paulina. So much the more our carver's excellence,
Which lets go by some sixteen years and makes her
As she liv'd now.
Leontes. As now she might have done,
So much to my good comfort as it is
Now piercing to my soul. O, thus she stood,
Even with such life of majesty, warm life,
As now it coldly stands, when first I woo'd her!
I am asham'd; does not the stone rebuke me
For being more stone than it? — O royal piece!
There 's magic in thy majesty, which has
My evils conjur'd to remembrance, and
From thy admiring daughter took the spirits,
Standing like stone with thee.
Perdita. And give me leave,
And do not say 't is superstition, that
I kneel and then implore her blessing. — Lady,
Dear queen, that ended when I but began,
Give me that hand of yours to kiss.
Paulina. O, patience!
The statue is but newly fix'd, the colour 's
Not dry.
Camillo. My lord, your sorrow was too sore laid on,
Which sixteen winters cannot blow away,
So many summers dry; scarce any joy
Did ever so long live, no sorrow
But kill'd itself much sooner.

Polixenes. Dear my brother,
Let him that was the cause of this have power
To take off so much grief from you as he
Will piece up in himself.
Paulina. Indeed, my lord,
If I had thought the sight of my poor image
Would thus have wrought you, — for the stone is mine, —
I 'd not have show'd it.
Leontes. Do not draw the curtain.
Paulina. No longer shall you gaze on 't lest your fancy
May think anon it moves.
Leontes. Let be, let be.
Would I were dead but that, methinks, already —
What was he that did make it ? — See, my lord,
Would you not deem it breath'd ? and that those veins
Did verily bear blood ?
Polixenes. Masterly done ;
The very life seems warm upon her lip.
Leontes. The fixure of her eye has motion in 't,
As we are mock'd with art.
Paulina. I 'll draw the curtain ;
My lord 's almost so far transported that
He 'll think anon it lives.
Leontes. O sweet Paulina,
Make me to think so twenty years together !
No settled senses of the world can match
The pleasure of that madness. Let 't alone.

Paulina. I am sorry, sir, I have thus far stirr'd you; but
I could afflict you farther.
Leontes. Do, Paulina;
For this affliction has a taste as sweet
As any cordial comfort. Still, methinks,
There is an air comes from her; what fine chisel
Could ever yet cut breath? Let no man mock me,
For I will kiss her.
Paulina. Good my lord, forbear!
The ruddiness upon her lip is wet;
You 'll mar it if you kiss it, stain your own
With oily painting. Shall I draw the curtain?
Leontes. No, not these twenty years.
Perdita. So long could I
Stand by, a looker-on.
Paulina. Either forbear,
Quit presently the chapel, or resolve you
For more amazement. If you can behold it,
I 'll make the statue move indeed, descend
And take you by the hand; but then you 'll think—
Which I protest against—I am assisted
By wicked powers.
Leontes. What you can make her do,
I am content to look on; what to speak,
I am content to hear; for 't is as easy
To make her speak as move.
Paulina. It is requir'd
You do awake your faith. Then all stand still;

Or those that think it is unlawful business
I am about, let them depart.
Leontes. Proceed;
No foot shall stir.
Paulina. Music, awake her; strike! — [*Music.*
'T is time; descend; be stone no more; approach!
Strike all that look upon with marvel. Come,
I 'll fill your grave up; stir, nay, come away,
Bequeath to death your numbness, for from him
Dear life redeems you. — You perceive she stirs.
[*Hermione comes down.*
Start not; her actions shall be holy as
You hear my spell is lawful. Do not shun her
Until you see her die again; for then
You kill her double. Nay, present your hand.
When she was young you woo'd her; now in age
Is she become the suitor?
Leontes. O, she 's warm!
If this be magic, let it be an art
Lawful as eating.
Polixenes. She embraces him.
Camillo. She hangs about his neck;
If she pertain to life, let her speak too.
Polixenes. Ay, and make 't manifest where she has liv'd,
Or how stolen from the dead.
Paulina. That she is living,
Were it but told you, should be hooted at
Like an old tale; but it appears she lives,

Though yet she speak not. Mark a little while. —
Please you to interpose, fair madam; kneel
And pray your mother's blessing. — Turn, good lady;
Our Perdita is found.

Hermione. You gods, look down
And from your sacred vials pour your graces
Upon my daughter's head! — Tell me, mine own,
Where hast thou been preserv'd? where liv'd? how found
Thy father's court? for thou shalt hear that I,
Knowing by Paulina that the oracle
Gave hope thou wast in being, have preserv'd
Myself to see the issue.

Paulina. There 's time enough for that;
Lest they desire upon this push to trouble
Your joys with like relation. — Go together,
You precious winners all; your exultation
Partake to every one. I, an old turtle,
Will wing me to some wither'd bough, and there
My mate, that 's never to be found again,
Lament till I am lost.

Leontes. O, peace, Paulina!
Thou shouldst a husband take by my consent,
As I by thine a wife; this is a match,
And made between 's by vows. Thou hast found mine,
But how is to be question'd; for I saw her,
As I thought, dead, and have in vain said many
A prayer upon her grave. I 'll not seek far —
For him, I partly know his mind — to find thee

An honourable husband. — Come, Camillo,
And take her by the hand, whose worth and honesty
Is richly noted and here justified
By us, a pair of kings. — Let 's from this place. —
What! look upon my brother. — Both your pardons,
That e'er I put between your holy looks
My ill suspicion. This is your son-in-law
And son unto the king, whom heavens directing
Is troth-plight to your daughter. — Good Paulina,
Lead us from hence, where we may leisurely
Each one demand and answer to his part
Perform'd in this wide gap of time since first
We were dissever'd. Hastily lead away. [*Exeunt.*

NOTES

PEDLER

NOTES

INTRODUCTION

THE METRE OF THE PLAY. — It should be understood at the outset that *metre*, or the mechanism of verse, is something altogether distinct from the *music* of verse. The one is matter of rule, the other of taste and feeling. Music is not an absolute necessity of verse; the metrical form is a necessity, being that which constitutes the verse.

The plays of Shakespeare (with the exception of rhymed passages, and of occasional songs and interludes) are all in unrhymed or *blank* verse; and the normal form of this blank verse is illustrated by i. 2. 2 of the present play: "The shepherd's note since we have left our throne."

This line, it will be seen, consists of ten syllables, with the even syllables (2d, 4th, 6th, 8th, and 10th) accented, the odd syllables

(1st, 3d, etc.) being unaccented. Theoretically, it is made up of five *feet* of two syllables each, with the accent on the second syllable. Such a foot is called an *iambus* (plural, *iambuses*, or the Latin *iambi*), and the form of verse is called *iambic*.

This fundamental law of Shakespeare's verse is subject to certain modifications, the most important of which are as follows: —

1. After the tenth syllable an unaccented syllable (or even two such syllables) may be added, forming what is sometimes called a *female* line; as in i. 2. 6: "Go hence in debt; and therefore, like a cipher." The rhythm is complete with the first syllable of *cipher*, the second being an extra eleventh syllable. In i. 2. 39 ("The borrow of a week. When at Bohemia") we have two extra syllables, the rhythm being complete with the second syllable of *Bohemia*.

2. The accent in any part of the verse may be shifted from an even to an odd syllable; as in i. 2. 30: "Charge him too coldly. Tell him you are sure;" and i. 2. 38: "Yet of your royal presence I'll adventure." In both lines the accent is shifted from the second to the first syllable. This change occurs very rarely in the tenth syllable, and seldom in the fourth; and it is not allowable in two successive accented syllables.

3. An extra unaccented syllable may occur in any part of the line; as in i. 2. 43, 48, and 50. In 43 *the* is superfluous; in 48 *to;* and in 50 the second syllable of *verily*.

4. Any unaccented syllable, occurring in an even place immediately before or after an even syllable which is properly accented, is reckoned as accented for the purposes of the verse; as, for instance, in lines 5 and 31. In 5 the first and last syllables of *perpetuity*, and in 31 the first syllable of *satisfaction*, are metrically equivalent to accented syllables; and so with the third syllable of *prisoner* in 52 and the fourth of *hereditary* in 75 (a female line).

5. In many instances in Shakespeare words must be *lengthened* in order to fill out the rhythm: —

(*a*) In a large class of words in which *e* or *i* is followed by

another vowel, the *e* or *i* is made a separate syllable; as *ocean*, *opinion*, *soldier*, *patience*, *partial*, *marriage*, etc. For instance, in this play, iii. 2. 7 ("Even to the guilt or the purgation") appears to have only nine syllables (*Even* being metrically a monosyllable), but *purgation* is a quadrisyllable. This lengthening occurs most frequently at the end of the line, but there are few instances of it in this and other late plays.

(*b*) Many monosyllables ending in *r*, *re*, *rs*, *res*, preceded by a long vowel or diphthong, are often made dissyllables; as *fare*, *fear dear*, *fire*, *hair*, *hour*, *more*, *your*, etc. In *Lear* iii. 2. 15 ("Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters") *fire* is a dissyllable. If the word is repeated in a verse it is often both monosyllable and dissyllable; as in *M. of V.* iii. 2. 20: "And so, though yours, not yours. Prove it so," where either *yours* (preferably the first) is a dissyllable, the other being a monosyllable. In *J. C.* iii. 1. 172: "As fire drives out fire, so pity, pity," the first *fire* is a dissyllable.

(*c*) Words containing *l* or *r*, preceded by another consonant, are often pronounced as if a vowel came between or after the consonants; as in iv. 4. 76: "Grace and remembrance [remem-b(e)rance] be to you both!" *T. of S.* ii. 1. 158: "While she did call me rascal fiddler" [fiddl(e)er]; *A. W.* iii. 5. 43: "If you will tarry, holy pilgrim" [pilg(e)rim]; *C. of E.* v. 1. 360: "These are the parents of these children" (childeren, the original form of the word), etc.

(*d*) Monosyllabic exclamations (*ay*, *O*, *yea*, *nay*, *hail*, etc.) and monosyllables otherwise emphasized are similarly lengthened; also certain longer words; as *safety* (trisyllable) in *Ham.* i. 3. 21; *business* (trisyllable as originally pronounced) in *J. C.* iv. 1. 22: "To groan and sweat under the business" (so in several other passages); and other words mentioned in the notes to the plays in which they occur.

6. Words are also *contracted* for metrical reasons, like plurals and possessives ending in a sibilant, as *balance*, *horse* (for *horses* and *horse's*), *princess*, *sense*, *marriage* (plural and possessive),

image, etc. So with many adjectives in the superlative (like *dear'st* in i. 2. 137, *bold'st* in ii. 1. 90, *stern'st*, *kind'st*, *secret'st*, etc.), and certain other words (see, for instance, on *medicinal*, ii. 3. 37).

7. The *accent* of words is also varied in many instances for metrical reasons. Thus we find both *révenue* and *revénue* in the first scene of *M. N. D.* (lines 6 and 158), *cónjure* (see on i. 2. 388) and *conjúre*, *cóntrary* (see on v. 1. 45) and *contrárу*, *púrsue* and *pursúe*, *distinct* and *distínct*, etc.

These instances of variable accent must not be confounded with those in which words were uniformly accented differently in the time of Shakespeare; like *aspéct* (see on ii. 1. 103), *oppórtune* (see on iv. 4. 502), *sepúlchre* (verb), *perséver* (never *persevére*), *perséverance*, *rheúmatic*, etc.

8. *Alexandrines*, or verses of twelve syllables, with six accents, occur here and there in the plays; as in i. 2. 22: "Were there necessity in your request, although," etc. They must not be confounded with female lines with two extra syllables (see on 1 above) or with other lines in which two extra unaccented syllables may occur.

9. *Incomplete* verses, of one or more syllables, are scattered through the plays. See i. 2. 46, 66, 161, 162, 192, 200, 221, etc.

10. *Doggerel* measure is used in the very earliest comedies (*L. L. L.* and *C. of E.* in particular) in the mouths of comic characters, but nowhere else in those plays, and never anywhere in plays written after 1598.

11. *Rhyme* occurs frequently in the early plays, but diminishes with comparative regularity from that period until the latest. Thus, in *L. L. L.* there are about 1100 rhyming verses (about one-third of the whole number), in *M. N. D.* about 900, in *Rich. II.* and *R. and J.* about 500 each, while in *Cor.* and *A. and C.* there are only about 40 each, in *Temp.* only two, and in the present play none at all, except in the chorus introducing act iv., which may

not be Shakespeare's. Songs, interludes, and other matter not in ten-syllable measure are not included in this enumeration.

Alternate rhymes are found only in the plays written before 1599 or 1600. In *M. of V.* there are only four lines at the end of iii. 2. In *Much Ado* and *A. Y. L.*, we also find a few lines, but none at all in subsequent plays.

Rhymed couplets, or "rhyme-tags," are often found at the end of scenes; as in 9 of the 26 scenes of the present play. In *Ham.* 14 out of 20 scenes, and in *Macb.* 21 out of 28, have such "tags;" but in the latest plays they are not so frequent. In *Temp.*, for instance, there is but one, and in this play none.

12. In this edition of Shakespeare, the final *-ed* of past tenses and participles *in verse* is printed *-'d* when the word is to be pronounced in the ordinary way; as in *question'd*, i. 2. 11, and *proclaim'd*, i. 2. 32. But when the metre requires that the *-ed* be made a separate syllable, the *e* is retained; as in *galled*, i. 2. 304, where the work is a dissyllable, and *enclosed* (trisyllable) in i. 2. 423. The only variation from this rule is in verbs like *cry*, *die*, *sue*, etc., the *-ed* of which is very rarely, if ever, made a separate syllable.

Shakespeare's Use of Verse and Prose in the Plays. — This is a subject to which the critics have given very little attention, but it is an interesting study. In the present play we find scenes entirely in verse or in prose, and others in which the two are mixed. In general, we may say that verse is used for what is distinctly poetical, and prose for what is not poetical. The distinction, however, is not so clearly marked in the earlier as in the later plays. The second scene of *M. of V.*, for instance, is in prose, because Portia and Nerissa are talking about the suitors in a familiar and playful way; but in *T. G. of V.*, where Julia and Lucetta are discussing the suitors of the former in much the same fashion, the scene is in verse. Dowden, commenting on *Rich. II.*, remarks: "Had Shakespeare written the play a few years later, we may be certain that the gardener and his servants (iii. 4) would not have

uttered stately speeches in verse, but would have spoken homely prose, and that humour would have mingled with the pathos of the scene. The same remark may be made with reference to the subsequent scene (v. 5) in which his groom visits the dethroned king in the Tower." Comic characters and those in low life generally speak in prose in the later plays, as Dowden intimates, but in the very earliest ones doggerel verse is much used instead. See on 10 above.

The change from prose to verse is well illustrated in the third scene of *M. of V.* It begins with plain prosaic talk about a business matter ; but when Antonio enters, it rises at once to the higher level of poetry. The sight of Antonio reminds Shylock of his hatred of the Merchant, and the passion expresses itself in verse, the vernacular tongue of poetry.

The reasons for the choice of prose or verse are not always so clear as in this instance. We are seldom puzzled to explain the prose, but not unfrequently we meet with verse where we might expect prose. As Professor Corson remarks (*Introduction to Shakespeare*, 1889), "Shakespeare adopted verse as the general tenor of his language, and therefore expressed much in verse that is within the capabilities of prose ; in other words, his verse constantly encroaches upon the domain of prose, but his prose can never be said to encroach upon the domain of verse." If in rare instances we think we find exceptions to this latter statement, and prose actually seems to usurp the place of verse, I believe that careful study of the passage will prove the supposed exception to be apparent rather than real.

Some Books for Teachers and Students. — A few out of the many books that might be commended to the teacher and the critical student are the following: Halliwell-Phillipps's *Outlines of the Life of Shakespeare* (7th ed. 1887); Sidney Lee's *Life of Shakespeare* (1898; for ordinary students the abridged ed. of 1899 is preferable); Rolfe's *Life of Shakespeare* (1904); Schmidt's *Shakespeare Lexicon* (3d ed. 1902); Littledale's ed. of Dyce's *Glossary*

(1902); Bartlett's *Concordance to Shakespeare* (1895); Abbott's *Shakespearian Grammar* (1873); Furness's "New Variorum" ed. of *W. T.* (1898; encyclopædic and exhaustive); Dowden's *Shakspere: His Mind and Art* (American ed. 1881); Hudson's *Life, Art, and Characters of Shakespeare* (revised ed. 1882); Mrs. Jameson's *Characteristics of Women* (several eds.; some with the title, *Shakespeare Heroines*); Ten Brink's *Five Lectures on Shakespeare* (1895); Boas's *Shakespeare and His Predecessors* (1895); Dyer's *Folk-lore of Shakespeare* (American ed. 1884); Ellacombe's *Plant-lore of Shakespeare* (3d ed. 1896); Gervinus's *Shakespeare Commentaries* (Bunnett's translation, 1875); Wordsworth's *Shakespeare's Knowledge of the Bible* (3d ed. 1880); Elson's *Shakespeare in Music* (1901).

Some of the above books will be useful to all readers who are interested in special subjects or in general criticism of Shakespeare. Among those which are better suited to the needs of ordinary readers and students, the following may be mentioned: Mabie's *William Shakespeare: Poet, Dramatist, and Man* (1900); Dowden's *Shakspere Primer* (1877; small but invaluable); Rolfe's *Shakespeare the Boy* (1896; treating of the home and school life, the games and sports, the manners, customs, and folk-lore of the poet's time); Guerber's *Myths of Greece and Rome* (for young students who may need information on mythological allusions not explained in the notes).

Black's *Judith Shakespeare* (1884; a novel, but a careful study of the scene and the time) is a book that I always commend to young people, and their elders will also enjoy it. The Lambs' *Tales from Shakespeare* is a classic for beginners in the study of the dramatist; and in Rolfe's ed. the plan of the authors is carried out in the Notes by copious illustrative quotations from the plays. Mrs. Cowden-Clarke's *Girlhood of Shakespeare's Heroines* (several eds.) will particularly interest girls; and both boys and girls will find Bennett's *Master Skylark* (1897) and Imogen Clark's *Will Shakespeare's Little Lad* (1897) equally entertaining and instructive.

H. Snowden Ward's *Shakespeare's Town and Times* (2d ed. 1902) and John Leyland's *Shakespeare Country* (2d ed. 1903) are copiously illustrated books (yet inexpensive) which may be particularly commended for school libraries.

ABBREVIATIONS IN THE NOTES. — The abbreviations of the names of Shakespeare's plays will be readily understood; as *T. N.* for *Twelfth Night*, *Cor.* for *Coriolanus*, 3 *Hen. VI.* for *The Third Part of King Henry the Sixth*, etc. *P. P.* refers to *The Passionate Pilgrim*; *V. and A.* to *Venus and Adonis*; *L. C.* to *Lover's Complaint*; and *Sonn.* to the *Sonnets*.

Other abbreviations that hardly need explanation are *Cf.* (*confer*, compare), *Fol.* (following), *Id.* (*idem*, the same), and *Prol.* (prologue). The numbers of the lines in the references (except for the present play) are those of the "Globe" edition (the cheapest and best edition of *Shakespeare* in one compact volume), which is now generally accepted as the standard for line-numbers in works of reference (Schmidt's *Lexicon*, Abbott's *Grammar*, Dowden's *Primer*, the publications of the New Shakspere Society, etc.).

ACT I

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ. — The folio has the following list at the end of the play: —

The Names of the Actors

Leontes, King of Sicillia.
Mamillus, yong Prince of Sicillia.
Camillo.
Antigonus. } *Foure*
Cleomines. } *Lords of Sicillia.*
Dion.
Hermione, Queene to Leontes.
Perdita, Daughter to Leontes and Hermione.
Paulina, wife to Antigonus.
Emilia, a Lady.

Polixenes, King of Bohemia.
Florizell, Prince of Bohemia.
Old Shepheard, reputed Father of Perdita.
Clowne, his Sonne.
Autolicus, a Rogue.
Archidamus, a Lord of Bohemia.
Other Lords, and Gentlemen, and Seruants.
Shepheards, and Shepherddesses.

Scene I. — 4. *Bohemia.* The King of Bohemia. Cf. *K. John*, iii. 4. 8: "And bloody England into England gone," etc. S. followed Greene in making Bohemia a maritime country. Farmer remarks: "Corporal Trim's King of Bohemia 'delighted in navigation, and had never a seaport in his dominions;' and my Lord Herbert informs us that De Luines, the prime minister of France, when he was ambassador there, demanded whether Bohemia was an inland country, or 'lay upon the sea.' There is a similar mistake in *T. G. of V.* relative to that city [Verona] and Milan." Cf. p. 14 above. For *visitation*, cf. iv. 4. 557 and v. 1. 91 below. S. does not use *visit* as a noun. *Visitings* occurs in *Macb.* i. 5. 46.

8. *Wherein*, etc. "Though we cannot give you equal entertainment, yet the consciousness of our good-will shall justify us" (Johnson).

11. *In the freedom of my knowledge.* As my knowledge makes me free to do, or gives me the right to do. Cf. *Sonn.* 46. 4: "the freedom of that right."

14. *Unintelligent.* Unconscious, not aware; used by S. only here.

24. *Such . . . which.* Cf. iv. 4. 757 below: "such secrets in this fardel and box, which none must know," etc.

27. *Encounters.* Meetings; as often. Cf. *Temp.* iii. 1. 74, v. 1. 154, etc. For *hath* the later folios have "have." Abbott (*Grammar*, 334) explains it as the old "third person plural in *th*." Cf. *R. and J.* prol. 8: —

> "Whose misadventur'd piteous overthrows
> Doth with their death bury their parents' strife."

We have another instance in i. 2. 1 below; but that is perhaps to be explained by the interposition of *star*.

28. *Royally attorneyed.* "Nobly supplied by substitution of embassies, etc." (Johnson); or "performed by proxy" (Schmidt). In the only other instance of *attorneyed* in S. (*M. for M.* v. i. 390) it is = employed as an attorney.

30. *That.* *So* that; a common ellipsis.

31. *A vast.* Cf. *Per.* iii. 1. 1: "Thou god of this great vast, rebuke these surges."

33. *Loves.* The plural is used because more than one person is referred to. Cf. *peaces* in ii. 1. 135 below.

36. *Of.* Cf. *A. W.* v. 3. 1: "We lost a jewel of her," etc.

37. *It is.* Used affectionately. Cf. *Macb.* i. 4. 58: "It is a peerless kinsman," etc. It is oftener contemptuous; as in *R. and J.* iv. 2. 14, *A. and C.* iii. 2. 6, etc.

38. *Into my note.* To my knowledge. Cf. *T. N.* iv. 3. 29: "it shall come to note," etc.

40. *Physics the subject.* "Affords a cordial to the state" (Johnson). Cf. *Cymb.* iii. 2. 34: "it doth physic love" (that is, preserve its health). For the collective use of *subject* (= people), cf. *Ham.* i. 1. 72: "so nightly toils the subject of the land," etc.

SCENE II. — 1. *The watery star.* The "watery moon" of *M. N. D.* ii. 1. 162 (cf. iii. 1. 203) and *Rich. III.* ii. 2. 69. See also *R. and J.* i. 4. 62: "the moonshine's watery beams." For *hath*, see on i. 1. 27 above.

2. *Note.* Means of *noting* or marking time. Clarke explains *the shepherd's note* as "noted by the shepherd." The allusion is peculiarly happy, *shepherds* 'keeping watch of their flocks by *night*' being natural astronomers. Cf. *Luke*, ii. 8.

5. *For perpetuity.* For all time, forever. Cf. *Cymb.* v. 4. 6: "Groan so in perpetuity," etc.

6. *Like a cipher*, etc. Cf. *Hen. V.* prol. 17: —

> "O pardon! since a crooked figure may
> Attest in little place a million;
> And let us, ciphers to this great accompt,
> On your imaginary forces work."

8. *Moe.* More; used only with plural or collective nouns.

10. *Part.* Depart. Cf. *Cor.* v. 6. 73: "When I parted hence," etc.

12. *That may blow*, etc. O that no nipping winds at home may blow, to make me say, This fear was too well-founded! For the ellipsis of *O*, Farmer compares an old translation of the *Alcoran* of the Franciscans: "St. Francis . . . said to the priors, That I had a wood of such Junipers!" and *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, iii. 1. 12: "That I, poor man, might eftsoons come between!" For *sneaping* (= snipping, or nipping), cf. *L. L. L.* i. 1. 100: "an envious sneaping frost;" and *R. of L.* 333: "the sneaped birds."

16. *Put us to 't.* Bring us to it (that is, being tired of you). Cf. iv. 4. 153 below: "put you to 't" (that is, fear).

17. *Seven-night.* Cf. *Much Ado*, ii. 1. 375: "a just seven-night," etc. We still have *fortnight* (= fourteen nights). *Very sooth* = in very sooth, or truth. Cf. iv. 4. 171 below.

18. *Between 's.* As Clarke notes, this particular elision, *'s* for *us*, occurs often in this play; and it is curious to observe how some one peculiarity will recur in certain of Shakespeare's plays, as if he thought in that special way at that special time of writing. For *part* = divide, cf. *J. C.* iii. 2. 4: "part the numbers," etc.

20. *None, none.* "Shakespeare, like a true poet, knew perfectly the potent effect of an iterated word; but, also like a true poet and writer of thorough judgment, used it but sparingly, and of course, on that account, with redoubled force of impression. Here it has the effect of intense earnestness" (Clarke).

24. *Which to hinder*, etc. "To hinder which would be a punishment to me, although you inflicted it out of love" (Furness).

31. *This satisfaction*, etc. "We had satisfactory accounts yesterday of the state of Bohemia" (Johnson).

33. *Ward.* Point of defence; a metaphor taken from fencing. For the literal use, see *Temp.* i. 2. 471: "Come from thy ward," etc.

38. *Adventure.* Venture; as in ii. 3. 162 and iv. 4. 461 below.

39. *Borrow.* S. does not elsewhere use *borrow* as a noun, nor *at* with the name of a country.

41. *Let him there.* "Let him remain there" (Schmidt). Clarke

adopts Malone's explanation of *let him:* "let or hinder himself," that is, stay. *Gest* was the name given to the list (Fr. *giste* or *gite*) of the appointed stages in a royal progress or journey; here = the fixed limit of the visit, as the context shows. Steevens cites Strype's *Memorials*, etc., where the Archbishop entreats Cecil "to let him have the new resolved upon gests, from that time to the end, that he might from time to time know where the king was;" also *Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay*, 1594: —

> "Castile, and lovely Elinor with him,
> Have in their gests resolv'd for Oxford town;"

and *The White Devil*, 1612: —

> "like the gests in the progress,
> You know where you shall find me."

The *gests* were strictly the stopping-places, but the name came to be applied to the written list of them.

42. *Good deed.* In very deed; the *good* being intensive, as in *good sooth*, *good troth*, etc.

43. *Jar.* Tick. Cf. the verb in *Rich. II.* v. 5. 51: —

> "My thoughts are minutes; and with sighs they jar
> Their watches on unto mine eyes," etc.

Holt White quotes Heywood, *Troia Britannica:* "He hears no waking-clocke, nor watch to jarre;" and Malone adds *The Spanish Tragedy:* "the minutes jerring, and the clocke striking."

44. *What lady she.* Whatever lady she may be, any lady whatever. Schmidt puts the passage under "*she* = woman" (cf. iv. 4. 351 below), and makes the phrase = "a woman that is a lady;" but it seems better to consider it elliptical, as others do. White remarks that, while "should" (to which some change *she*) is plausible, the original reading is "neither obscure nor inelegant," and "has a quaint fascination which is lost in the proposed emendation."

47. *Limber.* Flexible, weak; the only instance of the word in S.

48. *Unsphere the stars.* Remove them from their *spheres* (as the word was used in the Ptolemaic astronomy) or their orbits. Cf. *M. N. D.* ii. 1. 153: "And certain stars shot madly from their spheres," etc.

53. *Pay your fees*, etc. "An allusion to a piece of English law procedure, which, although it may have been enforced till very recently, could hardly be known to any except lawyers, or those who had themselves actually been in prison on a criminal charge — that, whether guilty or innocent, the prisoner was liable to pay a fee on his liberation" (Lord Campbell).

57. *Should.* Would; as not unfrequently.

62. *Lordings.* Lordlings (not used by S.). The word is = lord, in 2 *Hen. VI.* i. 1. 145: "Lordings, farewell;" and *P. P.* 211: "It was a lording's daughter, the fairest one of three." Cf. Spenser, *F. Q.* iii. 9. 3: "Then listen, Lordings," etc.

68. *Chang'd.* Exchanged; as in *Temp.* i. 2. 441: "They have chang'd eyes," etc.

70. *Doctrine.* Teaching, instruction; as in *L. L. L.* iv. 3. 350, *A. and C.* v. 2. 31, etc. Malone made *doctrine* a trisyllable, but that is not satisfactory here. Abbott (*Grammar*, 505) puts the line among those "with four accents."

73. *Blood.* Passions. Cf. *A. Y. L.* v. 4. 59, *A. W.* iii. 7. 21, etc.

74. *The imposition clear'd*, etc. "That is, setting aside *original sin*; bating the imposition from the offence of our first parents, we might have boldly protested our innocence to Heaven" (Warburton). Furness thinks it means that "the boys were so innocent that they were cleared of even hereditary sin."

77. *To 's.* To us. See on 18 above, and cf. 91 and 94 below.

80. *Grace to boot!* "*Grace* or Heaven help me!" (Malone). Cf. *Rich. III.* v. 3. 301: "Saint George to boot!" which Schmidt thinks may be a parallel case.

84. *And that.* That is, and *if* that.

86. *Is he won yet?* Leontes has been aside, playing with Ma-

millius, while Hermione has been pleading with Polixenes, as he had suggested in 27 above.

87. *At my request he would not.* Coleridge remarks: "The idea of this delightful drama is a genuine jealousy of disposition, and it should be immediately followed by the perusal of *Othello*, which is the direct contrast of it in every particular. For jealousy is a vice of the mind, a culpable tendency of the temper, having certain well-known and well-defined effects and concomitants, all of which are visible in Leontes, and, I boldly say, not one of which marks its presence in Othello; — such as, first, an excitability by the most inadequate causes, and an eagerness to snatch at proofs; secondly, a grossness of conception, and a disposition to degrade the object of the passion by sensual fancies and images; thirdly, a sense of shame of his own feelings exhibited in a solitary moodiness of humour, and yet from the violence of the passion forced to utter itself, and therefore catching occasions to ease the mind by ambiguities, equivoques, by talking to those who cannot, and who are known not to be able to, understand what is said to them — in short, by soliloquy in the form of dialogue, and hence a confused, broken, and fragmentary manner; fourthly, a dread of vulgar ridicule, as distinct from a high sense of honour, or a mistaken sense of duty; and lastly, and immediately consequent on this, a spirit of selfish vindictiveness."

Gervinus says: "Coleridge thought fit to read this play in immediate connection with *Othello*, whose jealousy is in every respect the reverse of that of Leontes. It is so in fact, though we understand the contrast differently from Coleridge. The jealousy of Leontes, and of Othello also, is not founded on the sensitive faculty alone; in Othello it is deeply connected with his feelings of honour; in Leontes with tyranny, as Shakespeare says. We should define it more clearly if we were to say with wilfulness. Shakespeare has in both instances shown us the origin of this passion out of a mere nothing, and its frightful consequences; the destruction of the whole happiness of life in the one, and the hap-

piness of half a life in the other, from the madness of a moment. The pervading difference is that Othello, little disposed to jealousy by nature, is made susceptible of it by circumstances and situations, is driven to it by a cunning whisperer and deceiver; whereas Leontes, by nature prone to it, has no outward circumstances to induce it, and is his own suggester. The difference in the two is striking: Othello is led to doubt the friend of whom he is jealous by facts not to be denied; he is made to perceive that in his wife her own father had reasons for being deceived; the Moor is doubtful of himself and of his own qualities, and he conceives a mistrust of himself and of the world, which was rooted in his whole situation; all this heaped together the smouldering fire of his jealousy, which the false Iago blew into a flame. But Leontes' situation is quite different: he has no causes of jealousy against his wife, none against his friend; his self-reliance, his royal rank, prevent in him the all-pervading feeling of Othello, who thinks himself despised; all those around him, the courtiers, Camillo, Antigonus, Paulina, loudly and firmly testify against his delusion; but there is that within himself more dangerous than the slanderer at Othello's side. After his conscience has been once infected, after Hermione's friendly invitation and its rejoinder have aroused his suspicion, he is the slave, not of love, not of passion, not of feeling, but of his own imagination; dwelling on his own imaginings, he gives way to the most extraordinary brooding over improbable and impossible things, until he is satisfied of the infallibility of his convictions, and confirmed in the obstinacy which characterizes the weak judgment of all wilful persons. This obstinacy, this hard-heartedness, embitters his disposition, and far from feeling, like Othello, pain for his loss, Leontes indulges in hatred and persecution, and increases both through his dread of intrigues, which exist only in his own imagination. The contrast between this wilfulness, this presumed certainty and superior judgment, and the unsuspecting shortsightedness of Othello, is perfect; and masterly in both is the progress of the delusion, built on quite different foundations. In

contrast with the taciturn Othello, Leontes, in keeping with his moody and suspicious nature, is a great talker, in whom thoughts and quick fancies throng, mingle, and pass rapidly from one object to another."

96. *Heat.* Run, as in a race or *heat.* The *New Eng. Dict.* recognizes *acre* as a lineal measure. *But to the goal* = but to return to our subject (dropped at 86 above).

104. *Clap thyself my love.* That is, put your hand in mine, in token of betrothal. Cf. *T. N.* v. 1. 159: —

> "A contract of eternal bond of love,
> Confirm'd by mutual joinder of your hands;"

M. for M. v. 1. 209: —

> "This is the hand which, with a vow'd contract,
> Was fast belock'd in mine;"

and *K. John*, ii. 1. 532: "Command thy son and daughter to join hands." *Clap hands* was the common expression for pledging faith in this way. Steevens quotes *Ram Alley*, 1611: —

> "Speak, widow, is 't a match?
> Shall we clap it up?"

A Trick to Catch the Old One, 1618: "Come, clap hands, a match!" and *Hen. V.* v. 2. 133: "And so clap hands, and a bargain." Malone adds from Middleton, *No Wit like a Woman's:* "There these young lovers shall clap hands together." See also on iv. 4. 385 below.

110. *Tremor cordis.* Trembling of the heart (Latin). *Dances* = throbs.

113. *Bounty's fertile bosom.* Hammer's emendation of the "bounty, fertile bosom" of the folios. It is generally adopted by the editors, though not absolutely necessary.

115. *Paddling palms.* A contemptuous phrase. Cf. *Oth.* ii. 1. 259: "Didst thou not see her paddle with the palm of his hand?" and *Ham.* iii. 4. 185: "Or paddling in your neck with his damn'd fingers." S. uses the word only in these passages.

116. *Practis'd smiles*, etc. Furness compares *Lear*, iii. 2. 35: "There was never yet fair woman but she made mouths in a glass."

118. *The mort o' the deer.* A prolonged note blown on the horn at the death (Fr. *mort*) of the deer. Steevens quotes Greene, *Card of Fancy:* "He that bloweth the mort before the death of the buck may very well miss of his fees;" and *Chevy Chace* (earliest form): "The blewe a mort uppone the bent." Here it probably means the dying gasp of the deer.

119. *Nor my brows.* The allusion is to the horns of the cuckold, as in so many passages that follow. "Here Leontes is led to it by having just spoken of a *deer*" (Furness).

120. *I' fecks!* A corruption of *in faith.* S. uses it only here. Halliwell-Phillipps cites Heywood, *Edw. IV.:* "by my feckins!"

121. *Bawcock.* "A term of endearment, synonymous with *chuck* [see *Macb.* iii. 2. 45, etc.], but always masculine" (Schmidt). Cf. *Hen. V.* iii. 2. 26, iv. i. 44, and *T. N.* iii. 4. 125.

What, hast smutch'd thy nose? "It is reserved for such a poet as Shakespeare to fearlessly introduce such natural touches as a flying particle of smut resting upon a child's nose, and to make it turn to wonderfully effective account in stirring a father's heart, agitating it with wild thoughts, and prompting fierce plays upon words and bitter puns" (Clarke).

123. *Not neat*, etc. "Recollecting that *neat* is the ancient term for *horned* cattle, he says *not neat, but cleanly*" (Johnson).

125. *Virginalling.* Playing with her fingers, as on a *virginal*, a keyed instrument somewhat like a small pianoforte, probably so called because used by young girls (Nares). It was sometimes called *a pair of virginals:* as in Dekker's *Gul's Hornbooke:* "leap up and down like the nimble jacks of a pair of virginals." In like manner an organ was sometimes called *a pair of organs.* Halliwell-Phillipps quotes Middleton, *Chaste Maid*, where the goldsmith's wife says to her daughter: "Moll, have you played over all your old lessons o' the virginals?" Cf. *Sonn.* 128.

126. *Wanton.* Playful, frolicsome. Cf. *L. L. L.* v. 2. 771: "Wanton, as a child, skipping," etc.

128. *Pash.* A word that has puzzled the commentators. Jamieson (*Scottish Dict.*) defines it as "head; a ludicrous term," and marks it as still used in Scotland. *Shoots* = budding horns.

132. *O'er-dyed blacks.* That is, black fabrics *dyed over* with some other colour; or, possibly, as some explain it, *dyed too much.* Clarke says: "The unsoundness of stuffs subjected to a black dye is notorious;" and that is probably the allusion here. As Furness remarks, "the primary idea is *falseness*," and the falseness here "must refer to the texture." Halliwell-Phillipps remarks that mourning habiliments were often called *blacks*, and cites, among other illustrations, a letter dated 1619: "The queen's funeral is like to be deferred for want of money to buy the blacks;" and Heywood, *Eng. Traveller:* "To weare blacks without, but other thoughts within."

134. *Bourn.* Boundary; as in *Ham.* iii. 1. 79, etc.

136. *Welkin.* Heavenly (Schmidt), or, possibly, blue. For *villain* as a term of endearment, cf. *C. of E.* i. 2. 19 and *T. A.* v. 1. 30. It is feminine in *T. N.* ii. 5. 16 and *T. and C.* iii. 2. 35.

137. *Dear'st.* For the contraction (often very harsh), cf. iii. 2. 201 below: "sweet'st, dear'st," etc. *Collop* = part of my own flesh; literally, a slice of meat. Cf. 1 *Hen. VI.* v. 4. 18: "God knows thou art a collop of my flesh!" Heywood, in his *Epigrams*, 1566 (quoted by Boswell), gives it as a proverbial phrase: —

> "For I have heard saie it is a deere collup,
> That is cut out of th' owne fleshe."

Can thy dam? — may't be? Can thy mother be guilty of unfaithfulness? Is it possible? See on iii. 2. 198 below.

138. *Affection! thy intention*, etc. The passage is obscure and has been much discussed. For the various explanations, see Furness, pp. 27–30. He says, in conclusion: "Leontes begins with the thought of *affection*, or love, and then reflects that this love,

carried to an extreme, or becoming in the last degree intense, pierces to the very soul. The only other passage in which S. uses the word *intention* is *M. W.* i. 3. 731, and both there and here it means, I think, *intenseness*, or, as Staunton spells it, *intencion* [*intension* would be better]. . . . I think the reasoning of Leontes is: if this intensest love can live in dreams and go hand in hand with what is actually nothing, *a fortiori* it can mate with what is actually real."

For *credent* = credible, cf. *M. for M.* iv. 4. 29: "a credent bulk;" and for *commission* = warrant, cf. 40 above. See also *V. and A.* 568: —

> "Things out of hope are compass'd oft with venturing,
> Chiefly in love, whose leave exceeds commission," etc.

147. *Something . . . unsettled.* Somewhat disturbed. For the transposition of the adverbial *something*, cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* i. 2. 212: "with a white head and something a round belly" (that is, somewhat round).

148. *What cheer*, etc. In the folios this line is given to Leontes; but it appears to be part of the speech of Polixenes, to whom it was restored by Steevens. The emendation is generally adopted by the editors. Knight, who follows the folio, says: "Leontes, even in his moody reverie, has his eye fixed upon his queen and Polixenes; and when he is addressed by the latter with 'Ho! my lord!' he replies, with a forced gayety, 'What cheer? how is't with you?' The addition of 'best brother' is, we apprehend, meant to be uttered in a tone of bitter irony." Furness remarks: "S. may have intended this as a flash of Leontes' old-time self — a struggle to shake off the insane delusion which was beclouding his mind."

149. *Held.* The verb is often, as here = have. Cf. iv. 4. 411 below: "Should hold some counsel," etc. For *brow of much distraction*, cf. v. 2. 51 below: "countenances of such distraction," etc.

151. *It's.* One of the rare instances of the possessive neuter

pronoun in S. The word here is spelt "it's" in the folios, as in every other instance except *M. for M.* i. 2. 4, where we find "its." For *it* possessive, see on ii. 3. 178 below. *Itself* is printed as two words ("it self") in the folios; and in *Cymb.* iii. 4. 160 the two are separated by an adjective: "it pretty self."

154. *Methought.* The folios have "me thoughts" ("me-thoughts" in the 4th); as in *Rich. III.* i. 4. 9, 24. There, by the way, as here, we find in the folio *methought* and *methoughts* mixed up in the same speech. *Methoughts* was a form in use (probably suggested by *methinks*), but here it is probably a misprint, as we have *methought* just below in 159.

155. *Twenty-three years.* "An ingenious way of disclosing to us the present age of Leontes" (Furness).

160. *Squash.* An immature peascod. Cf. *M. N. D.* iii. 1. 193: "commend me to Mistress Squash, your mother, and Master Peascod, your father. See also *T. N.* i. 5. 166: "as a squash is before it is a peascod."

161. *Will you take eggs for money?* A proverbial expression = will you let yourself be duped or imposed upon, or will you take an affront? The origin of the phrase has not been satisfactorily made out; but we find *egg* used to denote something insignificant or worthless in *A. W.* iv. 3. 280: "He will steal, sir, an egg out of a cloister." Steevens quotes *A Match at Midnight*, 1633: "I shall have eggs for my money; I must hang myself;" and Reed adds from *Relations of the most famous Kingdomes*, etc., 1630: "The French infantery skirmisheth bravely afarre off, and cavallery gives a furious onset at the first charge; but after the first heat they will take eggs for their money" (that is, tamely yield to the attack). The meaning here is sufficiently shown by the reply, *No, my lord, I'll fight.*

163. *Happy man be's dole!* "May his *dole* or *share* in life be to be a *happy man!*" (Johnson). The expression was proverbial. Cf. *M. W.* iii. 4. 68, *T. of S.* i. 1. 144, and 1 *Hen. IV.* ii. 2. 81. *Dole* was the term (as it still is in England) for a charitable allow-

ance of provision to the poor. Cf. *A. W.* ii. 3. 76: "what dole of honour" (that is, share, portion); and 2 *Hen. IV.* i. 1. 169: "in the dole of blows" (that is, dealing or giving).

170. *Childness.* "Childishness," which is the word elsewhere used by S. Cf. *Cor.* v. 3. 157, etc.

171. *Thick.* Used by S. as a verb only here. Cf. *Macb.* i. 5. 44: "make thick my blood." *Squire* is here used with half-sportive tenderness. For its contemptuous use, cf. *Much Ado*, i. 3. 54, *Oth.* iv. 2. 145, etc.

172. *Offic'd.* "Having a place or function" (Schmidt). Cf. *Oth.* i. 3. 271: "My speculative and offic'd instruments" ("active" in the quartos). *Walk* = retire, withdraw; as in *Cymb.* i. 1. 176, etc.

174. *How thou lov'st us*, etc. "Thus enjoined by himself, it could be only the cruel injustice of that most unjust passion, jealousy, that makes Leontes resent his wife's courtesy to Polixenes as a proof of her guilt" (Clarke).

177. *Apparent.* That is, heir apparent; as in 3 *Hen. VI.* ii. 2. 64: "as apparent to the crown."

178. *Shall 's.* Shall us; that is, shall we. Cf. *Cor.* iv. 6. 148: "Shall 's to the Capitol?" See also *T. of A.* iv. 3. 408, *Cymb.* iv. 2. 233, v. 5. 228, *Per.* iv. 5. 7, etc. White remarks: "S. had the minute details of the old novel vividly in mind here: 'When *Pandosto* was busied with such urgent affaires that hee could not bee present with his friend *Egistus*, *Bellaria* would walke with him into the garden, where they two in privat and pleasant devises would passe away the time to both their contents.'"

179. *To your own bents*, etc. Dispose of yourselves according to your inclination.

181. *How I give line.* Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* iv. 4. 39: "give him line and scope."

183. *Neb.* Nib, or beak, here = mouth. Steevens quotes Paynter, *Palace of Pleasure*, 1566: "the amorous wormes of love did bitterly gnawe and teare his heart wyth the nebs of their forked heads." Halliwell-Phillipps quotes Kennett's *Glossary* (MS. Lansd.

1033): "*Neb*, nose, *Bor. et Kent*, hold up your nebb, Sax. *nebbe*, nasus, nares; item rostrum, the bill, beak, nib or nebbe of a bird; whence, by metaphor, the nib or nebbe of a pen;" and *Two Maids of Moreclacke*, 1609: "Shal 's not busse, knight? shal 's not neb?"

185. *Allowing.* "Approving" (Malone), or "conniving" (Schmidt).

186. *Fork'd.* Horned. Cf. *Oth.* iii. 3. 276: "this forked plague" (that is, cuckoldom). See also *T. and C.* i. 2. 178.

188. *So . . . whose.* Cf. *J. C.* i. 2. 316: "For who so firm that cannot be seduc'd?" See also *such . . . which* in i. 1. 24 above, and *such . . . that* in 253 below.

190. *There have been*, etc. Cf. *Oth.* iv. 1. 63 fol.

195. *Strike.* Exercise malignant influence. Cf. *Ham.* i. 1. 162: "no planets strike," etc.

196. *Predominant.* An astrological term. Cf. *A. W.* i. 1. 211: "When he [Mars] was predominant." For *on's* = of us, cf. ii. 1. 158 below.

202. *This great sir.* Cf. iv. 4. 363: "this ancient sir;" *T. N.* iii. 4. 81: "Some sir of note," etc.

204. *Came home.* A nautical phrase = would not hold.

206. *More material.* Either = *the* more important the more you besought him (Clarke), or more urgent than your *petitions*.

207. *They're here with me*, etc. "They go so far with respect to me as to whisper," etc. (Schmidt); or, perhaps, "they are aware of my condition" (Verplanck). For *round* = murmur, whisper, cf. *K. John*, ii. 1. 566: "rounded in the ear." etc.

208. *So-forth.* Steevens says: "At the corner of Fleet Market, I lately heard one woman, describing another, say 'Everybody knows that her husband is a so-forth.' As she spoke the last word, her fingers expressed the emblem of cuckoldom."

209. *Gust.* Perceive; literally, taste. Cf. the noun in *Sonn.* 114. 11 and *T. N.* i. 3. 33.

212. *So it is.* We should say, *as* it is.

214. *Thy conceit is soaking*, etc. Thy mind is absorbent, and takes in more than ordinary blockheads do. Clarke sees a metaphorical allusion to the dyeing of hats, indicated by the word *blocks*, which was used for *hats* in that day, and which S. punningly uses for *heads* also: "Was this black aspect of the matter taken by any pate but thine? For thy conception of it is steeped in the dye, and will draw in more than the ordinary run of hat-heads." For *block* = the wood on which hats were formed, see *Much Ado*, i. 1. 77. In *Lear*, iv. 6. 177 it is = the fashion or form of a hat.

216. *Severals*. Individuals. It is opposed to "generals" in *T. and C.* i. 3. 180: "severals and generals of grace exact."

217. *Lower messes*. Persons of inferior rank, those who sat at the lower end of the table. At a great man's table, the guests were not only seated according to their rank or dignity, but were divided into two grades by the great salt-cellar in the middle of the board. Steevens cites as illustrations of this Dekker, *Hon. Wh.*: "Plague him; set him beneath the salt, and let him not touch a bit till every one has had his full cut;" and Beaumont and Fletcher, *Woman Hater*, i. 2: "Uncut-up pies at the nether end, filled with moss and stones, partly to make a shew with, and partly to keep the lower mess from eating." "In the *Northumberland Household Booke* we find that the clerks of the kitchen are to be with the cooks at the 'striking out of the messes;' and in the same curious picture of ancient manners there are the most minute directions for serving delicacies to my lord's own mess, but bacon and other *pièces de résistance* to the Lord Chamberlain's and Steward's messes" (Knight). *Mess* also sometimes meant a set of four; "as at great dinners the company was usually arranged into fours" (Nares). Cf. *L. L. L.* iv. 3. 207: "you three fools lacked me fool to make up the mess," etc.

227. *Chamber-counsels*. "These *private chamber-councils* involved no questions of state, or government, but were concerned with the private life of Leontes, with impure deeds from which the bosom of Leontes should be cleansed, and for which he should

repent, and depart a penitent" (Furness). *Counsel* and *council* are often confounded in the early eds.

228. *Cleans'd my bosom.* Cf. *Macb.* v. 3. 44: "Cleanse the stuff'd bosom," etc.

232. *To bide upon 't.* To dwell upon it, to repeat it.

234. *Hoxes.* Houghs, or hamstrings; used by S. only here. Steevens quotes Knolles, *Hist. of the Turks:* "and with his sword hoxed his horse."

236. *Grafted in my serious trust.* Thoroughly trusted by me.

238. *Home.* "In good earnest" (Schmidt); or, perhaps, rather = completely, to the end. Cf. *Temp.* v. 1. 71: "I will pay thy graces home;" *Macb.* i. 3. 120: "trusted home," etc.

240. *Fearful.* Full of fear; referring to the *coward* above.

246. *Industriously.* Studiously, deliberately (Schmidt); used by S. only here. It may mean: if while being *industrious*, or working faithfully, I proved to be foolish, it was only from not foreseeing the *end*, or result.

251. *Against the non-performance.* Heath conjectures "now-performance," and explains the passage thus: "At the execution whereof such circumstances discovered themselves as made it prudent to suspend all further proceeding in it." Malone remarks that this is "a good interpretation of the original text," which he has no doubt is what S. wrote. He considers it, and we think rightly, one of those peculiar "double negatives" of which Schmidt gives many examples in his Appendix, p. 1420. Clarke paraphrases the passage thus: "Of which the execution, when once effected, proclaimed its non-performance to have been wrong."

253. *Allow'd.* To be allowed, allowable. For *such . . . that*, see on 188 above.

256. *It's.* See on 151 above.

258. *Eye-glass.* Here = "the window of the eye," or the eye itself.

260. *For to a vision*, etc. For where the fact is so plain to see, people will gossip about it.

262. *Think.* As Malone notes, the clause which follows — *My wife*, etc. — is the object of *think* as well as of *thought.*

266. *Hobby-horse.* For its contemptuous use, cf. *L. L. L.* iii. 1. 31: "Callest thou my love 'hobby-horse'?" See also *Oth.* iv. 1. 160.

269. *'Shrew.* Beshrew. Cf. ii. 2. 30 below. *Present* = instant; as in ii. 3. 184 and iii. 3. 4. below.

271. *Which to reiterate*, etc. To repeat which would be a sin as great as that of which you accuse her, if the charge were true.

274. *Career.* A term of horsemanship = a full gallop. Cf. *Hen V.* iii. 3. 23: "he holds his fierce career," etc.

275. *Note.* Mark, sign. Cf. 2 above.

278. *Noon.* The later folios have "the noon." Abbott makes the word a dissyllable.

279. *The pin and web.* An early phase of cataract in the eye. Cf. *Lear*, iii. 4. 122: "he gives the web and the pin, squints the eye," etc. Steevens, in a note on *Lear*, quotes *Every Woman in her Humour*, 1609: "a pin and web argent, in hair du roy." Florio defines *cataratta* as "a disease in the eies called a pin and a web."

290. *Hovering.* Wavering, irresolute. Cf. *R. of L.* 1297: "First hovering o'er the paper with her quill."

294. *Glass.* Hour-glass. Cf. *Temp.* i. 2. 240: "At least two glasses;" *Id.* v. 1. 223: "but three glasses since," etc. See also iv. 1. 16 below.

295. *Her medal.* A medal of her. Steevens remarks that Sir Christopher Hatton is represented with a medal of Queen Elizabeth appended to his chain. Cf. *Hen. VIII.* ii. 2. 32: —

> "a loss of her
> That, like a jewel, has hung twenty years
> About his neck, yet never lost her lustre."

For *jewel*, cf. v. 2. 36 below.

301. *Meaner form.* Lower seat, or position. Cf. *L. L. L.* i. 1.

209: "sitting with her upon the form," etc. *Bench'd* = seated upon a bench, placed on a higher seat. The verb is used intransitively (= to sit on a seat of justice, to be judge) in *Lear*, iii. 6. 40: "Bench by his side." *Rear'd to worship* = raised to honour.

304. *Bespice*, etc. Steevens quotes Chapman's *Odyssey*, x.: —

> "With a festival
> She 'll first receive thee, but will spice thy bread
> With flowery poisons; "

and *Id.* xviii.: "spice their pleasure's cup."

305. *A lasting wink.* Cf. *Temp.* ii. 1. 285: —

> "Whiles you, doing this,
> To the perpetual wink for aye might put
> This ancient morsel, this Sir Prudence," etc.

See also *Ham.* ii. 2. 137: "Or given my heart a winking, mute and dumb."

307. *Rash.* Quick-acting; as opposed to *lingering.* Cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* iii. 2. 61: —

> "rash bavin wits,
> Soon kindled and soon burnt; "

2 *Hen. IV.* iv. 4. 48: "rash gunpowder," etc.

309. *Maliciously.* "*Malignantly*, with effects *openly hurtful*" (Johnson).

310. *This crack.* Cf. *Oth.* ii. 3. 330: "this crack of your love shall grow stronger than it was before." *Dread* = revered, held in awe.

311. *Sovereignly.* Supremely. Such transposition of the adverb is not rare in S.

312. *I have lov'd thee.* Theobald transferred these words to the next speech, which he explained thus: "I have tendered thee well, Camillo, but I here cancel all former respect at once: if thou any longer make a question of my wife's disloyalty, go from my presence, and perdition overtake thee for thy stubbornness!" Malone, who retains the old reading, interprets the passage thus: "Make

that (that is, Hermione's disloyalty, which is so clear a point) a subject of debate or discussion, and go rot! Dost thou think I am such a fool as to torment myself, and to bring disgrace on me and my children, without sufficient grounds?" *Make*, may be, however, the subjunctive rather than the imperative.

314. *Appoint myself*, etc. Schmidt thinks this means "to dress myself," etc. Cf. "drest in an opinion" (*M. of V.* i. 1. 91), "attired in wonder" (*Much Ado*, iv. 1. 146), "wrapped in dismal thinkings" (*A. W.* v. 3. 128), etc. Richardson defines *appoint* as = "fix, settle, establish," and as Furness says, *settle* seems appropriate here.

317. *Is goads, thorns*, etc. Abbott is doubtful whether this is a line "of four accents" or whether *goads* and *thorns* are dissyllables. The former is the preferable scanning.

320. *Ripe*. Mature, urgent, pressing; as in *M. of V.* i. 3. 64: "the ripe wants of my friend," etc.

321. *Blench*. Fly off. Cf. *M. for M.* iv. 5. 5: —

> "Though sometimes you do blench from this to that,
> As cause doth minister;"

and *T. and C.* ii. 2. 68: —

> "there can be no evasion
> To blench from this, and to stand firm by honour."

322. *Fetch off*. Take off, make away with. Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* iii. 2. 324: "I will fetch off these justices" (that is, as Schmidt explains it, "make a prey of them").

325. *Sealing The injury of tongues*. Putting a stop to the mischief of talk or scandal.

333. *I am his cup-bearer*. In Greene's tale Pandosto contriving "how he might best put away Egistus without suspition of treacherous murder, hee concluded at last to poyson him; . . . and the better to bring the matter to passe he called unto him his [Egistus's] cupbearer." Franion, the cup-bearer, endeavours to dissuade

Pandosto from his purpose, but, finding it in vain, "consented as soon as opportunity would give him leave to dispatch Egistus."

337. *Thou split'st thine own.* Thou dost rive thine own; that is, it will be the death of you.

345. *If I could find*, etc. Blackstone believed this to be a reference to the death of Mary Queen of Scots; but, as Douce remarks, the perpetrator of that murder *did flourish* many years afterwards. He adds: "May it not rather be designed as a compliment to King James on his escape from the Gowrie conspiracy, an event often brought to the people's recollection during his reign, from the day on which it happened being made a day of thanksgiving?" *Break-neck* is used by S. only here. Halliwell-Phillipps quotes *An Account of the Christian Prince*, 1607: "the very breakenecke of our ensueinge sports," etc.

353. *Warp.* Bend, change for the worse; as *warp* naturally suggests. Furness thinks it means "become shrunken or distorted by the coolness of Leontes;" and he compares *A. Y. L.* ii. 7. 187: "Though thou the waters warp" (that is, by freezing).

357. *As he had.* As *if* he had.

360. *Wafting his eyes*, etc. Turning his eyes in the opposite direction. For the transitive use of *falling* (= letting fall), cf. *Temp.* ii. 1. 296, v. 1. 64, *Rich. II.* iii. 4. 104, etc. Mason remarks here: "This is a stroke of nature worthy of Shakespeare. Leontes had but a moment before assured Camillo that he would seem friendly to Polixenes, according to his advice; but on meeting him, his jealousy gets the better of his resolution, and he finds it impossible to restrain his hatred."

365. *How! dare not! — do not?* Most editors point this "How! dare not? do not." The folio reads, "How, dare not? doe not?" I take the meaning to be "What! you dare not? — or is it '*do* not' that you mean? *Do* you know, and yet dare not tell me? You must mean something of the sort." The folio has an interrogation point at the end of 365, but most of the modern editors transfer it to the next line, as in the text. I am not sure that

the change is absolutely necessary, and adopt it with some hesitation. "Do you know, and dare not?" might be an ellipsis for "Do you know, and dare not tell me?" — just as *you must* two lines below = you must *be intelligent*, you must avow it. Polixenes evidently suspects that Camillo, in saying that he dares not *know*, means that he dares not *tell* what he knows.

For *intelligent*, = "bearing intelligence, giving information, communicative" (Schmidt), cf. *Lear*, iii. 7. 12: "Our posts shall be swift and intelligent betwixt us." See also *Id.* iii. 1. 25 and iii. 5. 12. But here it may be = *intelligible;* as Furness makes it. On *thereabouts*, cf. *A. and C.* iii. 10. 29: "Ay, are you thereabouts?"

369. *Your chang'd complexions.* Your blanched cheeks, "the sight whereof reacts on Polixenes and causes his to blanch also" (Furness).

376. *Sighted like the basilisk.* With eyes like those of the fabled basilisk, that kill with a glance. Cf. *T. N.* iii. 4. 215: "they will kill one another by the look, like two cockatrices;" *Rich. III.* iv. 1. 55: —

> "A cockatrice hast thou hatch'd to the world,
> Whose unavoided eye is murtherous," etc.

377. *Sped.* Thrived, prospered. Cf. iii. 3. 46 below: "speed thee well!" See also iv. 4. 668.

378. *Regard.* Look; as in *T. N.* ii. 5. 59, 73, etc.

379. *Thereto.* Besides. Cf. *Oth.* ii. 1. 133: "If she be black, and thereto have a wit," etc.

380. *Clerk-like.* Scholar-like. Cf. the use of *clerk* = scholar in *M. N. D.* v. 1. 93, *Hen. VIII.* ii. 2. 92, *Per.* v. prol. 5, etc.

381. *Our gentry.* Our gentle birth. Cf. *Cor.* iii. 1. 144: "gentry, title, wisdom;" *R. of L.* 569: "By knighthood, gentry, and sweet friendship's oath," etc.

382. *In whose success*, etc. To our descent from whom we owe our gentility, or nobility. For *success* = succession, cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* iv. 2. 47: "And so success of mischief shall be born," etc.

385. *Ignorant concealment.* Concealment that pretends to be ignorant.

388. *Conjure.* Accented by S. on either syllable, without regard to the meaning. *Parts* = duties imposed by *honour*.

391. *Incidency.* Liability to fall or happen; used by S. only here. Cf. *incident* = liable to happen, in *T. of A.* v. 1. 203: —

> "other incident throes
> That nature's fragile vessel doth sustain
> In life's uncertain voyage," etc.

398. *Me.* For *me* = *I*, cf. *A. Y. L.* i. 2. 279, i. 3. 44, *Rich. II.* iii. 3. 192, *Sonn.* 37. 14, etc.

400. *I am appointed him.* Abbott makes *him* = by him. Clarke explains the passage thus: "I am he who is appointed," etc. The latter explanation is perhaps to be preferred. The king has not been mentioned in the conversation thus far, but Camillo is thinking of him. Polixenes, who is *not* thinking of him — or at least only doubtfully — naturally asks "By *whom*, Camillo?"

404. *To vice.* To screw, move, or impel. Cf. the noun (= screw), in *Much Ado*, v. 2. 21: "you must put in the pikes with a vice." Schmidt cites *T. N.* v. 1. 125: —

> "I partly know the instrument
> That screws me from my true place in your favour."

White (who favours "'tice" = "entice," though he does not adopt it) says that "Camillo would hardly suppose such a case as the violent forcing of Polixenes into the arms of Hermione;" but *vice* does not imply any violent forcing (any more than "screws" in the passage just quoted), but mere motive power. The meaning is that Leontes feels as sure of it as if he had seen it, or been the agent to bring it about, like a screw which transmits the power in a machine. Cf. *Nomenclator*, 1585: "A vice or gin of wood, wherewith such things as are done within out of sight, are shewed to the beholders by the turning about of wheels."

407. *Best.* Printed with a capital in the folio. For the allusion,

cf. *Rich. II.* iii. 2. 132: "Three Judases, each one thrice worse than Judas;" *Id.* iv. 1. 170: "So Judas did to Christ;" 3 *Hen. VI.* v. 7. 33: "so Judas kiss'd his Master," etc.

412. *Swear his thought over*, etc. "Endeavour to overcome his opinion by swearing oaths numerous as the stars" (Johnson). *Swear over* = "swear down" (*C. of E.* v. 1. 227). *Overswear* = swear again, in *T. N.* v. 1. 276.

414. *Influences.* The astrological term. Cf. *Ham.* i. 1. 119, *Lear*, i. 2. 136, etc. See also Milton, *Comus*, 336: "Or if your influence be quite damm'd up;" *Hymn on Nativity*, 71: "Bending one way their precious influence," etc. The plural occurs again in *M. for M.* iii. 1. 9; but S. may have written *influence* in both places.

415. *For to obey the moon.* See on 1 above. Douce compares *M. of V.* iv. 1. 72: —

> "You may as well go stand upon the beach,
> And bid the main flood bate his usual height."

On *for to*, cf. *A. W.* v. 3. 181, *Ham.* iii. 1. 175, etc.

417. *Whose foundation*, etc. "This folly which is erected on the foundation of settled *belief*" (Steevens).

423. *This trunk.* This body of mine. Cf. *Hen. V.* iii. 6. 163: "this frail and worthless trunk," etc.

425. *Whisper.* For the transitive use, cf. iv. 4. 800: "whisper him in your behalfs," etc.

426. *Posterns.* The smaller gates, the less frequented outlets of the city.

429. *Discovery.* Disclosure. Cf. *M. of V.* ii. 6. 43: "an office of discovery," etc.

431. *Seek to prove.* That is, by any appeal to Leontes.

433. *Thereon*, etc. And the execution of the sentence sworn by him.

436. *Thy places.* Thy honours (Steevens). Clarke sees in *places* "the combined meaning of position as to fortune, and spot

wherein to dwell; for we afterwards find that Polixenes confers manifold dignities and honours upon Camillo, and keeps him ever near to himself in Bohemia."

438. *Hence.* For the adjective use, cf. *Cymb.* iii. 2. 65: "Our hence going" (often printed "hence-going").

444. *Profess'd.* Professed friendship. Cf. *M. for M.* iv. 2. 192: "by the saint whom I profess" (to whom I profess devotion), etc.

446. *Good expedition*, etc. A much-disputed passage; but on the whole Clarke's explanation seems satisfactory: "Good speed (or prosperous issue of events) befriend me, and comfort the queen, who is, with myself, the object of his anger, but who, like myself, deserves no jot of his misconceived suspicion!" *Good expedition* may well enough be = good *speed*, or fortune (cf. iii. 2. 145 below: "the queen's speed"). If, however, we take *expedition* in its ordinary sense, we may perhaps accept Malone's paraphrase: "Good expedition befriend me by removing me from a place of danger, and comfort the innocent queen by removing the object of her husband's jealousy; the queen, who is the subject of his conversation, but without reason the object of his suspicion!" Halliwell-Phillipps renders it thus: "May expedition be my friend by removing me from this scene of danger, and at the same time may my absence, the object thus accomplished, comfort the beautiful queen, who is, indeed, partly the subject of, but in no degree the reasonable object of, his suspicion." Various emendations have been proposed, none of which improve the passage. Malone cites, in illustration of the phraseology, *T. N.* iii. 4. 280: "it is something of my negligence, nothing of my purpose;" and White adds ii. 3. 3 below: —

> "part o' the cause,
> She the adulteress; for the harlot king
> Is quite beyond mine arm," etc.

450. *Avoid.* Depart, begone. Cf. *Cor.* iv. 5. 34: "pray you, avoid." See also *Temp.* iv. 1. 142, *A. and C.* v. 2. 242, *Cymb.* i. 1. 125, etc.

Coleridge remarks on this first act: "Observe the easy style of chit-chat between Camillo and Archidamus as contrasted with the elevated diction on the introduction of the kings and Hermione in the second scene, and how admirably Polixenes' obstinate refusal to Leontes to stay —

'There is no tongue that moves, none, none i' the world
So soon as yours could win me' —

prepares for the effect produced by his afterwards yielding to Hermione; which is, nevertheless, perfectly natural from mere courtesy of sex, and the exhaustion of the will by former efforts of denial, and well calculated to set in nascent action the jealousy of Leontes. This, when once excited, is unconsciously increased by Hermione: —

'Yet, good deed, Leontes,
I love thee not a jar o' the clock behind
What lady she her lord;'

accompanied, as a good actress ought to represent it, by an expression and recoil of apprehension that she had gone too far —

'At my request, he would not.'

The first working of the jealous fit —

'Too hot, too hot;'

the morbid tendency of Leontes to lay hold of the merest trifles, and his grossness immediately afterwards —

'Paddling palms and pinching fingers' —

followed by his strange loss of self-control in his dialogue with the little boy."

ACT II.

Scene I. — 6. *As if I were a baby still.* "Can anything be more perfectly true to young boy nature? And not only in this touch, but in the whole sketch of the child's character, S. has drawn Mamillius with 'Nature's own sweet and cunning hand'" (Clarke).

7. *For because.* Cf. *K. John*, ii. 1. 588: "But for because he hath not wooed me yet," etc.

11. *Taught you this?* The 1st folio has "taught 'this," which Furness defends. It must be admitted that in other instances (particularly in this play) the apostrophe seems to indicate the elision of a pronoun, etc.

20. *Encounter.* Befall; as in *Cymb.* i. 6. 112: —

> "it were fit
> That all the plagues of hell should at one time
> Encounter such revolt."

25. *A sad tale's best for winter.* An allusion to the title of the comedy.

31. *Yond crickets.* "Mamillius refers to *yond* ladies in waiting, with their tittering and chirping laughter. The maturity of observation in the little boy throughout this scene has its purpose. The heart of a less precocious child would not have been broken by the ill-treatment of his mother" (Furness). It is noticeable, however, that children in S. are generally precocious. Cf. Macduff's son, Arthur in *K. John*, and little York in *Rich. III.*

33. *Was he met*, etc. Clarke says: "Admirably does the *he*, *his*, and *him* in this line, referring to the unnamed Polixenes, serve to indicate the perturbation of the speaker." It is possible, however, that it merely indicates the continuation of a conversation begun before the parties come upon the stage.

37. *Censure.* Judgment, opinion. Cf. *Ham.* i. 3. 69, *Macb.* v. 4. 14, etc.

38. *Alack, for lesser knowledge!* O, would that I knew less!

40. *Spider.* Henderson remarks: "That spiders were esteemed venomous appears by the evidence of a person who was examined in Sir T. Overbury's affair: 'The Countesse wished me to get the strongest poyson I could. . . . Accordingly I bought seven great spiders, and cantharides.'" Malone quotes *Holland's Leaguer*, a pamphlet published in 1632: "like the spider, which turneth all

things to poison which it tasteth." Clarke adds, in proof that it was supposed to be necessary to see the spider in order to be poisoned by it, the following from a play by Middleton: —

> "Even when my lip touch'd the contracting cup,
> Even then to see the spider!"

Depart, which has been suspected, seems to mean "go away unconscious of harm."

44. *Cracks his gorge.* That is, by endeavouring to vomit. Cf. *Ham.* v. 1. 207: "my gorge rises at it."

45. *Hefts.* Heavings, retchings; used by S. only here.

50. *Discover'd.* Revealed, betrayed (not = found out). Cf. iv. 4. 719 below: "any thing that is fitting to be known, discover;" and see on *discovery*, i. 2. 429 above.

51. *Pinch'd.* Made ridiculous, served a trick (Schmidt). Cf. *T. of S.* ii. 1. 373: "What, have I pinch'd you, Signior Gremio?" Clarke believes that the word is = "galled, wounded, disabled." Some make *pinch'd thing* = rag-baby or puppet.

65. *Without-door.* Outward, external. Cf. *Cymb.* i. 6. 15: "All of her that is out of door, most rich!"

68. *I am out.* I am wrong. Cf. *Cor.* v. 3. 41: "I have forgot my part and I am out."

69. *Sear.* Brand; as in *A. W.* ii. 1. 176: —

> "my maiden's name
> Sear'd otherwise," etc.

75. *Replenish'd.* Complete, consummate. Cf. *Rich. III.* iv. 3. 18: "The most replenished sweet work of nature."

79. *Thy place.* Thy high position.

82. *Mannerly distinguishment.* Decent distinction.

86. *Federary.* Confederate, accomplice. S. uses the word nowhere else, but he has *fedary* or *fœdary* in the same sense in *M. for M.* ii. 4. 122 and *Cymb.* iii. 2. 21.

One that knows, etc. "One that knows what she should be ashamed of, even if the knowledge of it rested only in her own

breast and that of her paramour" (Malone). *But* = only; as in 101 below. "The passage has a confused effect (most naturally and characteristically produced, to accord with the speaker's agitation) from *Camillo* being the antecedent to *one that knows*, while *she's* forms the antecedent to *and privy to this*, etc." (Clarke).

90. *Bold'st.* Changed by Steevens to "bold," to correct the "intolerable roughness" of the line. The plural *vulgars* is found only here.

95. *Throughly.* Thoroughly. Cf. *Ham.* iv. 5. 136, *Lear*, iv. 7. 97, *Cymb.* ii. 4. 12, iii. 6. 36, etc. See on iii. 2. 171 below.

98. *The centre.* The earth, the centre of the Ptolemaic universe. Cf. *T. and C.* i. 3. 85: "The heavens themselves, the planets, and this centre," etc. See also on i. 2. 138 above. Steevens quotes Milton, *Comus*, 597: —

> "if this fail,
> The pillar'd firmament is rottenness,
> And earth's base built on stubble."

100. *Is afar off guilty*, etc. Is remotely (or indirectly) guilty for only speaking. Cf. *M. W.* i. 1. 216: "a tender, a kind of tender, made afar off by Sir Hugh here." Furness says: "*Afar off* does not qualify *guilty*. It refers, I think, to any one who intercedes for the Queen; such a one, *however far removed he may be*, is rendered *guilty* merely by speaking."

101. *Some ill planet.* For the astrological allusion, cf. i. 2. 195 above. *Aspect* (regularly accented by S. as here) was an astrological term for the peculiar position and influence of a heavenly body. Cf. *R. of L.* 14, *Sonn.* 26. 10, *T. and C.* i. 3. 92, *Lear*, ii. 2. 112, etc.

106. *But I have*, etc. Douce compares *Ham.* i. 2. 85: "But I have that within which passeth show," etc. For *pities*, see in i. 1. 33 above, and cf. *charities* in 109 and *peaces* in 135 below.

114. *Good fools.* For *fool* as a term of pity or endearment, cf. *A. Y. L.* ii. 1. 22, *Lear*, v. 3. 305, etc.

115. *When you shall know*, etc. "If it be desired to know the full difference between noble pride and false pride, here is shown

the former in perfection. No one better than S. knew the true distinction between them; the right time for and due amount of self-assertion, the simplicity and severity of moral dignity: and in none of his characters are these points more notably developed than in Hermione. Her few farewell words to her mistaken husband in this speech combine in a wonderful way the essence of wifely tenderness with the utmost wifely self-respect" (Clarke).

117. *Action.* "Charge, accusation" (Johnson). Mason and Steevens make *this action I now go on* = "what I am now about to do."

123. *Be certain what you do,* etc. "In the very first words Antigonus utters, S. shows him to us in thorough contrast with Camillo. By the mere word *justice* Antigonus admits the possibility that Hermione may be guilty; while Camillo, from first to last, feels the impossibility of her guilt. Antigonus at once proclaims himself a courtier, the man who points out to his royal master the expediency and policy of what he is about to do as touches his own person, his consort, and his heir-apparent; Camillo is the faithful counsellor, the honest friend, the loyal servant, who strives to preserve the intrinsic honour of his king, rather than to maintain himself in his favour. . . . Camillo, with his honourable nature and integrity of purpose, becomes the ultimate bond of reconciliatior and union between the two kings and their respective children; while Antigonus, with his courtier pliancy and lack of earnest faith — having a glimpse of the better, yet following the worse, path — becomes the agent for the king's cruelty to his infant daughter, and loses his own life in the unworthy act" (Clarke).

130. *I'll keep my stables,* etc. Malone explains the passage thus: "I'll never trust my wife out of my sight; I'll always *go in couples* with her; and in that respect my house shall resemble a stable, where dogs are kept in pairs." He adds that dogs are sometimes "tied up in couples under the manger of a stable." Clarke remarks that this is "a coarse way of saying that he would not quit his wife an instant; treating her as his coach-horses and hounds

are treated, which are made to go always harnessed, or leashed *in couples*." For many other interpretations, see four pages or so in Furness; but none of them are satisfactory. But, as he says, "whatever the precise meaning, enough can be surmised of its unsavoury drift to render us quite indifferent were the whole speech expunged."

135. *Peaces.* See on 106 above.

137. *Abus'd.* Deceived; as often. Cf. *Much Ado*, v. 2. 100, *A. Y. L.* iii. 5. 90, iv. i. 218, *T. N.* iii. 1. 124, v. i. 22, etc. *Putter-on* = one who *puts on*, or instigates. Cf. *Hen. VIII.* i. 2. 24: —

> "they vent reproaches
> Most bitterly on you, as putter-on
> Of these exactions."

139. *Land-damn.* A stumbling-block to the commentators; probably a misprint, though no one has made a satisfactory guess at the word intended. Johnson thought *land-damn* might mean "*rid the country* of him, *condemn* him to quit the *land*." Malone suggested "land-dam" = kill, bury in earth; and Rann that *land-damn* might mean "condemned to the punishment of being built up in the earth." White considers this last conjecture "worthy of attention as being, to say the least, not without reason," and moreover, supported by *T. A.* v. 3. 179: "Set him breast-deep in the earth and famish him," etc. The *New Eng. Dict.* defines it, somewhat ingeniously but doubtfully, as "To make a hell on earth for (a person);" but adds: "The sense is uncertain; the text may be corrupt." The alleged survival of the word in dialects, with the sense "to abuse with rancour, appears to be imperfectly authenticated." Perring (*Hard Knots in S.*) says that "the illiterate multitude in Shakespeare's day would understand the meaning and significance of the last half" of the word; and Furness adds that "to understand half of Shakespeare's meaning in a difficult passage is something to be not a little proud of."

142. *Doing thus.* Hanmer inserts the stage-direction "*Laying hold of his arm*" (Capell thought it was the *nose!*); and the com-

mentators generally agree that something of the sort is implied. Malone paraphrases the passage thus: "I see and feel *my disgrace*, as you, Antigonus, *now* feel *me*, on *my* doing thus *to you*, and *as you now* see the instruments that feel — that is, my fingers."

146. *Dungy earth.* The expression occurs again in *A. and C.* i. 1. 35.

152. *Forceful.* Powerful, strong; used by S. nowhere else.

155. *In skill.* Through cunning (Schmidt); or designedly, purposely (Clarke).

156. *Relish.* Feel, perceive. Cf. *Temp.* v. 1. 23: "One of their kind, that relish all as sharply," etc.

158. *On't.* Of it. Cf. ii. 2. 31, ii. 3. 15, iii. 1. 14, and iv. 4. 5 below.

161. *Without more overture.* That is, without referring the matter to us, or consulting us; or without publicity.

165. *As ever touch'd conjecture.* Furness makes *conjecture* the subject, not the object, of *conjecture;* which may be right, though the inversion is awkward and unnecessary, for he could have written "as e'er conjecture touch'd." Schmidt makes *touch'd* = "moved, aroused," with *conjecture* as object; but that is not the meaning. It seems to me possible, however, that by *touching conjecture* S. meant "could be conjectured" — expressing the *maximum* of conjecture, or substantially what Furness makes it mean by taking conjecture as the subject.

166. *Approbation.* Proof, confirmation. Cf. *T. N.* iii. 4. 198, *Cymb.* i. 4. 134, etc.

171. *Wild.* Rash; as in iv. 4. 568 below. *In post* = in haste. Cf. *R. and J.* v. 1. 21, v. 3. 273, etc.

172. *Delphos.* Delphi. See on iii. 1. 2 below.

174. *Of stuff'd sufficiency.* "Of abilities more than enough" (Johnson). Cf. *Much Ado*, i. 1. 56: "stuffed with all honourable virtues;" and *R. and J.* iii. 5. 183: "Stuff'd, as they say, with honourable parts." See also *Oth.* i. 3. 224: "of most allowed sufficiency."

176. *Stop or spur me.* Cf. *Cymb.* i. 6. 99: "What both you spur and stop."

183. *Free.* "That is, accessible to all" (Schmidt).

185. *Be left her to perform.* As a *federary*, or accomplice, in the plot against his life.

SCENE II. — 6. *Who.* The reading of the 1st folio. Cf. v. 1. 108 below.

11. *Access.* Accented by S. on the first syllable only in *Ham.* ii. 1. 110 (Schmidt). Cf. v. 1. 87 below.

19. *No stain.* That which is no stain. *As* = such as.

23. *On.* In consequence of. Cf. *Rich. II.* i. 1. 9: "If he appeal the duke on ancient malice," etc.

30. *Lunes.* Lunacies, mad freaks. The word is not found elsewhere in the folio, but has been substituted by some editors for *lines* in *M. W.* iv. 2. 22 and *T. and C.* ii. 3. 139, and for *lunacies* in *Ham.* iii. 3. 7.

33. *Honey-mouth'd.* Cf. *L. L. L.* v. 2. 334: "honey-tongued Boyet." See also *V. and A.* 452 and *Rich. III.* iv. 1. 80.

34. *Red-look'd.* Red-looking. Cf. *Rich. II.* ii. 4. 11: "lean-look'd prophets;" and *M. N. D.* v. 1. 171: "O grim-look'd night!"

35. *Trumpet.* The word is sometimes = trumpeter or herald; and Schmidt explains it so here. Cf. *K. John*, i. 1. 27: "Be thou the trumpet of our wrath," etc.

44. *Free.* "Freely offered" (Furness).

45. *Thriving.* Prosperous, successful. Cf. *J. C.* iii. 1. 13: "I wish your enterprise to-day may thrive," etc.

47. *Presently.* Immediately; as very often. Cf. *present* in ii. 3. 184, etc.

49. *Hammer'd of.* Hammered on, pondered. Cf. *T. G. of V.* i. 3. 18: —

> "Nor needst thou much importune me to that
> Whereon this month I have been hammering."

See also *Rich. II.* v. 5. 5: "I'll hammer it out."

52. *Wit.* Wisdom; as in *T. N.* v. 1. 218. *Rich. II.* ii. 1. 28, etc.

55. *Come something nearer.* This implies that Paulina is not actually inside the prison, but at the gate or entrance, and Emilia asks her to enter. Paulina's words (line 1) tend to confirm this view. Perhaps, therefore, as Furness suggests, the heading of the scene should be "At the Gate of a Prison."

Scene III. — 3. *Part o' the cause.* See on i. 2. 447 above.

4. *Harlot.* Lewd. The noun is sometimes masculine. Cf. *C. of E.* v. 1. 205 and *Cor.* iii. 2. 112.

5. *The blank and level.* The mark and range, or aim. The *blank* was properly the white spot in the centre of the target. Cf. *Ham.* iv. 1. 42: "As level as the cannon to his blank;" *Oth.* iii. 4. 128: "And stood within the blank of his displeasure;" *Hen. VIII.* i. 2. 2: —

"I stood i' the level
Of a full-charg'd confederacy," etc.

See also iii. 2. 81 below. It is not necessary, however, to change *arm* (= reach) to "aim," as some have proposed.

6. *She.* Her. The cases of pronouns are often confused by S.

8. *Moiety.* Portion (as in *Ham.* i. 1. 90, etc.), not a half. For the latter sense, see iii. 2. 39 and iv. 4. 815 below.

17. *Leave me solely.* Leave me to myself.

18. *Him.* That is, Polixenes, to whom his thoughts now revert.

20. *Recoil.* The plural is to be explained by the intervening *revenges.* Cf. iv. 2. 23 below: "whose loss of his most precious queen and children are even now to be afresh lamented."

In himself too mighty, etc. Malone quotes Greene's novel: "Pandosto, although he felt that revenge was a spur to warre, and that envy always proffereth steele, yet he saw Egisthus was not only of great puissance and prowesse to withstand him, but also had many kings of his alliance to ayd him, if need should serve; for he married the Emperor of Russia's daughter."

21. *Alliance.* Perhaps plural. See p. 157 above.

27. *Be second to me.* Be helpful to me, second me. Cf. the use of the noun in *Temp.* iii. 3. 103, *Cor.* i. 4. 43, etc.

30. *Free.* Free from guilt; referring to the particular crime of which she is accused.

35. *Heavings.* Deep sighs. Cf. *Ham.* iv. 1. 1: "these sighs, these profound heaves."

37. *Medicinal.* Sometimes *méd'cinal* (trisyllable), as here; but sometimes *medicinal* (four syllables with accent on third), as in *Oth.* v. 2. 351. Furness thinks it may have the ordinary accent in all places; and this is possible.

41. *Gossips.* Sponsors at baptism. In this sense the word is both masculine and feminine. Cf. *C. of E.* v. 1. 405: "a gossips' feast;" *Hen. VIII.* v. 5. 13: "My noble gossips, ye have been too prodigal," etc.

49. *Commit me.* Imprison me. *Committing* is, of course, used in a different sense, with a kind of sarcastic play upon the word.

50. *La you now. La* is "a sort of feminine *lo;*" still heard (pronounced *law*) in New England.

53. *Professes.* Clarke remarks that the third person "gives the excellent effect of Paulina's speaking of another, while she thus confidently speaks of herself and her own fidelity." Both *professes* and *dares* may, however, be misprints.

56. *Comforting.* Encouraging, or aiding. Cf. *T. A.* ii. 3. 209: "Why dost not comfort me and help me out?" *Lear*, iii. 5. 21: "If I find him comforting the king," etc. The word properly means to strengthen; and the noun is still used in a similar sense in the legal phrase "giving aid and comfort to the enemy." The Hebrew verb translated "comfort" in *Job*, ix. 27 and x. 20 is rendered "recover strength" in *Psalms*, xxix. 13, and "strengtheneth" in *Amos*, v. 9. In Wiclif's version of *Isaiah*, xli. 7, we find "he coumfortide hym with nailes, that it shulde not be moued;" where the Bible of 1611 has "fastened."

60. *By combat.* An allusion to the practice of "trial by combat."

61. *The worst.* "The weakest, the least expert in the use of arms" (Steevens).

63. *Hand.* Lay hands on. Cf. *Temp.* i. 1. 25 : "we will not hand a rope more."

67. *Mankind.* Masculine ; accented by S. on the first syllable. Cf. *Cor.* iv. 2. 16 : "Are you mankind ?" Steevens quotes *The Two Angry Women of Abington*, 1599 : "Why, she is mankind, therefore thou mayst strike her ;" and Mason adds from one of Jonson's *Sonnets :* "Pallas, now thee I call on, mankind maid !" Cf. Beaumont and Fletcher, *Monsieur Thomas :* "A plaguy mankind girl ;" and *The Woman-Hater :* "Are women grown so mankind ?"

68. *Intelligencing.* Carrying intelligence, acting as a go-between ; used by S. nowhere else. Cf. *intelligencer* in 2. *Hen. IV.* iv. 2. 20 : —

> "The very opener and intelligencer
> Between the grace, the sanctities of heaven,
> And our dull workings."

74. *Woman-tir'd.* Henpecked ; the only instance of the word in S. *Tire* was a term in falconry, meaning to tear and devour the prey. Cf. *V. and A.* 56 : —

> "Even as an empty eagle, sharp by fast,
> Tires with her beak on feathers, flesh, and bone,
> Shaking her wings, devouring all in haste,
> Till either gorge be stuff'd or prey be gone ;"

and 3. *Hen. VI.* i. 1. 269 : —

> "and like an empty eagle
> Tire on the flesh of me and of my son."

Steevens quotes Chapman, *The Widow's Tears :* "He has given me a bone to tire on."

75. *Partlet.* The name of the hen in *Raynard the Fox ;* also of a hen in Chaucer's *Nonne Prieste's Tale.*

78. *Forced.* "Constrained, unnatural, false" (Schmidt) ; as in

iv. 4. 41 below: "these forc'd thoughts," etc. On *baseness*, cf. *Lear*, i. 2. 10: —

"Why brand they us
With base? with baseness? bastardy?"

86. *Whose sting*, etc. Cf. *Cymb.* iii. 4. 37: —

"No, 't is slander,
Whose edge is sharper than the sword, whose tongue
Out-venoms all the worms of Nile," etc.

90. *Callat.* A coarse or lewd woman. Cf. *Oth.* iv. 2. 121, etc.

92. *Baits.* Attacks, harasses. The word literally means to set dogs upon, as in *bear-baiting*. Cf. *T. N.* iii. 1. 130: —

"Have you not set mine honour at the stake
And baited it with all the unmuzzled thoughts
That tyrannous heart can think?"

See also 2 *Hen. VI.* v. 1. 148, etc. Here there is a play on *beat* (pronounced *bate*) and *baits*.

Brat is always contemptuous in S., but not invariably so in other Elizabethan writers. In one of Edwards's songs we have, "As she continued thus in song unto her little brat" (the mother singing to her child); and in a sacred poem of the time: "O Abram's brats! O brood of blessed seed!"

96. *The old proverb*, etc. Staunton quotes Overbury's *Characters*: "The devill cals him his white sonne; he is so like him, that he is the worse for it, and he lokes after his father."

100. *Valley.* Apparently explained by *dimples* in apposition with it (Schmidt). *Trick* = peculiarity; as in *A. W.* i. 1. 107: "line and trick of his sweet favour" (face).

107. *No yellow in 't.* For *yellow* as the colour of jealousy, cf. *M. W.* i. 3. 111: "I will possess him with yellowness." *Suspect, as he does*, etc., is, of course, an absurdity, but perhaps an intentional one, as in keeping with Paulina's excited state of mind.

Clarke remarks here: "In Paulina the poet has given us a perfect picture of one of those ardent friends whose warmth of temper and

want of judgment injure the cause they strive to benefit. Paulina, by her persevering iterance of the word *good*, excites Leontes' opposition, and lashes him into fury; and now, when she has made a moving appeal in her reference to the infant's inheritance of its father's look, smile, and features, she cannot refrain from merging into reproach, ending in actual extravagance."

Cf. what Mrs. Jameson says of her: "Paulina does not fill any ostensible office near the person of the queen, but is a lady of high rank in the court — the wife of the Lord Antigonus. She is a character strongly drawn from real and common life — a clever, generous, strong-minded, warm-hearted woman, fearless in asserting the truth, firm in her sense of right, enthusiastic in all her affections; quick in thought, resolute in word, and energetic in action; but heedless, hot-tempered, impatient, loud, bold, voluble, and turbulent of tongue; regardless of the feelings of those for whom she would sacrifice her life, and injuring from excess of zeal those whom she most wishes to serve. How many such are there in the world! But Paulina, though a very termagant, is yet a poetical termagant in her way; and the manner in which all the evil and dangerous tendencies of such a temper are placed before us, even while the individual character preserves the strongest hold upon our respect and admiration, forms an impressive lesson, as well as a natural and delightful portrait. In the scene, for instance, where she brings the infant before Leontes with a hope of softening him to a sense of his injustice — 'an office which,' as she observes, 'becomes a woman best' — her want of self-government, her bitter, inconsiderate reproaches, only add, as we might easily suppose, to his fury. Here, while we honour her courage and her affection, we cannot help regretting her violence.

"We see, too, in Paulina, what we so often see in real life, that it is not those who are most susceptible in their own temper and feelings who are most delicate and forbearing toward the feelings of others. She does not comprehend, or will not allow for, the sensitive weakness of a mind less firmly tempered than her own. . . .

"We can only excuse Paulina by recollecting that it is a part of her purpose to keep alive in the heart of Leontes the remembrance of his queen's perfections and of his own cruel injustice. It is admirable, too, that Hermione and Paulina, while sufficiently approximated to afford all the pleasure of contrast, are never brought too nearly in contact on the scene or in the dialogue; [1] for this would have been a fault in taste, and have necessarily weakened the effect of both characters. Either the serene grandeur of Hermione would have subdued and overawed the fiery spirit of Paulina, or the impetuous temper of the latter must have disturbed in some respect our impression of the calm, majestic, and somewhat melancholy beauty of Hermione."

109. *Lozel.* A worthless or cowardly fellow. Reed cites Verstegan's *Restitution*, etc., 1605: "a Losel is one that hath lost, neglected, or cast off his owne good and welfare, and so is become lewde and carelesse of credit and honesty." S. uses the word only here. Cf. Spenser, *F. Q.* ii. 3. 4: —

> "The whyles a losell wandring by the way,
> One that to bountie never cast his mynd,
> Ne thought of honour ever did assay
> His baser brest," etc.

110. *Hang all the husbands*, etc. Perhaps spoken *aside*, as Wright and Furness suggest.

119. *Weak-hing'd.* "Supported by a weak hinge, ill-founded" (Schmidt). Cf. the use of *hinge* in *Oth.* iii. 3. 365: "no hinge . . . To hang a doubt on."

127. *What needs these hands?* Referring to the persons who are putting her out of the room.

137. *Seize.* The legal term (Furness). Cf. *M. of V.* iv. 1. 363, etc.

[1] "Only in the last scene, when, with solemnity befitting the occasion, Paulina invokes the majestic figure to 'descend, and be stone no more,' and where she presents her daughter to her, 'Turn, good lady! our Perdita is found.'"

139. *Encounter with.* Cf. *V. and A.* 672: "If thou encounter with the boar;" 1 *Hen. IV.* i. 3. 114: "He never did encounter with Glendower," etc.

140. *My proper.* My own. Cf. *Temp.* iii. 3. 60: "their proper selves;" *M. for M.* v. i. 413: "his proper tongue," etc.

143. *Fellows.* Companions, peers.

144. *We can,* etc. Furness remarks that "there is something slightly unnatural in this harmonious chorus of *Lords.*" I have thought the same of sundry other instances in S. where a speech is assigned to more than one speaker. Here Rowe and Capell may be right in reading, "*Lord*" or "*1 Lord.*"

148. *Beseech you.* Rowe's emendation (perhaps unnecessary) of the "beseech" of the folio. See on ii. 1. 11 above.

Clarke remarks here: "It is worthy of observation that the character of this speaker is delineated with so much moral beauty throughout (from that speech of chivalrous loyalty to his queen and courageous loyalty to his king, 'For her, my lord, I dare my life lay down,' etc., ii. 1. 125 fol., down to the present earnest remonstrance) that in the play of any other dramatist it would have assumed name and shape as a personage of importance; whereas, in Shakespeare's wealth of resource, and care in finishing even the most subordinate parts among his *dramatis personæ,* it merely figures as '*First Lord.*'"

150. *Dear.* Devoted, earnest, zealous; as not unfrequently.

160. *Midwife.* Used contemptuously = old woman (Schmidt).

162. *This beard 's grey.* Perhaps, as Malone suggests, the king takes hold of the beard of Antigonus. See on ii. 1. 142 above. *Adventure* = venture, dare; as in i. 2. 38 above.

168. *Swear by this sword.* Cf. iii. 2. 124 below. See also *Ham.* i. 5. 147 fol.

170. *Fail.* Failure. Cf. v. i. 27 below: "fail of issue." See also *Hen. VIII.* i. 2. 145, *Cymb.* iii. 4. 66, etc. *Failure* is not used by S.

172. *Lewd-tongu'd.* Vile-tongued, foul-spoken. Cf. *lewd* in

T. of S. iv. 3. 65: "A velvet dish! fie, fie! 't is lewd and filthy," etc.

178. *It own.* The reading of 1st and 2d folios; the 3d and 4th have "its own." This old possessive *it* (or *yt*) is found fourteen times in the 1st folio, and it is curious that in seven of these it is in the combination *it own*. It is to be noted also that in the only instance in which *its* appears in our present Bible (*Leviticus*, xxv. 5) the ed. of 1611 has "it owne;" and in the Geneva version of 1557 we find "it owne accorde" in *Acts*, xii. 10. So in Sylvester's *Du Bartas*, 1605: —

> "Much like a Candle fed with it owne humour,
> By little and little it owne selfes consumer."

These and similar instances would seem to show that the old possessive *it* was often retained in this expression after it had gone out of general use; and they justify us in assuming that *it own* is what S. probably wrote here. *Its own* (or *it's own*), of which we have a solitary instance in i. 2. 256 above, may be the printer's variation from the MS.; though it is not improbable that the poet may have written it so. It is evident from the number of times that *its* occurs in this play and in *Temp.*, written about the same time (seven out of the ten instances of *its* in the folio are in these two plays[1]), that he was getting into the way of using the new pronoun, and he might write *its own* intentionally in one passage and *it own* inadvertently or from force of habit in another.

Hudson (school ed. of *Ham.*, p. 235) sneers at the editors — White, Furness, the Cambridge editors, and others — who retain the possessive *it* in the text, calling this "conservatism in *it* dotage;" but there is precisely the same reason for retaining it as for retaining any other archaic word or construction that we find in the original text. We have no more right to change the posses-

[1] In two of the other three (*M. for M.* i. 2. 4 and *Hen. VIII.* i. 1. 18) it is emphatic. *Hen. VIII.* is, moreover, one of the latest of the plays. The third instance is in 2 *Hen. VI.* iii. 2. 393.

sive *it* to *its* than we have to change *his* to *its* in the scores of passages in which it is equivalent to the modern neuter possessive. The "conservatism" that preserves the Elizabethan peculiarities of the poet's grammar and vocabulary is a praiseworthy characteristic of what Furnivall calls the "Victorian school" of Shakespearian criticism; in marked contrast to the practice of the commentators of the eighteenth century, who were given to "correcting" Shakespeare's English by the standards of their own time.

182. *Commend it strangely.* Commit it as a stranger (Johnson).

184. *Present.* Instant, immediate; as often. Cf. *M. for M.* ii. 4. 152: "Sign me a present pardon for my brother;" *C. of E.* v. 1. 176: "send some present help," etc. Cf. *presently* in ii. 2. 47 above.

186. *Spirit.* Monosyllabic, as often. In *ravens* there is an allusion to 1 *Kings*, xvii. 2, 3, 4 (Grey).

190. *Require.* Nearly = deserve; as in iii. 2. 63 below.

192. *Loss.* Halliwell-Phillipps quotes Baret, *Alvearie*, 1580: "*Losse*, hurt, properly things cast out of a shippe in time of a tempest." Cf. *Hen. VIII.* ii. 2. 31: —

> "He counsels a divorce; a loss of her
> That, like a jewel, has hung twenty years
> About his neck," etc.

There, as here, *loss* = casting away, discarding.

207. *Think upon.* Bear in mind, have regard to. Cf. *A. W.* iii. 2. 50: "Think upon patience," etc.

ACT III

Scene I. — 2. *The isle.* In making *Delphos* an island, S. simply follows Greene's novel, in which the queen desires the king to send "six of his noblemen, whom he best trusted, to the isle of Delphos," etc. Perhaps, as has been suggested, Greene confounded Delphi with Delos.

4. *It caught me.* This impressed me; *it* referring to "the whole spectacle" (Johnson).

10. *Surpris'd.* Overcame, overpowered. Cf. *V. and A.* 890: "to surprise her heart," etc.

14. *The time is worth the use on 't.* The time we have spent is worth the trouble it has cost us (Malone); or, the time has been well spent.

17. *Carriage.* Conduct, management. Cf. *T. and C.* ii. 3. 140: "The passage and whole carriage of this action," etc.

19. *Divine.* Priest. Cf. *Cor.* ii. 3. 64: "our divines" (the Roman priests), etc.

SCENE II. — 2. *Pushes*, etc. Steevens compares *Macb.* iii. 1. 117: —

> "That every minute of his being thrusts
> Against my near'st of life."

7. *Purgation.* Exculpation; as in *A. Y. L.* i. 3. 55 and *Hen. VIII.* v. 3. 152. Here the word is a quadrisyllable.

10. *Silence!* The 1st folio prints the word in italics, like a stage-direction; the later folios have "*Silence. Enter*," etc. Rowe made *Silence* a part of the Officer's speech, as in the text. Some assign it to a crier, and Dyce compares *Hen. VIII.* ii. 4. 2. As the Cambridge editors remark, there is no reason why the officer who has already spoken should not also command silence.

17. *Pretence.* Intention, design. Cf. *Macb.* ii. 3. 137: —

> "Against the undivulg'd pretence I fight
> Of treasonous malice," etc.

26. *Mine integrity*, etc. "My *virtue* being accounted *wickedness*, my assertion of it will pass but for a *lie*" (Johnson).

28. *If powers divine*, etc. Malone quotes Greene's novel: "If the *divine powers* be privie *to human actions* (*as no doubt they are*) I hope my *patience* shall make fortune *blush*, and my unspotted life shall stayne spiteful discredit."

35. *Which.* That is, which unhappiness.

37. *Take.* Captivate. Cf. *Temp.* v. 1. 313: —

> "To hear the story of your life, which must
> Take the ear strangely," etc.

38. *Owe.* Own, possess; as very often. Cf. *A. W.* v. 3. 297, *Macb.* i. 3. 76, i. 4. 10, iii. 4. 113. We have the modern meaning in v. 1. 218 below.

39. *Moiety.* See on ii. 3. 8 above.

42. *For life*, etc. "*Life* is to me now only *grief*, and as such only is considered by me; I would therefore willingly discard it" (Johnson). Clarke paraphrases it thus: "I estimate life as I estimate grief — things that I could willingly part with, while the one I would avoid destroying, and the other I would avoid encountering."

44. *'T is a derivative*, etc. "This sentiment is probably borrowed from *Ecclesiasticus*, iii. 11: 'The glory of a man is from the honour of his father; and a mother in dishonour is a reproach unto her children'" (Steevens). But, as Furness notes, in the *Bishops' Bible* (1568), the one with which S. was familiar, the reading is "the reproche of the mother is the dishonestie of the sonne," where "the reproche of the mother" means "the reproach cast upon her by her son's dishonesty."

49. *With what encounter*, etc. "With what unwarrantable familiarity of intercourse I have so far exceeded bounds, or gone astray, that I should be forced to appear thus in a public court as a criminal" (Dyce). For *encounter*, cf. *Much Ado*, iii. 3. 161, iv. 1. 94, *A. W.* iii. 7. 32, etc. *Uncurrent* = "objectionable" (Schmidt), unallowable (like false coin, that is not allowed to "pass"). *Strained* = twisted or wrenched aside, turned from the right course. Cf. *R. and J.* ii. 3. 19: "Nor aught so good but, strain'd from that fair use," etc.

55. *Wanted Less impudence*, etc. A form of "double negative" which has caused much trouble to the critics, though it is not

uncommon in S. See on i. 2. 251 above. As Johnson remarks, "according to the proper, at least according to the present, use of words, *less* should be *more*, or *wanted* should be *had*."

58. *Due.* Appropriate, applicable.

59. *More than mistress of*, etc. Hanmer inserted "I 'm" before *mistress*, but the ellipsis does not differ essentially from others in the play. The meaning evidently is, I must not acknowledge more faults than belong to me. Cf. *A. Y. L.* i. 2. 4: "I show more mirth than I am mistress of."

63. *Requir'd.* Deserved. See on ii. 3. 190 above.

66. *As yourself commanded.* See i. 2. 174 above. "Nobly, simply, truly, does Hermione state this point of self-vindication, and with as noble a forbearance towards her most unjust husband" (Clarke).

76. *Wotting.* If they know. Cf. v. 1. 229 below: "Your honour not o'erthrown," etc. *Wot* occurs only in the present tense and participle, and this is the only instance of the latter in S.

81. *Level.* See on ii. 3. 5 above. The passage is = my life is at the mercy of your suspicions, which are like "the baseless fabric" of a dream.

82. *Which.* Referring to *life*, not to the nearer *dreams*.

85. *Fact.* The only meaning Schmidt gives to the word in S. is "evil deed, crime." If we take it in its simple etymological sense (from Latin *factum*), it is = deed, which is proper enough here. *Those of your fact* = those who do as you have done.

86. *Which to deny*, etc. "It is your *business* to deny this charge, but the mere denial will be useless — will prove nothing" (Malone).

87. *Like to itself.* That is, as a brat should be cast out (Furness).

92. *Bug.* Bugbear. Cf. *T. of S.* i. 2. 211: "Tush! tush! fear boys with bugs;" 3 *Hen. VI.* v. 2. 2: "For Warwick was a bug that fear'd us all," etc. In both passages *fear* = frighten. See also Coverdale's translation of the *Psalms* (xci. 5): "thou shalt

not nede to be afrayed for eny bugges by night ner for arowe that flyeth by daye;" and Ascham, *Toxophilus:* "which be the very bugges that the Psalme meaneth on, walking in the night," etc.

93. *Commodity.* Advantage. Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* i. 2. 278: "I will turn diseases to commodity," etc.

94. *The crown and comfort of my life.* "The supreme blessing of my life" (Malone). Cf. *Cymb.* i. 6. 4: "My supreme crown of grief," etc.

99. *Starr'd most unluckily.* That is, born under "inauspicious stars" (*R. and J.* v. 3. 111). For the astrological allusion, cf. i. 2. 195, 351, and 413 above.

100. *It.* See on ii. 3. 178 above.

101. *Hal'd.* Hauled, dragged; used by S. fifteen times; *haul* not at all, unless in 2 *Hen. IV.* v. 5. 37, where the old eds. have "halde," or "hall'd." Cf. *Luke*, xii. 58 and *Acts*, viii. 3.

102. *Immodest.* "Immoderate" (Schmidt); with perhaps the added idea of "indecent, unseemly," as Clarke suggests.

103. *Longs.* Belongs; as in *Hen. V.* ii. 4. 80, *Hen. VIII.* i. 2. 32, ii. 3. 48, etc.

104. *Fashion.* "Kind, sort" (Schmidt). Cf. *Per.* iv. 2. 84: "gentlemen of all fashions."

106. *Strength of limit.* "The limited degree of strength which it is customary for women to acquire before they are suffered to go abroad after child-bearing" (Mason).

109. *For life,* etc. The folio has "no life," which Hanmer points "No! life," etc. Furness would make it "No life!" and regards the passage as "the climax of the speech;" and he may be right.

115. *I do refer me to the oracle.* Cf. Greene's novel: "And that this is true which I have here rehearsed, I refer myselfe to the divine oracle."

119. *The Emperor of Russia,* etc. See extract from Greene, quoted on ii. 3. 20 above.

122. *Flatness.* "Downrightness, absoluteness, completeness"

(Schmidt); the "flat despair" of Milton (*P. L.* ii. 143). S. uses the word only here.

124. *Upon this sword.* See on ii. 3. 168 above.

131. *Break up.* Cf. *M. of V.* ii. 4. 10: "to break up this" (a letter).

132. *Hermione is chaste*, etc. Cf. Greene's novel (quoted by Malone): "*The Oracle.* Suspicion is no proofe; jealousie is an unequal judge; Bellaria is chaste; Egisthus blameless; Franion a true subject; Pandosto treacherous; his babe innocent; and the kinge shall dye without an heire, if that which is lost be not found." Collier states that the eds. subsequent to 1588 read "the king shall *live* without an heire." It is probable, therefore, that S. used one of these later impressions.

143. *To report it.* For reporting it.

144. *Conceit.* Conception, apprehension; as often. *Speed* = fortune. Cf. the use of the verb in i. 2. 377 above.

147. [*Hermione swoons.*] "This mute succumbence to the blow dealt her in the sudden death of her little son is not only finely tragic, but profoundly true to the character of Hermione. She is not a woman 'prone to weeping,' not one who can so ease her heart of that which 'burns worse than tears drown;' she can command her voice to utter that dignified defence of her honour, and bear the revulsion of thanksgiving at the divine intervention in her behalf with the single ejaculation of 'Praised!' but at the abrupt announcement of her boy's death she drops, without a word, stricken to the earth by the weight of her tearless woe" (Clarke).

162. *Tardied.* Retarded, delayed; the only instance of the verb in S.

163. *Though I with death*, etc. Cf. *Macb.* i. 3. 60: —

> "Speak then to me, who neither beg nor fear
> Your favours nor your hate."

See also 205 below. The construction is a favourite one with S.

167. *Unclasp'd my practice.* Disclosed my plot. For *unclasp'd*,

cf. *T. N.* i. 4. 13, 1 *Hen. IV.* i. 3. 188, and *T. and C.* iv. 6. 60 (the figure is taken from unclasping a book); and for *practice*, *Ham.* ix. 7. 66: "uncharge the practice," etc.

168. *The hazard.* The 2d folio reads "the certain hazard," which is quite in Shakespeare's manner, though Malone calls *certain* "the most improper word that could have been chosen." Cf. *R. of L.* 1311: "Her certain sorrow writ uncertainly;" *Sonn.* 115. 11: "When I was certain o'er incertainty," etc. These and similar passages may have suggested the emendation to the editor of the 2d folio.

169. *Incertainties.* S. uses this word interchangeably with *uncertainty*, as *incertain* with *uncertain*.

170. *No richer than his honour.* That is, with nothing to depend upon but his honour; having left all his wealth behind him when he fled. *Glisters* = glistens (not used by S.), shines.

171. *Thorough.* The 1st folio has "Through" (the later folios "Through my dark"), but as S. uses *thorough* and *through* interchangeably, Malone's emendation has been generally adopted. Cf. *throughly* in ii. 1. 95 above.

172. *Does my deeds*, etc. "This vehement retraction of Leontes, accompanied with the confession of more crimes than he was suspected of, is agreeable to our daily experience of the vicissitudes of violent tempers, and the eruptions of minds oppressed with guilt" (Johnson). For *Woe the while!* cf. *Hen. V.* iv. 7. 78 and *J. C.* i. 3. 82.

176. *Boiling.* According to a statute of Henry VIII. persons found guilty of secret poisoning were to be boiled to death.

184. *Were but spices of it.* That is, trifles in comparison with it.

186. *Of a fool.* As a fool, in the matter of folly. Johnson explains the passage: "It showed thee *first* a fool, *then* inconstant and ungrateful." Theobald changed *fool* to "soul;" but Coleridge says: "I think the original word is Shakespeare's. 1. My ear feels it to be Shakespearian; 2. The involved grammar is Shakespearian: 'show thee, being a fool naturally, to have improved thy

folly by inconstancy;' 3. The alteration is most flat, and un-Shakespearian."

187. *Damnable.* For the adverbial use, cf. *A. W.* iv. 3. 31: "meant damnable," etc.

188. *Thou wouldst have poison'd,* etc. "How should Paulina know this? No one had charged the king with this crime except himself, while Paulina was absent, attending on Hermione. The poet seems to have forgotten this circumstance" (Malone).

193. *Shed water out of fire.* "Dropped tears from burning eyes" (Clarke). Steevens says, "shed tears of pity *o'er the damned;*" but that would hardly be expressed by "*out of* fire."

198. *Dam.* Elsewhere applied only in contempt to a human mother. Cf. i. 2. 137 and ii. 3. 94 above.

201. *Sweet'st, dear'st.* S. continually uses these harsh contractions of the superlative, though the verse is often well enough without them. See on i. 2. 137 above.

205. *Tincture.* Colour. Cf. *T. G. of V.* iv. 4. 160: "the lily tincture of her face;" *Sonn.* 54. 6: "As the perfumed tincture of the roses," etc.

208. *Repent.* Do penance; as the context implies.

217. *Made fault.* Cf. *R. of L.* 804: "all the faults which in thy reign are made;" and *Sonn.* 35. 5: "All men make faults," etc.

222. *What 's past help,* etc. Cf. *L. L. L.* v. 2. 28: "past cure is still past care."

224. *Petition.* The word has been suspected, but it may be = appeal. Clarke remarks that Paulina has urged the king *not* to *repent,* to *betake* himself *to despair,* etc., which may justify the use of *petition.*

225. *Minded.* Reminded. Cf. *Hen. V.* iv. 3. 13; "I do thee wrong to mind thee of it," etc.

230. *Remember you.* Remind you; as in *Temp.* i. 2. 243: "Let me remember thee what thou hast promis'd," etc.

231. *Take your patience to you.* Have patience; as in *Hen. VIII.* v. 1. 106:—

" you must take
Your patience to you, and be well contented
To make your house our Tower."

240. *Recreation.* Perhaps used in the ordinary sense = my only recreation. Furness takes it to be "used in its Latin meaning of *restoration to health, re-creation;*" but the next sentence seems to imply that he does not expect such *re-creation.*

Scene III. — 1. *Perfect.* "Certain, well assured" (Johnson). Cf. *Cymb.* iii. 1. 73 : —

" I am perfect
That the Pannonians and Dalmatians for
Their liberties are now in arms ;"

and see *Id.* iv. 2. 118.

2. *Bohemia.* See p. 14 above.

4. *Present.* Immediate, as in i. 2. 269, ii. 3. 184 above, and iv. 2. 53 below.

11. *Loud weather.* Cf. *Temp.* i. 1. 40 : "they are louder than the weather," etc.

20. *Some another.* That is, sometimes on the other. For the use of *another*, cf. v. 2. 79 below : "another elevated," etc.

21. *A vessel of like sorrow*, etc. Cf. *J. C.* v. 5. 13 : —

" Now is that noble vessel full of grief,
That it runs over even at his eyes."

22. *Becoming.* Comely ; referring rather to what follows than to what precedes. Staunton makes *becoming* = "self-restrained."

26. *The fury.* The frantic burst of grief.

32. *For.* Because. Sometimes we have *for because;* as in ii. 1. 7 above.

39. *Toys.* Explained by 1 *Hen. VI.* iv. 1. 145 : "a toy, a thing of no regard."

41. *Squar'd.* Ruled. Cf. v. 1. 52 below.

45. *Earth.* Land, country ; as in *Rich. II.* ii. 1. 41, 50, iii. 2. 10, v. 1. 5, etc.

46. *Blossom.* Cf. 1 *Hen. VI.* iv. 7. 16 : "My Icarus, my blossom," etc. For *speed* = fare, see on i. 2. 377 above. *Thee* is apparently = *thou;* as in *look thee,* 111 below.

47. *Character.* "The letters of Antigonus," mentioned in v. 2. 37 below ; as *these* are the "mantle" and the "jewel," with the "gold" of 120 below.

48. *Breed.* Furnish the means of *breeding*, or bringing up.

49. *Rest.* Remain ; as in *A. Y. L.* iii. 2. 74, *T. of S.* i. 2. 274, etc. On *wretch*, cf. *R. and J.* i. 3. 44 : "The pretty wretch left crying," etc.

51. *Loss.* See on ii. 3. 192 above.

55. *Lullaby.* Cf. Greene's novel : "Shalt thou have the whistling winds for thy lullaby, and the salt sea-fome, instead of sweete milke ?"

56. *Clamour.* "This clamour was the cry of the dogs and hunters ; then seeing the bear, he cries *This is the chase*, or the *animal pursued*" (Johnson).

59. *Enter a Shepherd.* It is to be noted that some of Shakespeare's most admirable characters are in humble life, like Adam, in *As You Like It*, and the old Shepherd here, who is as truly a gentleman, in the best sense of the term, as when his good fortune later raises him to the position of one. When he finds the babe on the shore and the store of gold with it, he says to his son, "'T is a lucky day, boy, and we 'll do good deeds on 't ; " and when the discovery that the foundling is a princess has brought him into high favour at court, he reminds the youth, "We must be gentle, now we are gentlemen." He recognizes the principle of *noblesse oblige*, but he had always been faithful, even in his low estate, to the nobility of true manhood. It is a subtle touch in the delineation of the character that he sees the difference between the real and the sham gentleman. When Autolycus is disguised as a courtier he deceives the Clown, but not the Shepherd. See on iv. 4. 750 below.

60. *Sixteen.* The early eds. have "ten," which Hanmer changed

to "thirteen;" but, as the Cambridge editors remark, "if written in Arabic numerals 16 would be more likely to be mistaken for 10 than 13," and it suits the context better.

62. *Ancientry.* Old people. Cf. *Much Ado*, ii. 1. 80: "full of state and ancientry" (in keeping with old age). S. uses the word only twice.

63. *Boiled brains.* Hot-headed fellows. Cf. *Temp.* v. 1. 60:—

> "A solemn air and the best comforter
> To an unsettled fancy cure thy brains,
> Now useless, boil'd within thy skull!"

and *M. N. D.* v. 1. 4: "Lovers and madmen have such seething brains."

68. *Browsing of ivy.* In Greene's novel the shepherd goes to the seashore, "to see if perchance the sheepe was brouzing on the sea-ivy, whereon they doe greatly feed."

69. *A barne.* A child (Scottish *bairn*). Cf. *Much Ado*, iii. 4. 49 and *A. W.* i. 3. 18.

70. *A boy or a child.* According to Halliwell's *Archaic Dict.* the word *child* = girl in the Devonshire dialect; and this is confirmed by a correspondent of Knight's, who says that it is still used by the peasantry in parts of Somerset as well as Devon. White reads "a god or a child," and quotes Greene's novel, where it is said that the shepherd, "who before had never seene so faire a babe nor so riche jewels, thought assuredly that it was *some little god*," but when it began to cry, "knew *it was a childe;*" but in his 2d ed. White restores *child.*

71. *Scape.* Not to be printed "'scape," for it is often used in prose, as here. Cf. *state* and *estate*, etc.

82. *Betwixt the firmament*, etc. Cf. *Oth.* ii. 1. 2:—

> "it is a high-wrought flood;
> I cannot, 'twixt the heaven and the main,
> Descry a sail."

90. *Yest.* Foam; used by S. only here. Cf. *Macb.* iv. 1. 53: "the yesty waves," etc.

95. *Flap-dragoned it.* Swallowed it like a *flap-dragon*—a "small combustible body [an almond, plum, or raisin] set on fire and put afloat in a glass of liquor, to be swallowed flaming" (Schmidt). See *L. L. L.* v. 1. 45 and 2 *Hen. IV.* ii. 4. 267.

106. *The old man!* See p. 15 above. Malone suggests that the word *old* may have been dropped by the folio printer from the Clown's description; or, as Steevens says, the shepherd may have inferred the age of Antigonus from his inability to defend himself.

107. *Ship side.* The possessive inflection is omitted, as often before *sake*, not only when a sibilant precedes (as in *conscience sake*, *goodness sake*, etc.), but after other consonants (as in *oath sake*, *fashion sake*, etc.).

110. *Heavy matters!* Sad business! For *look thee*, cf. *T. of A.* iv. 3. 530, etc. See on 46 above.

113. *Bearing-cloth.* "The fine mantle or cloth with which a child is usually covered when it is carried to the church to be baptized" (Percy).

116. *Changeling.* A child left by the fairies in exchange for one stolen by them; here one that they had stolen and left in this place. Cf. *M. N. D.* ii. 1. 23, 120, iv. 1. 64, etc.

118. *Made.* Cf. *M. N. D.* iv. 2. 18: "we had all been made men;" *Oth.* i. 2. 51: "he 's made forever," etc. Farmer remarks that the word is taken from Greene's novel: "the good man desired his wife to be quiet: if she would hold peace, they were made for ever."

122. *Keep it close.* To divulge the possession of fairy gifts was supposed to be unlucky.

Next. Nearest; as in 1 *Hen. IV.* iii. 1. 264, etc. We still speak of "the next village" (*A. Y. L.* iii. 3. 44), "the next room" (*Rich. III.* i. 4. 161), etc.

128. *Curst.* Mischievous, or savage. Cf. *V. and A.* 887: "Finding their enemy [the boar] to be so curst;" *Much Ado*, ii. 1. 22: "a curst cow," etc.

ACT IV

SCENE I. — In the folios this is made the first scene of the fourth act, as here. Theobald placed it *between* the two acts as an interlude; Warburton and Johnson put it at the end of the third act, though the latter, who apparently did not refer to the folios, remarks that it "rather begins the fourth act than concludes the third."

White suspects that S. did not write the speech. He says: "There could hardly be greater difference in style than that between Time's speech as Chorus and the rest of the verse in this play. The former is direct, simple, composed of the commonest words used in their commonest signification, but bald and tame, and in its versification very constrained and ungraceful; the latter is involved, parenthetical, having a vocabulary of its own, but rich in beauties of thought and expression, and entirely untrammelled by the form in which it is written." He goes on to compare the speech with the Epilogue to *Temp.* and the Prologue to *Hen. VIII.*, which he believes to be "from the same pen, and that not Shakespeare's." All three he is inclined to ascribe to Chapman.

It seems to me that, not only the style of the speech, but its being in rhyme, may lead us to doubt whether S. wrote it. I can hardly believe it is from the same hand as the magnificent choruses in *Hen. V.*, which show how the poet did things of that kind when he chose to do them. If he wrote this one, it must have been in some uninspired moment after the rest of the play was finished — possibly at the request of some manager who thought the gap in the action should be bridged over in that way.

6. *Sixteen years.* Steevens shows that violations of dramatic unity were not uncommon in the plays of the time. For example, Lyly, in his *Endymion*, has an interval of forty years between two acts. Whetstone, in the dedication of his *Promos and Cassandra*, 1579, says: "The Englishman, in this quallitie, is most vaine, indiscreete, and out of order. He first grounds his worke on impossi-

bilities: then in three houres ronnes he throwe the worlde: marryes, gets children, makes children men, men to conquer kingdomes, murder monsters," etc.

The growth untried = the progress unconsidered, or "unattempted" (cf. Milton, *P. L.* i. 16) in the play.

8. *One self-born.* One and the same. The hyphen is in the early eds., but Schmidt objects to it as unintelligible.

14. *Glistering.* See on iii. 2. 170 above.

15. *Now seems to it.* That is, seems stale to *this present.*

17. *As.* As *if.* Cf. i. 2. 357, iv. 1. 17, etc.

Leontes leaving, etc. The 1st folio prints the passage thus: —

> "*Leontes* leauing
> Th' effects of his fond ialousies, so greeuing
> That he shuts vp himselfe. Imagine me
> (Gentle Spectators) that I now may be
> In faire Bohemia, and remember well,
> I mentioned a sonne o' th' Kings, which *Florizell*
> I now name to you: and with speed so pace
> To speake of *Perdita*, now growne in grace
> Equall with wond'ring."

Some editors retain this pointing in the first three lines, merely changing the period after *himself* to a comma, as the later folios do. Staunton was the first to put the comma after *Leontes*, and make the next clause parenthetical. He is followed by the Cambridge editors and many others.

19. *Imagine me.* That is, with me, or for me. Cf. *L. L. L.* i. 1. 80: "Study me how to please the eye," etc.

25. *Wondering.* Admiration. Cf. *Sonn.* 106. 14: "Have eyes to wonder, but lack tongues to praise," etc.

26. *I list not prophesy.* I do not choose to predict.

27. *Daughter.* For the rhyme with *after*, cf. *T. of S.* i. 1. 244, 245. Furness thinks this "affords ground for the belief that *daughter* was sometimes pronounced like *laughter;*" but, as he adds, *daughter* in *Lear*, i. 4. 312, rhymes with *caught her* and

slaughter. One might almost suspect that *daughter* and *after* had something like the vulgar pronunciation of *dahter* and *arter*.

28. *To her adheres*. Pertains to her, concerns her.

29. *Argument*. Subject, theme. Cf. 1 *Hen. IV*. ii. 2. 100: "it would be argument for a week," etc. *Of this allow* = permit this. Malone makes *allow* = approve.

Scene II. — 4. *Fifteen*. Changed by Hanmer to "sixteen," to conform to iv. 1. 6; but S. is not always consistent in these matters.

5. *Been aired*. Schmidt makes this = been led forth, led about. It seems rather to be = lived, breathed the air, or been in the air — in distinction from being in the grave, which, as Polonius says (*Ham*. ii. 2. 210), "is out o' the air."

8. *O'erweeen*. Presume, or have the presumption. Cf. 3 *Hen. VI*. iii. 2. 144: "my heart o'erweens too much," etc.

13. *Want*. Be without, as in *M. N. D*. ii. 1. 101: "The human mortals want their winter here," etc.

20. *Friendships*. Friendly services. Cf. *M. of V*. i. 3. 169: "I extend this friendship," etc.

24. *Are*. See on ii. 3. 20 above.

28. *Approved*. Proved; as often. See on *approbation*, ii. 1. 166 above.

32. *Missingly*. Apparently = from missing him; that is, my missing him has led me to note his frequent absence. Steevens explains it as "at intervals," and Schmidt "with regret."

33. *Frequent to*. Addicted to, or attentive to. S. uses the adjective only here and in *Sonn*. 117. 4, where it is = conversant, intimate.

37. *Look upon his removedness*. Watch him in his absence.

41. *Is grown into an unspeakable estate*. Has become surprisingly rich.

44. *Note*. Notoriety, fame.

48. *But, I fear, the angle*, etc. But, I fear, it is the attraction, etc. The use of *but* seems at first peculiar, but it may be one of

those cases in which the conjunction refers to something implied rather than expressed. Camillo refers to the reports of the daughter's beauty merely as an additional bit of intelligence, apparently not connecting it with Florizel's visits to the cottage; Polixenes, perceiving this by his tone and manner, says in substance, "I, too, have heard of the pretty daughter, *but* [to *me* it isn't a fact without significance, for] I fear she is the attraction that draws my son thither." Some editors read, "but I fear the angle," etc. The folio, however, has "but (I feare) the Angle," etc.

On *angle*, cf. the verb in i. 2. 180 above and v. 2. 88 below. Clarke suspects an allusion to Pope Gregory's pun on *Angli* and *Angeli*, but this is more than doubtful.

50. *Question.* Talk, conversation. Cf. *A. Y. L.* v. 4. 167: "after some question with him," etc.

52. *Uneasy.* Difficult, *not* easy. Cf. *Temp.* i. 2. 451: —

> "but this swift business
> I must uneasy make, lest too light winning
> Make the prize light."

It is curious that the word has become obsolete in this sense, though it is still the negative of the other sense of *easy* (= comfortable). Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* iii. 1. 10: "Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee;" and *Id.* iii. 1. 31: "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown." The word occurs in S. only these four times.

SCENE III. — 1. *Daffodils.* Schmidt says that the poet's *daffodil* is "probably the snowdrop," but according to Ellacombe (*Plant-Lore of Shaks.*) it is the wild daffodil of England (*Narcissus pseudo-Narcissus*), the only species except *N. biflorus* which is native to the country, though many others had been introduced from other parts of Europe before the time of S. *Peer* = appear; as in iv. 4. 3 below.

2. *Doxy.* A cant word = mistress; used by S. only here. Cf. *The Roaring Girl:* "Sirrah, where 's your doxy?" Coles translates it by the Latin *meretrix.*

4. *Pale.* Paleness; with possibly a play upon the other sense = bound, limit. Cf. *V. and A.* 589: "a sudden pale . . . Usurps her cheek."

7. *Pugging.* Thievish; another cant word. In *The Roaring Girl* we find "puggards" = thieves.

11. *Aunts.* Equivalent to *doxy* above.

14. *Three-pile.* Rich velvet. It is used as a proper name in *M. for M.* iv. 3. 11: "Master Three-pile, the mercer." Steevens quotes *Ram Alley*, 1611: "With black, crimson, and tawny three-pil'd velvet."

23. *My traffic*, etc. "Autolycus means that his practice was to steal sheets and large pieces of linen, leaving the smaller pieces for the kites to build with" (Mason). These birds are said to carry off small articles of linen from the hedges where they are hung to dry, and to use them to line their nests.

25. *Under Mercury.* In the old mythology, Autolycus was a noted thief, son of Mercury, the god of thieving.

26. *With die and drab*, etc. By dicing and drabbing I was brought to "these rags" (54 below).

28. *The silly cheat.* "Petty thievery" (Schmidt); an expression taken from the slang of thieves. For *silly* = poor, petty, cf. 1 *Hen. VI.* ii. 3. 22: "a child, a silly dwarf," etc. *Gallows and knock*, etc., is in the same vein. He means that the risk of the gallows, as well as of the resistance of his victims, deters him from highway robbery.

30. *I sleep out the thought of it.* "Exquisitely characteristic of this careless, merry rascal; and too true, alas! of thousands of untaught ragamuffins, whose ignorance is more their hardship than their fault" (Clarke). Coleridge remarks: "Fine as this is, and delicately characteristic of one who had lived and been reared in the best society, and had been precipitated from it by dice and drabbing, yet still it strikes against my feelings as a note out of tune, and as not coalescing with that pastoral tint which gives such a charm to this act. It is too Macbeth-like in the 'snapper-up of

unconsidered trifles.'" For myself, I am satisfied that *the life to come* means simply the future of the present life. I came to this conclusion from comparing the expression with others that would be similarly misunderstood if the context did not make the meaning clear; as "in a better world than this" in *A. Y. L.* i. 2. 296, and "in the world to come" in *T. and C.* iii. 2. 180. So in *Rich. II.* iv. i. 78; "in this new world" = in this new state of things. Furness agrees with me in the explanation of the present passage, but quotes no parallel to it. He paraphrases it thus: "the thought of what the next day may bring shall never break his slumber; all thoughts of his future living shall be forgotten in sleep."

32. *Every 'leven wether tods.* Every eleven wethers yield a *tod*, or twenty-eight pounds of wool.

33. *Pound and odd shilling.* Twenty-one shillings. Ritson cites Stafford's *Breefe Conceipte of English Pollicye*, 1581, from which it appears that the tod of wool was then worth from twenty to twenty-two shillings. The occupation of his father doubtless made the poet familiar with these matters.

35. *Springe.* Snare. Cf. *Ham.* i. 3. 115: "springes to catch woodcocks." *Cock* here = woodcock, a proverbial metaphor for a simpleton.

37. *Counters.* Round pieces of metal used in reckoning. Cf. *A. Y. L.* ii. 7. 66 and *Counter-caster* in *Oth.* i. 1. 33.

38. *Sheep-shearing feast.* The expense of these festivals was the subject of contemporary criticism. Steevens quotes *Questions of profitable and pleasant Concernings*, etc., 1594: "If it be a sheep-shearing feast, maister Baily can entertaine you with his bill of reckonings to his maister of three shepheards wages, spent on fresh cates, besides spices and saffron pottage."

42. *Lays it on.* Cf. *Temp.* iii. 2. 160; "he lays it on." See also *Hen. V.* v. 2. 147, *T. and C.* i. 2. 224, etc.

43. *Three-man songmen.* Singers of catches in three parts. Halliwell-Phillipps, among many illustrations of the expression, cites Deloney, *Pleasant Hist. of the Gentle Craft*, 1598: "play on

the flute and beare his part in a three-mans song;" Harrington, *Poems:*—

> "When these triumvirs set that three-man's song,
> Which stablished in Rome that hellish trinity,
> That all the towne and all the world did wrong;"

and Coryat, *Crudities*, 1611: "That looks asquint upon a three-mans song."

44. *Means.* Tenors. Cf. *T. G. of V.* i. 2. 95: "The mean is drown'd with your unruly base;" and *L. L. L.* v. 2. 328:—

> "nay, he can sing
> A mean most meanly," etc.

45. *Sings psalms to hornpipes.* That is, to lively dancing tunes —"a practice which, we know, was extremely popular in France, and from allusions like the present we can infer that it was not unknown in England" (Furness).

47. *Warden pies.* Pies made of *wardens*, a kind of large pears. They were usually baked or roasted. Cf. Beaumont and Fletcher, *Cupid's Revenge:*—

> "I would have had him roasted like a warden,
> In brown paper."

Ben Jonson puns upon the word in his *Gypsies Metamorphosed:* "A deputy tart, a church-warden pye." Halliwell-Phillipps adds another capital example from Strype's *Ecclesiastical Memorials:* "Quimby, a fellow of the college, was imprisoned very strictly in the steeple of New College, and half starved with cold and lack of food, and at length died. He was asked of his friends what he would eat, who said his stomach was gone for all meat, except it were a warden pie. Ye shall have it, quoth they. I would have, said he again, but two wardens baked: I mean our warden of Oxford and our warden of Winchester — London and More; for such a warden pie might do me and the church good; whereas other wardens of the tree can do me no good at all. Thus jesting at their tyranny through the cheerfulness of a safe conscience, he

turned his face to the wall in the belfry where he lay, and after his prayers, slept sweetly in the Lord."

48. *Note* = list (Schmidt). White explains *out of my note* as "not among the matters of which I am to take note;" and adds: "S. would not have represented a clown in his day reading; and manuscript, too. Had he done so, a shout of laughter, not with him but at him, would have gone up from even the penny-paying part of his audience." There is something in this; but cf. *T. G. of V.* iii. 1. 289 fol. *Race* = *root.* In 1 *Hen. IV.* ii. 1. 27, we find "two razes of ginger;" but it is doubtful whether *razes* is the same word.

50. *Raisins o' the sun.* That is, dried in the sun; the only mention of raisins in S., though we have a play upon the word and *reasons* in 1 *Hen. IV.* ii. 4. 264: "if reasons were as plenty as blackberries;" and *Much Ado*, v. 1. 211: "she [Justice] shall ne'er weigh more reasons in her balance." Cf. the play on *beat* and *bait* in ii. 3. 91 above.

52. *I' the name of me.* Cf. *before me!* in *T. N.* ii. 3. 194 and *Oth.* iv. 1. 149.

74. *Out.* Bucknill notes that the shoulder-blade cannot be dislocated; but that Autolycus (or S.) should be "out" on anatomy is not surprising.

85. *Kills my heart.* Cf. *L. L. L.* v. 2. 149: "Why, that contempt will kill the speaker's heart;" *Hen. V.* ii. 1. 92: "the king hath killed his heart," etc. In *A. Y. L.* iii. 2. 60 we have a play upon the expression.

89. *Troll-my-dames.* A corruption of the Fr. *trou-madame*, the name of a game resembling the modern *bagatelle.* It was also known as *pigeon-holes.* Farmer quotes Dr. Jones's *Buckstone Bathes:* "The ladyes, gentle woomen, wyves, maydes, if the weather be not agreeable, may have in the ende of a benche, eleven holes made, intoo the which to troule pummits, either wyolent or softe, after their own discretion: the pastyme troule in madame is termed."

95. *No more but abide.* "Barely, or with difficulty, remain" (Staunton). Schmidt thinks it is = only make a temporary stay.

98. *Ape-bearer.* One who carried about a trained ape as a show. S. uses the word only here.

99. *Compassed a motion.* Got possession of a puppet-show. For *compassed*, see *Hen. V.* iv. 1. 311, etc.; and for *motion*, cf. *T. G. of V.* ii. 1. 100: "O excellent motion! O exceeding puppet!" See also *Ram Alley:*—

> "She 'd get more gold
> Then all the baboons, calves with two tails.
> Or motions whatsoever;"

and *Knave in Graine*, 1640, where one of the characters asks, "Where 's the dumbe shew you promis'd me?" and the reply is, "Even ready, my lord; but may be called a motion; for the puppits will speak but such corrupt language you 'll never understand."

104. *Prig.* Thief; a slang word still in use. S. has it nowhere else.

117. *Pace softly.* Walk along slowly.

118. *Bring thee.* Accompany thee. Cf. *Hen. V.* ii. 3. 1; also *Acts*, xxi. 5, etc.

126. *Unroll'd.* Struck off the roll of thieves.

128. *Jog on*, etc. The lines are part of a catch in *An Antidote against Melancholy, made up in Pills compounded of witty Ballads, Jovial Songs and merry Catches* (Reed). Furness gives the tune of it.

129. *Hent.* Take (literally, lay hold of), clear, pass. Cf. *M. for M.* iv. 6. 14:—

> "The generous and gravest citizens
> Have hent the gates."

(that is, gone beyond or outside them). For the noun *hent*, see *Ham.* iii. 3. 88.

Scene IV.—1. *Weeds.* Garments; as often. Cf. *M. N. D.* v. 2. 71: "Weeds of Athens he doth wear."

3. *Peering.* See on iv. 3. 1 above.

5. *On't.* Cf. i. 2. 196, ii. 1. 158, etc. above.

6. *Extremes.* Johnson makes this = "the extravagance of your praises." Mason objects to this, and explains it as "the extravagance of his conduct," in dressing himself like a swain and her like a goddess. Both may be right.

It not becomes me. Cf. 414 below: "I not acquaint My father;" and 474: "I not purpose it."

8. *The gracious mark*, etc. "The object of the nation's pride and hope" (Clarke).

9. *Wearing.* Dress; as in *Oth.* iv. 3. 16: "my nightly wearing."

10. *Prank'd up.* Dressed up, adorned. Cf. *T. N.* ii. 4. 89 and *Cor.* iii. 1. 23.

11. *Mess.* See on i. 2. 217 above.

12. *With a custom.* From habit, because they are used to it.

13. *Sworn, I think*, etc. This appears to mean, as Malone explained it, that the prince, by his *swain's wearing*, seems as if he had sworn to show her a glass in which she might behold how she ought to be attired instead of being so *pranked up.* Cf. *J. C.* i. 2. 67: —

> "And since you know you cannot see yourself
> So well as by reflection, I, your glass,
> Will modestly discover to yourself
> That of yourself which you yet know not of;"

and 2 *Hen. IV.* ii. 3. 22: —

> "he was indeed the glass
> Wherein the noble youth did dress themselves."

Malone cites this latter passage as "in *Hamlet*" (he may have been thinking of iii. 1. 161: "The glass of fashion," etc.), from which play he *might* have quoted iii. 4. 19: —

> "You go not till I set you up a glass
> Where you may see the inmost part of you."

Furness, while he does not approve any of the proposed emenda-

tions, thinks the reflexive pronoun *myself* is an "insurmountable" objection to *sworn*. We should expect *me* or *me myself*. But as *myself* is often used in the nominative, for *I* or *I myself*, it does not seem to me absolutely impossible that it should be used (particularly in verse) for *me* or *me myself*. There is, moreover, a somewhat emphatic antithesis to the preceding *you*. Various emendations have been proposed, but all are for the worse.

17. *The difference forges dread.* The difference between your rank and mine causes me apprehension. On *forge* = frame, produce, cf. *A. W.* i. 1. 85: "The best wishes that can be forged in your thoughts;" *Cor.* iii. 1. 58: "What his breast forges, that his tongue must vent," etc.

22. *Vilely bound up.* For the figure, cf. *R. and J.* i. 3. 87: "This precious book of love, this unbound lover," etc. Johnson criticises the passage thus: "It is impossible for any man to rid his mind of his profession. The authorship of Shakespeare has supplied him with a metaphor, which, rather than he would lose it, he has put with no great propriety into the mouth of a country maid. Thinking of his own works, his mind passed naturally to the binder. I am glad that he has no hint at an editor." It strikes me that the figure might occur to any one familiar with books.

23. *Flaunts.* Finery; the only instance of the word, or any of its derivatives, in S.

24. *Apprehend.* As Clarke notes, the word combines the idea of "fear, dread," referring to the preceding speech, with that of "conceive, entertain idea of," in connection with *jollity*.

25. *The gods themselves*, etc. Malone cites Greene's novel: "The Gods above disdaine not to love women beneath. Phœbus liked Daphne; Jupiter Io: and why not I then Fawnia? One something inferior to these in birth, but far superior to them in beauty; born to be a shepherdesse, but worthy to be a goddesse;" and again: "The heavenly gods have sometime earthly thought; Neptune became a ram, Apollo a shepherd: they gods, and yet in love," etc.

33. *In a way.* Ritson suggested "any way," which Furness regards as "extremely plausible." It may be so if *in a way* modifies *piece;* but it is, I think, connected with *transformations:* their transformations were never for a rarer piece of beauty, or made in so chaste a manner (or for so chaste a purpose). The transformations of the gods were generally for illicit amours.

40. *Or I my life.* That is, or I must exchange my life for death. For *change* = exchange, cf. i. 2. 68 above. The word here is used in a double sense, like *apprehend* just above.

41. *Forc'd.* Either = false (cf. ii. 3. 78 above) or = far-fetched, out of place.

46. *Be merry, gentle.* Collier changes *gentle* to "girl." He calls *gentle* "an epithet that cannot, and never did, stand alone in this way, without being followed by *maid lady*," etc. See, however, *A. and C.* iv. 15. 47: "Gentle, hear me" (addressed to Cleopatra).

47. *Strangle such thoughts.* For the metaphor, cf. *T. and C.* iv. 4. 39: "strangles our dear vows;" *Hen. VIII.* v. 1. 157: —

> "He has strangled
> His language in his tears," etc.

50. *Nuptial.* S. generally uses the singular; but the plural occurs in *Per.* v. 3. 80. In a few other passages the folios and quartos vary in the form used. Cf. 397 below.

51. *O lady Fortune.* Cf. *Temp.* i. 2. 179: —

> "bountiful Fortune,
> Now my dear lady;"

A. Y. L. ii. 7. 16: "And rail'd on Lady Fortune," etc.

53. *Sprightly.* Adjectives in *-ly* are very often used as adverbs. We find "sprightly walking" in *Cor.* iv. 5. 237, where most modern eds. read "sprightly, waking."

56. *Pantler.* The servant who had charge of the pantry. Cf. *2 Hen. IV.* ii. 4. 258: "a' would have made a good pantler, a'

would have chipped bread well." Cf. 342 in same scene, and see also *Cymb.* ii. 3. 129.

60. *On his shoulder, and his.* That is, leaning over to serve them.

61. *With labour,* etc. The folio points the passage thus: —

> "her face o' fire
> With labour, and the thing she tooke to quench it
> She would to each one sip."

The Cambridge ed. reads: —

> "her face o' fire
> With labour and the thing she took to quench it,
> She would to each one sip;"

and most of the other eds. give it in essentially the same way. I follow White (and the folio substantially) as being more in keeping with the context. The shepherd does not mean that his wife drank so much as to increase the fire in her face; but that even when taking a draught to cool herself she did not forget her duty to her guests.

65. *These unknown friends to 's.* These friends unknown to us. For the transposition (common in S.), cf. *Hen. VIII.* iii. 1. 134: "a constant woman to her husband," etc.

74. *Rosemary and rue.* For the former, as the symbol of *remembrance,* cf. *R and J.* iv. 5. 79; and for the latter, as the "herb of *grace,*" *A. W.* iv. 5. 18.

76. *Remembrance.* Here a quadrisyllable. See p. 157 above. Some editors spell it "rememberance."

79. *Ancient.* Old. Cf. "ancient sir" in 363 below, and "ancientry" in iii. 3. 62 above.

82. *Carnations.* The only mention of the flower in S., though we have the *colour* in *L. L. L.* iii. 1. 146 ("a carnation ribbon") and *Hen. V.* ii. 3. 35 ("a' could never abide carnation"). The old spelling "coronation" might suggest that it comes from the Latin *corona,* as being a favourite flower for garlands; but the *New*

Eng. Dict. is doubtful which spelling indicates the true derivation. Pliny gives a long list of "coronamentorum genera," or kinds of garland-flowers. Cf. Spenser, *Shep. Kal.* April: —

> "Bring hether the Pincke and purple Cullambine,
> With Gelliflowres;
> Bring Coronations, and Sops in wine,
> Worne of Paramoures:
> Strowe me the ground with Daffadowndillies,
> And Cowslips, and Kingcups, and loved Lillies:
> The pretie Pawnce,
> And the Chevisaunce,
> Shall match with the fayre flowre Delice."

In Lyte's *Herbal*, 1578, we also find "coronations or cornations."

Gillyvors. Gillyflowers. The folio spells it "Gilly-vors;" and other old forms are *gilover* and *gilofer*. The word is from the Fr. *giroflée*, and is not a compound of *flower*. It was only another name for the carnation, or a variety of that flower; and "sops-in-wine" (see quotation from Spenser above) was another, from the use of the flowers for flavouring wine and beer.

86. *For.* Because; as in iii. 3. 32 above. Douce explains Perdita's dislike for the flower as follows: "The gillyflower or carnation is streaked, as every one knows, with white and red. In this respect it is a proper emblem of a *painted* or immodest woman; and therefore Perdita declines to meddle with it. She connects the gardener's *art* of varying the colours of the flowers with the art of painting the face, a fashion very prevalent in Shakespeare's time. This conclusion is justified by what she says in her next speech but one."

87. *Piedness.* Variegation. Cf. *pied* in *L. L. L.* v. 2. 904: "when daisies pied and violets blue," etc.

90. *Mean.* S. uses both the singular and the plural in this sense.

92. *You see, sweet maid, we marry*, etc. Shakespeare was evi-

dently a good gardener, and we doubt not that his grounds at New Place were as well kept as they are now that they have been rescued from their long desecration and made one of the most attractive spots in Stratford.

Ellacombe remarks: "There are a great many passages scattered throughout his works, some of them among the most beautiful that he ever wrote, in which no particular tree, herb, or flower is mentioned by name, but which show his intimate knowledge of plants and gardening, and his great affection for them. It is from these passages, even more than from those in which particular flowers are named, that we learn how thoroughly his early country life had permanently marked his character, and how his whole spirit was most naturally coloured by it. Numberless allusions to flowers and their culture prove that his boyhood and early manhood were spent in the country, and that as he passed through the parks, fields, and lanes of his native country, or spent pleasant days in the gardens and orchards of the manor-houses and farmhouses of the neighbourhood, his eyes and ears were open to all the sights and sounds of a healthy country life, and he was, perhaps unconsciously, laying up in his memory a goodly store of pleasant pictures and homely country talk, to be introduced in his own wonderful way in tragedies and comedies, which, while often professedly treating of very different times and countries, have really given us some of the most faithful pictures of the country life of the Englishman of Queen Elizabeth's time, drawn with all the freshness and simplicity that can only come from a real love of the subject. 'Flowers I noted,' is his own account of himself (*Sonn.* 99), and with what love he noted them, and with what careful fidelity he wrote of them, is shown in every play he published, and almost in every act and every scene. His general descriptions, like his notices of particular flowers, are never laboured, or introduced as for a purpose, but each passage is the simple utterance of his ingrained love of the country, the natural outcome of a keen, observant eye, joined to a great power of faithful description and

an unlimited command of the fittest language. It is this vividness and freshness that give such a reality to all Shakespeare's notices of country life, and which make them such pleasant reading to all lovers of plants and gardening."

For the allusion to *grafting* here, cf. *A. W.* i. 2. 54, *Hen. V.* iii. 5. 5, *Cor.* ii. 1. 206, etc.

100. *Dibble.* An implement for piercing holes in the earth for slips or young plants; mentioned by S. nowhere else.

104. *Lavender*, *mints*, and *savory* are mentioned by S. only here; *marjoram* (the "sweet marjoram," or *Origanum marjorana*, as is evident from the passages in *A. W.* and *Lear*) we find also in *Sonn.* 99. 7, *A. W.* iv. 5. 17, and *Lear*, iv. 6. 94. *Mints* doubtless refers to the different kinds of mint.

105. *Marigold.* Not the sunflower, as some have made it, nor the "marsh marigold" (*Caltha palustris*), which does not open and close its flowers with the sun; but probably the "garden marigold" (*Calendula officinalis*), of which Ellacombe says: "It was always a great favourite in our forefathers' gardens, and it is hard to give any reason why it should not be so in ours. Yet it has been almost completely banished, but may often be found in the gardens of cottages and old farmhouses, where it is still prized for its bright and almost everlasting flowers (looking very like a *Gazania*) and evergreen tuft of leaves, while the careful housewife still picks and carefully stores the petals of the flowers, and uses them in broths and soups, believing them to be of great efficacy, as Gerarde said they were, 'to strengthen and comfort the heart.' The two properties of the marigold — that it was always in flower, and that it turned its flowers to the sun and followed his guidance in their opening and shutting — made it a very favourite flower with the poets and emblem writers. . . . It was the 'heliotrope' or 'solsequium' or 'turnesol' of our forefathers, and is often alluded to under those names."

Of the contemporary allusions to the flower, the following from Withers is a good example: —

"When with a serious musing I behold
The grateful and obsequious Marigold,
How duly every morning she displays
Her open breast when Phœbus spreads his rays;
How she observes him in his daily walk,
Still bending towards him her small, slender stalk;
How when he down declines she droops and mourns,
Bedewed, as 't were, with tears till he returns;
And how she veils her flowers when he is gone:
When this I meditate, methinks the flowers
Have spirits far more generous than ours,
And give us fair examples to despise
The servile fawnings and idolatries
Wherewith we court these earthly things below,
Which merit not the service we bestow."

110. *Out, alas!* A more emphatic *alas!* Cf. *M. W.* i. 4. 37, iv. 5. 64, *R. and J.* iv. 5. 24, *Oth.* v. 2. 119, etc. So *out, alack!* in *Sonn.* 33. 11, etc.

112. *Fair'st.* See on i. 2. 137 above.

116. *Maidenheads.* Maidenhood, which is etymologically the same word. Cf. *livelihood* and *livelyhed* (used by Spenser in *F. Q.* ii. 2. 2), etc. *Godhead* is still in use. For *Proserpina*, cf. *T. and C.* ii. 1. 37: "thou art as full of envy at his greatness as Cerberus is at Proserpina's beauty," etc.

118. *Dis's waggon.* Pluto's chariot. For *Dis* cf. *Temp.* iv. 1. 89: "The means that dusky Dis my daughter got," etc.; and for *waggon*, see the description of Queen Mab's chariot in *R. and J.* i. 4. 59 fol. Cf. *A. W.* iv. 4. 34, where Helena says "Our waggon is prepar'd." Halliwell-Phillipps quotes Barnes, *Divils Charter*, 1607: —

"From the pale horror of eternall fire
Am I sent with the wagon of blacke Dis."

The description of Proserpina here is taken from Ovid, *Met.* v.: —

"ut summa vestem laxavit ab ora
Collecti flores tunicis cecidere remissis;"

thus translated by Golding: —

"And as she from the upper part her garments would have rent,
By chance she let her lap slip downe, and out the flowers went."

Daffodils. See on iv. 3. 1 above; and cf. the quotation from Spenser in note on 82 above, where they are called "daffadowndillies." This form of the name, now retained only in the language of children and their classic *Mother Goose*, was then common in poetry. Cf. Constable's

"Diaphenia, like the daffadowndilly,
White as the sun, fair as the lily,
Heigh ho! how I do love thee!"

To fill out the measure, Hanmer read "early daffodils." Coleridge remarks: "An epithet is wanted here, not merely or chiefly for the metre, but for the balance, for the æsthetic logic. Perhaps *golden* was the word which would set off the *violets dim*."

120. *Violets dim.* The violet is alluded to so often by S. that I need not refer to the passages. *Dim* is explained by Schmidt as "wanting beauty, homely;" which seems to make a stronger contrast than the poet probably intended. The meaning is not expressed by saying that the violet is homely but fragrant. It is called *dim*, I think, because it is not a brilliant or showy flower, but "half-hidden from the eye" even when in full view; and I suspect that *sweeter* implies both loveliness and perfume. The reference to the *lids* of Juno's eyes has puzzled the commentators. They have even been driven to supposing that S. alluded to the Oriental practice of giving the eyelids "an obscure violet colour by means of some unguent, which was doubtless perfumed" — a sort of painting which both Perdita and he would have been disgusted at. I have no doubt that the "blue-veined violets" (*V. and A.* 125) are compared to the lids, those

"windows, white and azure lac'd
With blue of heaven's own tinct" (*Cymb.* ii. 2. 22);

for the "windows" thus described, like those in *V. and A.* 482, are the *eyelids*, not the eyes. The violets, Perdita says, are lovelier than the lids of Juno's eyes and more fragrant than Cytherea's breath. For two pages of irrelevant comment on the passage, see the *Variorum* of 1821. The critics have picked the exquisite simile to pieces, like botanists analyzing a flower, but have not got at the secret of its beauty and sweetness.

For *Cytherea*, cf. the charming "picture" in *T. of S.* ind. 2. 52:

> "Adonis painted by a running brook,
> And Cytherea all in sedges hid,
> Which seemed to move and wanton with her breath,
> Even as the waving sedges play with wind."

See also *Cymb.* ii. 2. 14.

122. *Pale primroses.* Cf. 2 *Hen. VI.* iii. 2. 63: "Look pale as primrose, with blood-drinking sighs;" and *Cymb.* iv. 2. 221: "The flower that's like thy face, pale primrose." On the next two lines, cf. Milton, *Lycidas*, 142: "Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies;" and *On the Death of a Fair Infant:* —

> "O fairest flower, no sooner blown but blasted,
> Soft silken Primrose fading timelessly,
> Summer's chief honour if thou hadst outlasted
> Bleak Winter's force that made thy blossoms dry."

125. *Bold oxlips.* Hanmer changed *bold* to "gold;" but Steevens says, "The *oxlip* has not a weak flexible stem like the *cowslip*, but erects itself *boldly* in the face of the sun." Cf. *M. N. D.* ii. 1. 250; the only other mention of the flower in S.

126. *The crown imperial.* The *Fritillaria imperialis;* a native of the East, but early introduced from Constantinople into England, where it soon became a favourite. Chapman, in 1595, spoke of it as "Fair Crown Imperial, Emperor of flowers." Cf. Parkinson, *Paradisus Terrestris:* "The Crown Imperial for its stately beautifulnesse deserveth the first place in this our garden of delight, to be here entreated of before all other Lillies." Gerard thus

describes a peculiarity of the flower: "In the bottome of each of the bells there is placed six drops of most cleere shining sweet water, in taste like sugar, resembling in shew faire Orient pearles, the which drops, if you take away, there do immediately appeare the like; notwithstanding, if they may be suffered to stand still in the floure according to his owne nature, they will never fall away, no, not if you strike the plant untill it be broken." Ellacombe adds: "There is a pretty German legend which tells how the flower was originally white and erect, and grew in its full beauty in the garden of Gethsemane, where it was often noticed and admired by our Lord; but in the night of the agony, as he passed through the garden, all the other flowers bowed their heads in sorrowful adoration, the Crown Imperial alone remaining with its head unbowed — but not for long; sorrow and shame took the place of pride, she bent her proud head, and blushes of shame and tears of sorrow soon followed, and so she has ever continued, with bent head, blushing colour, and ever-flowing tears." The legend may be found in full in *Good Words for the Young*, Aug. 1870.

127. *The flower-de-luce.* Cf. *Hen. V.* v. 2. 224: "What sayest thou, my fair flower-de-luce?" See also 1 *Hen. VI.* i. 1. 80, i. 2. 99, and 2 *Hen. VI.* v. 1. 11. It is disputed whether the poet's flower here is a lily or an iris. Ellacombe quotes St. Francis de Sales (contemporary with S.), who says: "Charity comprehends the seven gifts of the Holy Ghost, and resembles a beautiful Flower-de-luce, which has six leaves whiter than snow, and in the middle the pretty little golden hammers;" a description which better fits the white lily than the iris. So Chaucer seems to connect the flower with the lily: "Her nekke was white as the Flour de Lis." On the other hand, see the quotation from Spenser in note on 82 above, where he seems to separate the lilies from the "flowre Delice." See also Bacon, *Ess.* 46: "Flower Delices, & Lillies of all Natures." In heraldry also, the fleur-de-lis and the lily are distinct bearings. The botanical writers, from Turner (1568) down to Miller (1731), also identify the flower with the iris, and with this

judgment most of the recent writers agree. That S. should class it among the lilies need not trouble us, for botanical classification was not very accurate in his day, and he does not appear to have had a scientific knowledge of the subject. *O, these* may be a misprint for "O' these," as Garrick assumed and Furness thinks probable.

129. *Corse.* S. uses both *corse* and *corpse* (see v. 1. 58 below), though the former more frequently.

132. *Quick, and in mine arms.* For *quick* = alive, cf. *Ham.* v. 1. 137: "'t is for the dead, not for the quick." See also *Acts*, x. 42, *Hebrews*, iv. 12, etc. On the passage, cf. *Per.* v. 3. 43: —

> " O come, be buried
> A second time within these arms; "

and see *Much Ado*, iii. 2. 70.

134. *Whitsun pastorals.* Cf. *Hen. V.* ii. 4. 25: "a Whitsun morris-dance." For a full account of Whitsunday sports and festivities in the olden time, see Brand's *Popular Antiquities.*

142. *Move still, still so.* "The iteration of *still* in the peculiar way that S. has used it conjoinedly with the two monosyllables *move* and *so*, gives the musical cadence, the alternate rise and fall, the to-and-fro undulation of the water — the swing of the wave — with an effect upon the ear that only a poet gifted with a fine perception would have thought of" (Clarke).

143. *Each your doing*, etc. Your manner in each act, so unparalleled in each particular, crowns the act, so that it becomes queenly. For *queens*, Singer reads "queen's" = a queen's acts; but the original reading carries out the bold metaphor more consistently. The *acts* are *crowned*, and themselves become *queens.*

149. *Give you out.* Shows you; as in *T. N.* iii. 4. 203: "the behaviour of the young gentleman gives him out to be of good capacity," etc.

152. *Skill.* "Reason, motive; or rather a thought due to consideration and judgment" (Schmidt). Halliwell-Phillipps quotes Warner, *Albions England*, 1606: "Our Queene deceast concealed

her heire, I wot not for what skill." Clarke thinks *skill* is = design, intention. Cf. ii. 1. 155 above.

153. *To put you to 't.* See on i. 2. 16 above.

154. *Turtles.* Turtle doves; the only meaning of the word in S. Cf. v. 3. 132 below.

157. *Nothing she does or seems.* Nothing in her actions or her appearance.

160. *Makes her blood look out.* That is, makes her blush. Cf. 148 above. *Good sooth* = in good sooth, in very truth. Cf. *sooth* in 349 below.

162. *Garlic.* Cf. *M. N. D.* iv. 2. 43: "And, most dear actors, eat no onions nor garlic, for we are to utter sweet breath," etc.

163. *In good time!* As Schmidt notes, equivalent to the Fr. *à la bonne heure*, and used either to denote simple assent or, as here, to express contempt or indignation. Cf. *Oth.* i. 1. 32: "He, in good time, must his lieutenant be," etc.

168. *And boasts.* The ellipsis is not uncommon.

169. *But I have it*, etc. We may perhaps explain the *but* here by taking the words that follow as an emphatic addition to what precedes: he boasts that he has a good farm; but as I have his word for it I believe him, for he looks truthful. Or we may say it is one of those cases in which an intermediate thought is "understood" but not expressed: he boasts of his farm; [a mere boast, you may say] *but* I have his word for it, etc. See on iv. 2. 47 above. Furness suggests that *boasts himself*, etc., may be connected with what precedes = "and (they say) boasts," etc. *A worthy feeding* = a valuable pasturage. Cf. the use of *feeder* = shepherd, in *A. Y. L.* ii. 4. 99.

171. *Sooth.* Truth. See on 160 above.

176. *Who loves another.* Which loves the other. See on iii. 3. 20 above. *Featly* = dexterously, neatly. Cf. *Temp.* i. 2. 380: "Foot it featly," etc.

180. *Not.* For the transposition, cf. 6 above and 414 and 474 below.

184. *Tell.* Count. Cf. *Temp.* ii. 1. 15, 289, *Ham.* i. 2. 238, etc.

192. *Milliner.* "In the time of our author, and long afterwards, the trade of a milliner was carried on by men" (Malone). Cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* i. 3. 36: "He was perfumed like a milliner."

195. *Dildos.* A common but gross word in the burden of old ballads. Steevens cites one entitled *The Batchelor's Feast:* "With a hie dildo dill;" and Malone adds from *Choice Drollery*, 1656: —

"With a dildo, dildo, dildo,
With a dildo, dildo, dee."

Fading (mentioned by Jonson, in his *Irish Masque*, as an Irish dance) was similarly used; as in a song quoted by Malone: "With a fading, with a fading," etc.

196. *Stretch-mouthed.* Open-mouthed, broad-spoken.

198. *Gap.* Probably = break, or flaw. Cf. *Macb.* iii. 1. 12 and *Lear*, i. 2. 91. Puttenham, in his *Arte of Poesie*, uses the word for "parenthesis."

200. *Whoop, do me no harm, good man.* The name of a coarse old song. In the *Hist. of Friar Bacon*, we have a ballad to the tune of "Oh! do me no harme, good man" (Farmer). Furness remarks: "The humour in the whole of this speech would be relished by an Elizabethan audience, to whom the praises bestowed by the Clown on the decency of the ballads would be at once recognized as a joke."

202. *Brave.* Fine, capital; as very often.

204. *Unbraided.* "Perhaps = not counterfeit, sterling, but probably the clown's blunder for *embroidered*" (Schmidt). Bailey, in his *Dict.*, gives *braided* = faded; and Steevens quotes *Any Thing for a Quiet Life:* "She says that you sent ware which is not warrantable, braided ware, and that you give not London measure." *Braid* is = deceitful, in *A. W.* iv. 2. 73: "Since Frenchmen are so braid," etc. Halliwell-Phillipps quotes Marston, *Scourge of Villanie*, sat. v.: "Glased his braided ware, cogs, sweares, and lies;" and *An Iliad of Metamorphosis*, 1600: —

"Books of this nature being once perused
Are then cast by, and as brayed ware refused."

The *New Eng. Dict.* defines *braided wares* as "goods that have changed colour, tarnished, faded," and marks *braided* as obsolete.

206. *Points.* Tagged laces, used to fasten parts of the dress, especially the breeches. Here there is a play upon the word; as in *T. N.* i. 5. 25 and 1 *Hen. IV.* ii. 4. 238.

208. *Inkles.* A kind of tape. Cf. *L. L. L.* iii. 1. 140: "What 's the price of this inkle?" and *Per.* v. prol. 8: "Her inkle, silk, twin with the rubied cherry." The word must have been still in use in England in the early nineteenth century, as Nares and the *Variorum* of 1821 do not explain it.

Caddisses. "Worsted ribbands" (Schmidt), or what we call "galloons." Cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* ii. 4. 79: "caddis-garter." Shirley, in his *Witty Fair One*, 1633, mentions "footmen in caddis;" that is, having their liveries trimmed with caddis. *As* = as if. See on i. 2. 357 above.

211. *Sleeve-hand.* Wristband, or cuff. Cotgrave defines *Poignet de la chemise* as "the sleeve-hand of a shirt." Tollet cites Leland, *Collectanea:* "A sur-coat of crimson velvet — the coller, skirts, and sleeve-hands garnished with ribbons of gold."

212. *Square.* Bosom. Cf. Fairfax, *Tasso*, xii. 64: —

"Between her breasts the cruel weapon rives
Her curious square, emboss'd with swelling gold."

The *square* form of the plaiting is seen in paintings of the time.

217. *You have of.* You have some of, there are some of. For the partitive *of*, cf. *A. W.* ii. 5. 50: "I have kept of them tame," etc.

219. *Go about.* Am going, intend; as often. Cf. 700 below. See also *Much Ado*, i. 3. 11, *Hen. V.* iv. 1. 212, etc.

221. *Cyprus.* Crape. Cf. *T. N.* iii. 1. 119. S. uses the word only twice.

222. *Gloves*, etc. The practice of perfuming gloves is again referred to in *Much Ado*, iii. 4. 62: "These gloves the count sent me; they are an excellent perfume."

224. *Necklace amber*, etc. Autolycus is puffing his feminine wares, and says that he has some *necklace-amber*, an amber of which necklaces were made, commonly called *bead-amber*, fit to perfume a lady's chamber. Milton alludes to the perfume of amber in *S. A.* 720: "An amber scent of odorous perfume."

226. *Quoifs.* Caps, head-dresses. Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* i. 1. 147: "and hence, thou sickly quoif!"

228. *Poking-sticks.* These were small rods which were heated and used for adjusting the plaits of ruffs, etc. Steevens cites, among other references to them, Middleton, *Blurt Master Constable*, 1602: "Your ruff must stand in print, and for that purpose get poking-sticks with fair long handles, lest they scorch your hands." Stubbes, in his *Anatomie of Abuses*, describes them as "made of yron and steele, and some of brasse, kept as bright as silver, yea some of silver itselfe, and it is well if in processe of time they grow not to be of gold . . . and when they come to starching and setting of their ruffes, then must this instrument be heated in the fire, the better to stiffen the ruffe," etc.

245. *Kiln-hole.* Harris says that "in the Midland counties it generally means the fireplace used in making malt, and is still a noted gossiping-place."

Whistle off. Schmidt considers *whistle* the clown's blunder for "whisper." I do not see why it may not be his metaphorical use of the falconer's *whistle off* (= send off), for which see *Oth.* iii. 3. 262.

247. *Clamour.* Silence. The *New Eng. Dict.* gives this word ("better spelt *clammer*") as "a term in bell-ringing." Hanmer changed it to "charm," often applied to the tongue (= restrain as by a charm or spell), for which see *Oth.* v. 2. 183: "charm your tongue." S. uses the phrase five times (not counting the present passage), and it is common in contemporary writers.

250. *A tawdry-lace.* A rustic necklace. Cf. Spenser, *Shep. Kal.* Apr. : —

> "Binde your fillets faste,
> And gird in your waste,
> For more finenesse, with a tawdrie lace;"

and Fletcher, *Faithful Shep.* iv. 1: "The primrose chaplet, tawdry lace, and ring." *Tawdry* is a corruption of *Saint Audrey*, or Ethelreda, on whose day (Oct. 17) a fair was held in the Isle of Ely, and probably at other places, at which gay toys of all kinds were sold. Nicholas Harpsfield, in his *Hist. Eccles. Angl.*, says that St. Audrey died of a swelling in the throat, which she considered a special judgment for having been addicted to wearing fine necklaces in her youth. He describes the *tawdry lace* thus: "Solent Angliae nostrae mulieres torquem quendam, ex tenui et subtili serica confectum, collo gestare; quam Ethelredae torquem appellamus, forsan in ejus quod diximus memoriam." The word *tawdry* came to be used as a noun in this sense. Cf. Drayton, *Polyolbion*, ii. : —

> "Of which the Naiads and the blue Nereids make
> Them taudries for their necks;"

and *Id.* iv.: "But with white pebbles makes her taudries for her neck."

251. *How I was cozened*, etc. But later he seems to have money. See 233 above, and 269, 280, and 312 below. S. is often careless in these little matters.

258. *Of charge.* Of importance or value. Cf. *R. and J.* v. 2. 18: "full of charge," etc.

261. *O' life.* "O' my life" (*M. W.* i. 1. 40), or "on my life" (v. 1. 43 below). The folio has "a life," and in many other passages it has the same corruption; as in *R. and J.* i. 1. 1: "A my word" (also in *T. of S.* i. 2. 108, *Cor.* i. 3. 62, etc.); *R. and J.* i. 3. 93: "A plague a both the Houses," etc. So the early eds. have almost always "a clock;" as in *Much Ado*, iii. 4. 52 (1st folio): "fiue a clocke," etc.

264. *Carbonadoed.* Cut in slices and prepared for broiling. Cf. *A. W.* iv. 5. 107: "your carbonadoed face" (that is, cut or hacked); and *Lear*, ii. 2. 41: "draw, you rogue, or I 'll so carbonado your shanks." We find the noun (= steak or cutlet) in 1 *Hen. IV.* v. 3. 61 and *Cor.* iv. 5. 199.

267. *Bless me from*, etc. God preserve me from, etc. Cf. *Lear*, iii. 4. 60: "Bless thee from whirlwinds, star-blasting, and taking!" and see *Id.* iv. 1. 60. We have the full expression in *Much Ado*, v. 1. 145: "God bless me from a challenge!" *T. and C.* ii. 3. 32: "heaven bless thee from a tutor," etc.

270. *Moe.* More. See on i. 2. 8 above.

271. *Of a fish*, etc. In 1604 the following entry was made on the Stationers' Registers: "A strange reporte of a monstrous fish that appeared in the form of a woman, from her waist upward, seene in the sea." To this S. may allude here (Malone). Halliwell-Phillipps states that in the Ashmolean Museum, at Oxford, a ballad is preserved with the title: "A description of a strange and miraculous fish, cast upon the sands, . . . to the tune of Bragandary." The following is a stanza from it: —

"A man on horseback, as tis try'd,
May stand within his mouth:
Let none that hears it this deride,
For tis confirm'd for truth,
By those who dare avouch the same;
Then let the writer beare no blame."

Several other of these "fish-stories" in verse have come down to our day. One of them is entitled "The description of a rare or rather most monstrous fishe, taken on the east cost of Holland the xvij. of November, anno 1566."

284. *Passing.* Surpassingly, exceedingly; as often.

292. *Have at it.* I 'll begin it, or try it. Cf. *Cymb.* v. 5. 315: "Have at it then" (= I 'll tell my story), etc.

310. *Sad.* Serious. Cf. *A. Y. L.* iii. 2. 227: "Speak sad brow and true maid," etc.

323. *Money's a meddler.* That is, it has dealings with any thing. Cf. the use of *meddle* = have to do, in *T. N.* iii. 4. 275: "for meddle you must," etc.

324. *Utter.* Cause to pass from one hand to another. Cf. *L. L. L.* ii. 1. 16, *R. and J.* v. i. 67, etc.

325. *Carters.* Changed by Theobald to "goatherds," on account of the "four threes of *herdsmen*" in 337 below; but Clarke thus shrewdly defends the old reading: "The farm-servant knows precisely what are the several callings of the rustics who personate these *men of hair*, and designates them specially; but the king, hearing chiefly the repetition words, *shepherds*, *neat-herds*, and *swine-herds*, speaks of the whole twelve as 'these four threes of *herdsmen*.'"

327. *Men of hair.* That is, dressed up in goatskins, to represent *satyrs*, or what the servant blunderingly calls *saltiers*. (See cut on p. 9.) A dance of satyrs was no unusual entertainment in that day. Froissart tells of one in which the King of France and some of his nobles took part, and narrowly escaped being burned to death, the hairy dress of one of the dancers taking fire from a candle, and the flames spreading to those about him.

329. *Gallimaufry.* Medley, hotchpotch. Cf. *M. W.* ii. 1. 119: "He loves the gallimaufry" (Pistol's speech).

336. *You weary those that refresh us.* You tire these people who exert themselves for our amusement.

341. *Squire.* Square (Fr. *esquierre*), or foot-rule. Cf. *L. L. L.* v. 2. 474: "Do not you know my lady's foot by the squire?" and 1 *Hen. IV.* ii. 2. 14: "four foot by the squire."

344. *At door.* Cf. 710 below: "at palace." The article may be "absorbed" in *at*, as some suppose.

345. *O, father*, etc. Said in reply to something the shepherd has asked him during the dance (Mason).

347. *He 's simple, and tells much.* "These few words show that the king has been cross-questioning the old shepherd as he pro-

posed, and with the success he then anticipated" (Clarke). Cf. iv. 2. 51 above.

350. *Handed.* Was hand in hand with, devoted myself to (Schmidt). Clarke thinks it also implies that Florizel still has Perdita by the hand (see 154 above).

351. *She.* Cf. *T. N.* i. 5. 259: "the cruellest she alive," etc. *Knacks* = knick-knacks; as in *T. of S.* iv. 3. 167: "a knack, a toy, a trick, a lady's cap," etc. See also 430 below.

354. *Marted.* Marketed, traded. Cf. *J. C.* iv. 3. 11: "To sell and mart your offices for gold," etc.

356. *Straited.* Put into a strait; used by S. only here.

363. *Ancient sir.* See on i. 2. 202 and iii. 3. 62 above.

366. *The fann'd snow*, etc. Cf. *M. N. D.* iii. 2. 141: —

> "That pure congealed white, high Taurus' snow,
> Fann'd with the eastern wind, turns to a crow
> When thou hold'st up thy hand."

369. *The hand was fair.* The ellipsis of the relative is common. Cf. 490 below.

384. *Pattern.* "A woman's simile" (Furness). Cf. *Cymb.* iii. 4. 53, where I have noted another one.

385. *Take hands.* For the formal betrothal. See on i. 2. 104.

392. *Contract.* Often used with reference to this ceremony. Cf. *T. N.* v. 1. 159, *Rich. III.* iii. 7. 5, etc.

397. *Nuptial.* See on 50 above.

401. *Rheums.* Rheumatism. Cf. *M. for M.* iii. 1. 31: "Do curse the gout, serpigo, and the rheum," etc.

402. *Dispute.* Discuss, reason upon. Cf. *Macb.* iv. 3. 220: "Dispute it like a man," etc. *Estate* = state, condition; or "interest, affairs" (Schmidt), as in *T. of A.* v. 1. 44, etc. Cf. *R. and J.* iii. 3. 63: "Let me dispute with thee of thy estate."

408. *Reason my son*, etc. There is reason that, it is reasonable that, etc. For the ellipsis, cf. *K. John*, v. 2. 130: "and reason too he should," etc.

414. *I not acquaint.* See on 180 above.

419. *Divorce.* Separation; as in *C. of E.* i. 1. 105: "this unjust divorce of us," etc.

422. *Affects.* The folio reading, changed by Pope to "affect'st;" but in verbs ending with *-t* this form of the second person appears to have been often used for euphony.

425. *Of force.* Of necessity; used only in connection with *must.* Cf. *M. N. D.* iii. 2. 40, *M. of V.* iv. 1. 56, etc.

426. *Cop'st with.* Meetest with, hast to do with. Cf. *A. Y. L.* ii. 1. 67, *Ham.* iii. 2. 60, etc.

428. *Fond.* Foolish (cf. iv. 1. 18 above); or the meanings of *silly* and *doting* may be blended, as in *M. N. D.* ii. 2. 88 and iii. 2. 114.

430. *Knack.* Plaything. See on 351 above.

433. *Far.* Farther. The folios have "farre" = the Old English *ferre.* Cf. Chaucer, *C. T.* 48: "And therto had he ridden, no man ferre;" *Id.* 2062: "Thus was it peinted, I can say no ferre," etc. Cf. also *near* = nearer, in *Rich. II.* iii. 2. 64, v. 1. 88, and *Macb.* ii. 3. 146. On *Deucalion*, cf. *Cor.* ii. 1. 102.

436. *Dead.* Deadly; as in *K. John*, v. 7. 65: "these dead news," etc.

443. *Even here undone!* Johnson (approved by Staunton and Furness) points thus: "Even here, undone, I was," etc.

444. *Afeard.* Used by S. interchangeably with *afraid.*

446. *The selfsame sun*, etc. Douce refers to *Matthew*, v. 45.

448. *Looks on alike.* Changes have been made, but none is necessary. It does not differ essentially from *look on* = be a looker-on, which is still good English. We say now "I stood looking on" (*T. of S.* i. 1. 155), though we have ceased to use *look upon* in the same way; as in *T. and C.* v. 6. 10: "He is my prize; I will not look upon;" 3 *Hen. VI.* ii. 3. 27: —

> "And look upon, as if the tragedy
> Were play'd in jest by counterfeiting actors," etc.

See also v. 3. 100 below. Dyce says that these passages are "not akin" to the present. But *look upon* as there used *implies* an object as it does here; the only difference being that in the one case the omission of the object is the rule, while in the other it is the exception. S. takes the liberty of making the exception, as he often does in such cases.

Will 't please you, sir, be gone? Coleridge remarks: "O how more than exquisite is this whole speech! — And that profound nature of noble pride and grief venting themselves in a momentary peevishness of resentment toward Florizel: 'Will 't please you, sir, be gone!'" But, as Furness notes, there is no trace of *peevishness* here: "Perdita was heart-broken; she knew that Florizel must go, and the sooner the parting was over the better."

451. *Queen it.* The expression occurs again in *Hen. VIII.* ii. 3. 37. Cf. *M. for M.* iii. 2. 100: "Lord Angelo dukes it well;" *Cymb.* iii. 3. 85: "to prince it," etc.

454. *Nor dare to know*, etc. "By such quiet by-touches as this S. teaches morality, and not by parading lessons. Had the old shepherd had moral courage to speak out that which he knows, to declare simply that Perdita is none of his daughter, no shepherd's child, but an infant found with certain writings and rich belongings, he would have been spared the fears he here expresses. But S. not only thus instils moral precept; he also, as a dramatist, makes his characters act characteristically, and thereby fulfils the art-necessity of protracting the final evolvement of his plot" (Clarke).

457. *To die upon the bed my father died.* That is, *upon which* my father died. Cf. *M. of V.* iv. 1. 389: "a gift . . . of all he dies possess'd;" *Hen. VIII.* i. 1. 196: —

> "I do pronounce him in that very shape
> He shall appear in proof," etc.

459. *And lay me*, etc. That is, bury me beneath the gallows, with no funeral service. It used to be a part of the service for the priest to throw earth upon the body.

461. *Adventure.* Venture. See on ii. 3. 162 above.

467. *Plucking back.* Pulling back. Cf. iv. 2. 48 above.

468. *Leash.* The cord or thong by which a hound is led. Cf. *Cor.* i. 6. 38: "Even like a fawning greyhound in the leash," etc. *Unwillingly;* that is, even unwillingly.

473. *His highness.* His offended majesty, not "his Highness" (the title).

476. *How often,* etc. "The repetition of this earnest reminder to the prince of her having always striven to show him how unlikely it was that his purpose should prosper, marks the noble indignation of Perdita at the king's charge that she has sought to win Florizel, and is in strict harmony with her royal nature. It is from this imputation that she is most solicitous to free herself; it is this which most keenly wounds her; and she remains quietly downcast, with a majesty of silent reserve worthy of Hermione's daughter" (Clarke).

481. *And mar the seeds within.* Cf. *Macb.* iv. 1. 59: —

> "though the treasure
> Of nature's germens tumble all together."

484. *Fancy.* Love; as very often.

492. *Or the profound sea hides.* Cf. *Oth.* i. 2. 28: "For the sea's worth." *Wombs* is the only instance of the verb in S.

499. *Tug.* Cf. *Macb.* iii. 1. 112: —

> "And I another
> So weary with disasters, tugg'd with fortune," etc.

500. *Deliver.* Report. Cf. *Temp.* ii. 1. 45, v. 1. 313, etc.

501. *Whom.* The 1st folio has "who," which may be what S. wrote.

502. *Opportune.* The accent on the penult is the same as in *Temp.* iv. 4. 511, the only other instance of the word in S.

503. *Rides.* For the omission of the relative, cf. 369 above.

507. *Easier for advice.* More inclined to take advice.

508. *Hark, Perdita.* "Here is a perfect, though apparently

slight, example of Shakespeare's dramatic art. By Florizel's taking Perdita apart we are made to perceive how he sees that she stands silently — as it were irresponsively and unassentingly by — while he speaks to Camillo ; and how he hastens to confer with her, and convince her of his unswerved faith, and persuade her to his views: moreover, it affords opportunity for Camillo's soliloquy, which tells the audience his plan" (Clarke).

512. *Do him love.* Cf. *R. and J.* iii. 3. 118: "doing damned hate upon thyself ;" *R. of L.* 597: "do him shame," etc.

516. *Fraught.* Charged, burdened. For the participle, cf. *M. of V.* ii. 8. 30, *Lear*, i. 4. 241, etc. *Curious* = requiring care, embarrassing. Cf. *T. and C.* iii. 2. 70: "What too curious dreg espies my sweet lady in the fountain of our love ?"

517. *I leave out ceremony.* An apology for talking apart with Perdita (Furness).

522. *As thought on.* As thought of, as they are estimated.

526. *Ponderous.* Weighty ; that is, having weight or force with you. Cf. *Lear*, i. 1. 80: —

".my love 's
More ponderous ['richer' in quartos] than my tongue."

530. *The whom.* The only instance in S. *The which* occurs often.

532. *Forefend.* Forbid ; as in *Oth.* v. 2. 32, 186, etc.

534. *Your discontenting father*, etc. Strive to pacify your angry father and bring him round to approving the match. On *qualify*, cf. *K. John*, v. 1. 13, *T. and C.* ii. 2. 118, etc. *Discontenting* (=discontented) occurs nowhere else in S.

540. *The unthought-on accident.* The unexpected discovery made by Polixenes. *On* = *of*, occurs very often in this play ; as in 522 above. For *to* after *guilty*, cf. *C. of E.* iii. 2. 168: "But lest myself be guilty to self-wrong," etc. *Guilty to* = responsible for.

541. *So we profess*, etc. "As *chance* has driven me to these extremities, so I commit myself to *chance*, to be conducted through them" (Johnson).

545. *Undergo.* Undertake; as in ii. 3. 164 above. Cf. *T. G. of V.* v. 4. 42: —

> "What dangerous action, stood it next to death,
> Would I not undergo for one calm look!"

2 *Hen. IV.* i. 3. 54: "How able such a work to undergo," etc.

551. *Asks.* An ellipsis of the nominative, with a change of construction.

553. *Fresh.* Cf. 424 above. As Clarke remarks, the epithet "serves to set her in her clear-complexioned, clear-souled purity and brightness before us, with the bloom of a country maiden's cheek, and the white temples of the born princess."

554. *Kindness* seems to combine the ideas of good-will and tenderness.

557. *Colour for my visitation.* Pretext for my visit. Cf. *Hen. VIII.* i. 1. 178: —

> "Under pretence to see the queen his aunt —
> For 't was indeed his colour," etc.

See also on i. 1. 6 above.

559. *Comforts.* Consolations. Cf. *A. and C.* v. 1. 62: —

> "give her what comforts
> The quality of her passion shall require," etc.

562. *Betwixt us three.* The only instance of this use of *betwixt* that I have noticed in S. According to the *New Eng. Dict.* the word was formerly used in reference to more than two, and in early use was equivalent to *among*.

563. *Point you forth.* Point out the way before you. Cf. *Cymb.* v. 5. 454: —

> "and thy lopp'd branches point
> Thy two sons forth."

Sitting = audience or interview; that is, with Leontes.

564. *That.* *So* that; as in i. 1. 30 and in 146 above.

565. *Have your father's bosom.* Are intrusted with his inmost

thoughts or feelings. Cf. *M. for M.* iv. 3. 139: "And you shall have your bosom on this wretch" (that is, your heart's desire), etc.

567. *Sap.* Life, promise. Cf. *A. and C.* iii. 13. 192: "There 's sap in 't yet."

569. *Undream'd.* Unthought of, utterly unknown; used by S. only here.

571. *But as you shake off one*, etc. Cf. *Cymb.* i. 5. 54: —

> "To shift his being
> Is to exchange one misery with another."

572. *Who.* Often used for *which*, especially in personifications.

579. *Yea, say you so?* A playful comment on her sage remark. Florizel takes it seriously. *Take in* = take, conquer. Cf. *Cor.* i. 2. 24: "To take in many towns" (see also iii. 2. 59); *A. and C.* i. 1. 23: "Take in that kingdom, and enfranchise that" (see also iii. 7. 24 and iii. 13. 83); *Cymb.* iv. 2. 121: —

> "Who call'd me traitor, mountaineer, and swore
> With his own single hand he 'd take us in," etc.

589. *Medicine.* Physician. Cf. *A. W.* ii. 1. 75: —

> "I have seen a medicine
> That 's able to breathe life into a stone," etc.

590. *Furnish'd.* Equipped, fitted out (like *appointed* in 594 below); as in *T. G. of V.* ii. 7. 85: "To furnish me upon my longing journey," etc.

591. *Appear.* That is, appear *so*, or *like Bohemia's son.*

600. *Pomander.* "A little ball made of perfumes, and worn in the pocket, or about the neck, to prevent infection in times of plague" (Grey). It was also worn for the sake of the perfume or as a mere ornament. Halliwell-Phillipps devotes several pages to it, with illustrations showing its varied form and construction. Steevens quotes the following recipe for the article from *Lingua, or a Combat for the Tongue*, 1607: "Your only way to make a good Pomander is this: Take an ounce of the purest garden

mould, cleansed and steeped seven days in change of motherless rose-water. Then take the best labdanum, benjoin, both storaxes, amber-gris and civet and musk. Incorporate them together, and work them into what form you please. This, if your breath be not too valiant, will make you smell as sweet as my lady's dog." Various other recipes are given in books of the time. Cf. Drayton, *Quest of Cynthia*: —

> "As when she from the water came,
> Where first she touch'd the mould,
> In balls the people made the same,
> For pomander, and sold;"

and *Polyolbion*, iv.: —

> "Her moss most sweet and rare,
> Against infectious damps for pomander to wear."

In both of these passages the word is accented on the first syllable. A book of devotion, published in 1578, was entitled "A Pomander of Prayers." For *table-book* = memorandum-book, cf. *Ham.* ii. 2. 136. It is = *tables*, as used in *Ham.* i. 5. 107 and 2 *Hen. IV.* ii. 4. 289.

603. *Hallowed.* "This alludes to beads often sold by Romanists, as made particularly efficacious by the touch of some relic" (Johnson).

605. *Was best in picture.* Probably = had the best look.

609. *Pettitoes.* Literally, pig's feet; here used contemptuously.

613. *Nothing.* Perhaps, as Clarke suggests, there is a pun on *nothing* and *noting*, which were pronounced alike. Cf. *Sonn.* 20. 12, where nothing rhymes with *doting*.

616. *Whoo-bub.* Hubbub, outcry; used by S. only here.

617. *Choughs.* For this bird (*Corvus monedula*), see *Temp.* ii. 1. 266, *M. N. D.* iii. 2. 21, *Macb.* iii. 4. 125, etc.

619. *Nay, but my letters*, etc. A reply to something said by Florizel during their conversation apart. Cf. 345 above.

623. *Who.* Whom; as in v. 1. 109 below, etc.

632. *Discase.* Undress; as in *Temp.* v. 1. 85: "I will discase me." So *uncase* in *L. L. L.* v. 2. 707 and *T. of S.* i. 1. 212.

637. *Some boot.* Something to boot. Cf. *T. and C.* iv. 5. 40: "I 'll give you boot," etc. The modern phrase occurs in *Sonn.* 135. 2, *T. and C.* i. 2. 260, *Macb.* iv. 3. 37, etc.

640. *Flayed.* Jocosely = stripped; perhaps playing on *discase*, the word *case* being often = skin (Clarke). There may be a play on *case* in 817 below. The folios have "fled."

644. *Earnest.* Used quibblingly, referring to his question just before, and to the *earnest* he had received. Cf. *T. G. of V.* ii. 1. 162: —

> "*Speed.* But did you perceive her earnest?
> *Valentine.* She gave me none, except an angry word."

See also *C. of E.* ii. 2. 23: —

"*Antipholus of Syracuse.* Think 'st thou I jest? Hold, take thou that, and that. [*Beating him.*
Dromio of Syracuse. Hold, sir, for God's sake! now your jest is earnest;
Upon what bargain do you give it me?"

651. *Disliken*, etc. Disguise your natural appearance.

653. *Over.* Elliptical for "over us," if the text is right. Schmidt would point the passage thus: —

> "that you may
> (For I do fear eyes) over to shipboard," etc.

659. *What have we*, etc. Apparently a mere dramatic expedient to allow the introduction of Camillo's soliloquy.

664. *To force.* *As* to force.

665. *Review.* See again. S. uses the verb only here and in *Sonn.* 74. 5.

680. *I would not do 't.* Autolycus means that it would not be honesty to tell the king, but a sort of knavery — that is, it would be playing a mean trick on those who had paid him well — and he decides on the greater knavery of concealing the plot.

683. *Hot.* Ardent, active. Cf. *L. L. L.* ii. 1. 120: "Your wit 's too hot, it speeds too fast, 't will tire."

685. *A careful man.* Clarke calls attention to the humour of this expression in the mouth of Autolycus.

687. *Changeling.* See on iii. 3. 116 above. "Most true to Shakespeare's philosophy of 'good in every thing' is the making this lout of a shepherd-clown have just the spark of sense to perceive that in their present strait honesty is the best policy" (Clarke).

700. *To go about.* To be going, to attempt. See on 219 above.

704. *I know how much.* Hanmer inserted "not" after *know;* but the blunder was probably intentional; or, as Furness suggests, "the assertion may have been accompanied with a knowing wink."

707. *Fardel.* Bundle; spelt "Farthell" in the folio. It is used half a dozen times in this play, but elsewhere only in *Ham.* iii. 1. 76.

710. *At palace.* The folio prints "at' Pallace." The apostrophe may be a misprint, or it may indicate the omission or absorption of *the.* See on ii. 1. 11 above.

713. *Excrement.* Beard. The word (which has the same derivation as *excrescence*) is applied to the hair or beard in five out of the six passages in which S. uses it.

715. *An it like.* If it please. Cf. *Ham.* ii. 2. 80: "It likes us well," etc.

718. *Having.* Estate, property. Cf. *A. Y. L.* iii. 2. 396: "your having in beard," etc.

719. *Discover.* Disclose, tell me. See on ii. 1. 50 above.

723. *But we pay them for it,* etc. Daniel has suggested "*not* with stamped coin, but stabbing steel," comparing *Oth.* iii. 4. 5: "He 's a soldier; and for one to say a *soldier lies* is *stabbing.*" Autolycus appears to have mystified the critic here, as he doubtless did the clown. When he said that *tradesmen* "often give us soldiers the lie," he probably meant that they do it by lying about their wares (a trick that he was sufficiently familiar with); but, he adds, "we pay them for it with stamped coin, not with stabbing steel"—as they deserve, or as you would suppose. *Tradesmen*

could hardly be said to be in the habit of giving *soldiers* the lie in the literal sense of the phrase.

727. *Taken yourself with the manner.* A legal phrase = taken yourself in the fact. Cf. *L. L. L.* i. 1. 206: "The manner of it is, I was taken with the manner;" and 1 *Hen. IV.* ii. 4. 347: "O villain, thou stolest a cup of sack eighteen years ago, and wert taken with the manner, and ever since thou hast blushed extempore."

731. *Measure.* "Stately tread" (Malone). Cf. *measure* = a grave dance; as in *Much Ado*, ii. 1. 80, etc.

734. *For that.* Because. Cf. ii. 1. 7 above. *Insinuate* = "intermeddle" (Schmidt); as in *Rich. III.* i. 4. 152: "he would insinuate with thee," etc. Malone defines it as "to cajole, to talk with condescension and humility."

Or touze. The word ("toaze" in folios) is probably the same that we have in *M. for M.* v. 1. 313: —

> "to the rack with him! we 'll touze you
> Joint by joint."

There it means to pull apart; here it is apparently = draw out.

736. *Cap-a-pe.* From head to foot; used again in *Ham.* i. 2. 200.

742. *A pheasant.* "As he was a suitor from the country, the clown supposes his father should have brought a present of *game*, and therefore imagines, when Autolycus asks him what *advocate* he has, that by the word *advocate* he means a *pheasant*" (Steevens). Reed says: "In the time of Queen Elizabeth there were Justices of the Peace called *Basket Justices*, who would do nothing without a present; yet, as a member of the House of Commons expressed himself, 'for half a dozen of *chickens* would dispense with a whole dozen of penal statutes.'" Halliwell-Phillipps gives this apt illustration from the *Journal* of the Rev. Giles Moore, 1665: "I gave to Mr. Cripps, solicitor, for acting for me in obtaining my qualification, and effecting it, £1 10*s.*, and I allowed my brother Luxford for going to London thereupon, and presenting my lord with two brase of pheasants, 10*s.*," etc. The patron to whom he sent the

game was "Charles, Lord Goring, Earle of Norwich." Some read "present," which Furness thinks is certainly right. But the repetition of the word, with *cock nor hen*, is clearly in favour of the old reading.

750. *He wears them not handsomely.* A "touch of nature." The shepherd, though a simple man, has an instinctive perception of the difference between a true gentleman and a vulgar fellow disguised as one. For the mistake as to the dress of Autolycus at this time, see p. 15 above.

753. *By the picking on 's teeth.* Johnson remarks: "It seems that to pick the teeth was at this time a mark of some pretension to greatness or elegance. So the Bastard, in *K. John* [i. 1. 190], speaking of the traveller, says: 'He and his toothpick at my worship's mess.'" See also *A. W.* i. 1. 171: "just like the brooch and the toothpick, which wear not now;" and *Id.* iii. 2. 8: "Why, he will . . . pick his teeth and sing."

757. *Such . . . which.* See on i. 1. 24 above.

769. *In hand-fast.* "In custody; properly in *mainprise*, in the custody of a friend on security given for appearance" (Dyce). In *Cymb.* i. 5. 78, *hand-fast* = betrothal, marriage-engagement.

774. *Wit.* Inventive power; as in *V. and A.* 472, *M. for M.* v. 1. 368, *L. L. L.* i. 2. 191, etc.

776. *Germane.* Akin, related. Cf. *T. of A.* iv. 3. 344: "germane to the lion," etc.

778. *Sheep-whistling.* Whistling for sheep, tending sheep.

780. *Come into grace.* That is, "undergo such ample grace and honour" (*M. for M.* i. 1. 24) as to marry the prince.

787. *'Nointed over with honey*, etc. Reed cites a book which S. may have seen, *The Stage of Popish Toyes*, 1581: "he caused a cage of yron to be made, and set it in the sunne: and, after annointing the pore Prince over with hony, forced him naked to enter in it, where hee long time endured the greatest languor and torment in the worlde, with swarmes of flies that dayly fed on him; and in this sorte, with paine and famine, ended his miserable life."

791. *The hottest day*, etc. "That is, the hottest day foretold in the almanac" (Johnson). Malone quotes the title of a Calendar of the time: "An Almanack and Prognostication made for the year of our Lord God 1595."

795. *Traitorly.* Traitorous; used by S. only here.

798. *Being something gently considered.* If I have a gentleman-like consideration given me (Steevens); a delicate hint at a bribe. Cf. *The Ile of Gulls*, 1633: "Thou shalt be well considered, there 's twenty crowns in earnest." For *something*, see on i. 2. 157.

799. *Tender.* Present, introduce.

815. *Moiety.* See on ii. 3. 8 above.

817. *Case.* See on 640 above.

840. *Aboard him.* Aboard his ship. Cf. v. 2. 122 below: "aboard the prince."

841. *Shore.* The only instance of the verb in S.

ACT V

SCENE I. — 2. *Make.* See on iii. 2. 217 above.

12. *True, too true*, etc. In the folios, the first *true* is joined to the preceding speech; corrected by Theobald.

14. *Or from the all*, etc. Cf. *Temp.* iii. 1. 47: —

> "but you, O you,
> So perfect and so peerless, are created
> Of every creature's best!"

See also *A. Y. L.* iii. 2. 149–160.

19. *Good now.* For this "vocative use" of *good* (with or without *now*) cf. *Temp.* i. 1. 3, 16, 20, *C. of E.* iv. 4. 22, *A. and C.* i. 2. 25, etc. Furness thinks it is not vocative here, but adds "a plaintive emphasis" to the deprecatory *now;* and he may be right.

25. *Nor the remembrance.* Nor *regard* the remembrance; an instance of zeugma, as Furness notes.

27. *Fail.* See on ii. 3. 170 above.

29. *Incertain.* See on iii. 2. 169 above.

30. *Well.* At rest. Cf. *A. and C.* ii. 5. 33 : "We use to say, the dead are well." As Henley remarks, this use of *well* seems to have been suggested by 2 *Kings*, iv. 26.

31. *Repair.* Restoration. Cf. *Sonn.* 3. 3, *K. John*, iii. 4. 113, etc.

35. *Respecting.* Considering, if we consider. Cf. 2 *Hen. VI.* iii. 1. 24 : "Respecting what a rancorous mind he bears," etc.

42. *As my Antigonus*, etc. As *for* my Antigonus, etc.

45. *Contrary.* Schmidt puts this among the cases in which the accent is on the penult (like *K. John*, iv. 2. 198, *Ham.* iii. 2. 221, etc.), but the other accent, which is the more common one in S., suits the verse better than making *heavens* a dissyllable.

46. *Oppose against.* Cf. *T. of A.* iii. 4. 80, *Lear.* ii. 4. 179, iv. 7. 32, *Rich. II.* iii. 3. 18, etc.

52. *Squar'd.* See on iii. 3. 41 above.

53. *Full eyes.* Cf. *Hen. V.* v. 2. 170 : "a full eye wax hollow."

57–60. *Would make*, etc. The 1st folio reads thus: —

> "would make her Sainted Spirit
> Againe possesse her Corps, and on this Stage
> (Where we offendors now appeare) Soule-vext,
> And begin, why to me?"

Various emendations have been proposed; as "(Where we offend her now) appear soul-vex'd" (Theobald); "(Were we offenders now) appear" (Heath); "(Where we offended her) new appear" (Spedding), etc. The reading in the text is that of Knight, Staunton, White, the Cambridge ed., and others. Of course *are* is understood with *offenders*. Furness prefers Spedding's reading.

61. *Incense.* Incite, instigate. Cf. *Rich. III.* iii. 1. 152, iii. 2. 29, etc.

65. *That.* So that. Cf. i. 1. 30 and iv. 4. 146 above.

66. *Rift.* Burst, split. S. uses the verb only here and in *Temp.* v. 1. 45 : "and rifted Jove's stout oak." Elsewhere he has *rive;* as in *Cor.* v. 3. 153 : "That should but rive an oak," etc.

75. *Affront.* Come before, meet. Cf. *Ham.* iii. 1. 31 : —

> "That he, as 't were by accident, may here
> Affront Ophelia," etc.

80. *Walk'd your first queen's ghost.* That is, *if* it walked; the inversion being like that still common with *have, be,* etc. Cf. 107 below.

83. *In breath.* Elsewhere used only in the modern sense; as in *T. and C.* v. 7. 3 : "Strike not a stroke, but keep yourselves in breath," etc.

85. *Gives out.* Cf. iv. 4. 149 above.

87. *Access.* Accented regularly by S. on the last syllable, except in *Ham.* ii. 1. 110.

90. *Out of circumstance.* Without ceremony, attendants, etc. Cf. *Ham.* i. 5. 127, *M. of V.* i. 1. 154, etc.

91. *Visitation.* See on i. 1. 6 above. *Fram'd* = planned, premeditated.

94. *Piece of earth.* Cf. iv. 4. 32, 424 above.

97. *Grave.* Some would read "grace" or "graces;" but Clarke defends the old reading: "It affords befitting antecedent to *colder than that theme;* and it has fine poetic propriety in itself, as embodying the collective beauties of the supposed dead queen in her *grave,* and impressing upon Paulina's hearers the point of which she wishes them to be convinced — that Hermione's remains repose in the *grave.*" To me the antithesis of *thy grave* — thou in thy grave — and *what 's seen now* — the living beauty before our eyes — seems very forcible. A good actress would make an impressive "point" of it.

102. *Shrewdly.* Combining the ideas of *much* and *badly,* which was its original meaning.

106. *Creature.* Perhaps a trisyllable (*cre'a-ture*), as Walker makes it, citing many other instances.

109. *Who.* See on iv. 4. 623 above.

113. *With.* By. Cf. v. 2. 67 below: "with a bear."

114. *Embracement.* Used by S. oftener than *embrace.* Cf. *C. of E.* i. 1. 44, *Rich. III.* ii. 1. 30, etc.

122. *Unfurnish.* Deprive. Cf. *T. A.* ii. 3. 56: "Unfurnish'd of her well-beseeming troop."

124. *Print,* etc. Cf. ii. 3. 98 above.

131. *'Twixt heaven and earth,* etc. "The wonder of two worlds, the admiration of gods and men" (Theobald).

137. *On him.* Cf. *Temp.* iii. 2. 53: "whom Destiny . . . Hath caus'd to belch up you," etc.

139. *At friend.* On terms of friendship; the reading of the 1st folio, changed to "as friend" in the 2d. Cf. *to friend* in *A. W.* v. 3. 182, *J. C.* iii. 1. 143, etc.

140. *But.* But *that.* Cf. *Temp.* i. 2. 414: "And but he 's something stain'd," etc.

141. *Waits upon worn times.* Attends old age. *Seiz'd* = fallen upon, attacked.

155. *Adventure.* Hazard, risk; as in *C. of E.* ii. 2. 218: "at all adventures," etc. Cf. the use of the verb in *Temp.* ii. 1. 187, *M. of V.* i. 1. 143, etc. See also i. 2. 38, ii. 3. 162, and iv. 4. 461 above.

169. *Climate.* Try the climate, sojourn. The only instance of the verb in S. *Holy* = good, blameless. Cf. *Temp.* v. 1. 62: "Holy Gonzalo, honourable man," etc. *Graceful* in next line = full of grace, gracious.

181. *Attach.* Arrest; a law term. Cf. *C. of E.* iv. 1. 6, 73, iv. 4. 6, *Rich. II.* ii. 3. 156, etc.

188. *Whiles.* Used interchangeably with *while.*

197. *In question.* Under examination; not simply "in conversation" (cf. iv. 2. 50 above), as some explain it.

203. *Our contract celebrated.* Our betrothal consummated by marriage. Cf. *Temp.* iv. 1. 84, *T. N.* iv. 3. 30, *Oth.* ii. 2. 7, etc. S. uses *celebration* only with reference to nuptials.

206. *The odds for high and low,* etc. The chances for the high and the low in rank are equally uncertain.

213. *Worth.* Johnson remarks: "*Worth* signifies any kind of *worthiness*, and among others that of high descent. The king means that he is sorry the prince's choice is not in other respects as worthy of him as in beauty."

215. *Visible an enemy.* Appearing visibly as an enemy.

218. *Remember since*, etc. Remember when, etc.; that is, recollect when you were no older than I am. *Since* is used in this way only after verbs of remembering. Cf. *M. N. D.* ii. 1. 149: —

"Thou rememberest
Since once I sat upon a promontory," etc.

219. *With thought of such affections.* Thinking of such feelings as you then had; recalling what your feelings then were.

223. *Sir, my liege.* A form of address used also in *Temp.* v. 1. 245 and *Cymb.* iii. 1. 16. Cf. *Sir, my lord*, in i. 2. 306 above, and *Sir, my gracious lord*, in iv. 4. 5.

229. *Your honour*, etc. If your honour, etc. Cf. iii. 2. 76 above.

Scene II. — 4. *Deliver.* Relate. Cf. iv. 4. 500 above and 29 below.

5. *Amazedness.* Cf. *M. W.* iv. 4. 55: "We two in great amazedness will fly."

6. *Only this*, etc. The folio prints the passage thus: "onely this (me thought) I heard the Shepheard say, he found the child." Some eds. give it: "only this, methought I heard the shepherd say he found the child."

14. *Cases of their eyes.* Eyelids. Cf. *Per.* iii. 2. 99: "Her eyelids, the cases to those heavenly jewels," etc.

19. *Importance.* Import; the only instance of this meaning in S.

20. *Of the one.* That is, of the one or the other.

22. *Happily.* Haply; as often.

27. *Ballad-makers.* These writers were in the habit of turning any extraordinary event to account. Cf. the subjects of the ballads

that Autolycus has for sale (iv. 4. 262 fol. above), and see note on iv. 4. 271.

33. *Pregnant by circumstance.* Made plausible by the circumstances or the facts in the case. *Pregnant* is elsewhere used in a similar sense = about to appear as truth, highly probable. Cf. *M. for M.* ii. 1. 23, *Oth.* ii. 1. 239, *A. and C.* ii. 1. 45, and *Cymb.* iv. 2. 235. Furness explains it as "stored full by circumstance."

36. *Jewel.* Used for any personal ornament of gold or precious stones. See on i. 2. 295 above.

38. *Character.* Handwriting. Cf. *Ham.* iv. 7. 53: "'T is Hamlet's character," etc.

39. *Affection.* Disposition; as in *Macb.* iv. 3. 77: "my most ill-compos'd affection," etc. *Affection of nobleness* = innate nobility; or "noble affection" (Furness).

51. *Countenances.* The folio has "countenance," which may be the contracted plural. See p. 157 above.

52. *Favour.* Look, aspect; as often.

57. *Clipping.* Embracing. Cf. *K. John*, v. 2. 34: "Neptune's arms, who clippeth thee about."

59. *Weather-bitten.* Changed to "weather-beaten" in the 3d folio. Henley remarks: "*Conduits* representing a human figure were heretofore not uncommon. One of this kind, a female form, and weather-beaten, still exists at Hoddesdon in Herts." Cf. *R. and J.* iii. 5. 129: "How now! a conduit, girl? what, still in tears?"

62. *To do it.* That is, to *describe* it. Malone compares *Temp.* iv. 1. 10: —

> "For thou shalt find she will outstrip all praise,
> And make it halt behind her."

73. *Wracked.* The regular spelling in S. So *wreck* is always *wrack*, and rhymed with *alack*, *back*, etc.

79. *Another.* The other. Cf. iii. 3. 20 and iv. 4. 176 above.

88. *Angled.* See on iv. 2. 48 above.

91. *Bravely.* A repetition of the preceding *prettily.* Cf. *brave* in iv. 4. 202.

92. *How attentiveness,* etc. A "change of construction."

95. *Who was most marble.* Even those who were of the hardest natures, or least susceptible of emotion; not "most petrified with wonder," as Steevens explained it.

103. *Julio Romano.* He was born in 1492 and died in 1546. For the anachronism, see p. 15 above. Elze has shown that he was a sculptor as well as a painter. *Eternity* = immortality; as in *R. of L.* 214: "Or sells eternity to get a toy," etc.

105. *Of her custom.* "That is, *of her trade* — would draw her customers from her" (Johnson).

106. *He is her ape.* Does he ape her. Cf. *Cymb.* ii. 2. 31: "O sleep, thou ape of death!"

114. *Removed.* Remote, retired.

115. *Piece.* Add to, increase.

118. *Unthrifty to our knowledge.* "Not intent on increasing, and hence not increasing, our knowledge" (Schmidt).

130. *Relished.* Schmidt makes *relish* here = "have a pleasing taste." The meaning may be, it would have counted as nothing in comparison with my discredits, would not have served to give them even a "relish of salvation" (*Ham.* iii. 3. 92).

134. *Moe.* See on i. 2. 8 above.

136. *Denied.* Refused; as often.

157. *Preposterous.* The clown's blunder for *prosperous.*

162. *For we must be gentle,* etc. See on iii. 3. 59 above.

171. *Franklins.* Freeholders, yeomen; above *villains* or serfs, but not *gentlemen* (Johnson). Cf. *Cymb.* iii. 2. 79: —

> "A riding-suit, no costlier than would fit
> A franklin's housewife."

175. *A tall fellow of thy hands.* "An active, able-bodied man, who will stand the test" (Schmidt). Cf. *M. W.* i. 4. 27: "he is as tall a man of his hands as any is between this and his head; he

hath fought with a warrener." Halliwell-Phillipps cites Cotgrave, *Fr. Dict.*: "*Haut à la main, Homme à la main, Homme de main*, — A man of his hands; a man of execution or valour; a striker, like enough to lay about him;" and Palsgrave, *Lesclaircissement*, 1530; "He is a tall man of his handes, *C'est ung habille homme de ses mains*."

180. *To my power.* To the best of my ability.

185. *Picture.* That is, painted statue.

186. *Masters.* Patrons. Cf. *L. L. L.* iv. 1. 106: "From my Lord Biron, a good master of mine." Whalley cites a letter from Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, when in prison, to Cromwell: "Furthermore, I beseeche you to be gode master unto one in my necessities," etc.

SCENE III. — 4. *Home.* In full. See on i. 2. 238 above.

11. *Content.* Satisfaction, pleasure. The word was often used in a stronger sense than now.

12. *Singularities.* Rarities, curiosities. Cf. *singular* in iv. 4. 144 above.

19. *Lively.* To the life. Cf. *T. G. of V.* iv. 4. 174: "so lively acted;" *T. of S.* ind. 2. 58: "As lively painted as the deed was done," etc.

26. *In thy not chiding.* A "little instance of tender remembrance in Leontes, which adds to the charming impression of Hermione's character" (Mrs. Jameson).

32. *As.* As if. See on i. 2. 357.

34. *Thus she stood.* Mrs. Jameson remarks: "The expressions used here by Leontes, and by Polixenes [in 66 below], appear strangely applied to a statue, such as we usually imagine it — of the cold colourless marble; but it is evident that in this scene Hermione personates one of those images or effigies, such as we may see in the old Gothic cathedrals, in which the stone or marble was coloured after nature. I remember coming suddenly upon one of these effigies, either at Basle or at Fribourg, which made me start: the figure was large as life; the drapery of crimson, powdered with

stars of gold; the face and eyes and hair tinted after nature, though faded by time. It stood in a Gothic niche, over a tomb, as I think, and in a kind of dim uncertain light. It would have been very easy for a living person to represent such an effigy, particularly if it had been painted by that 'rare Italian master, Julio Romano,' who, as we are informed, was the reputed author of this wonderful statue."

That these painted statues were not unknown in the poet's time is evident from *Jonson, Magnetic Lady*, v. 5 : —

> "*Rut.* I 'd have her statue cut now in white marble.
> *Sir Moth.* And have it painted in most orient colours.
> *Rut.* That 's right! all city statues must be painted;
> Else they 'll be worth nought in their subtle judgment."

The monumental bust of Shakespeare at Stratford was originally painted in imitation of nature, "the hands and face flesh colour, the eyes of a light hazel, the hair and beard auburn," etc. (Britton). Vasari states that Giulio Romano built a house for himself in Mantua, the front of which "he adorned with a fantastic decoration of coloured stuccoes."

42. *Standing like stone.* "The grief, the love, the remorse, and impatience of Leontes are finely contrasted with the astonishment and admiration of Perdita, who, gazing on the figure of her mother, like one entranced, looks as if she were also turned to marble" (Mrs. Jameson).

56. *Piece up*, etc. Divert upon himself.

58. *Wrought.* Wrought upon, agitated. Cf. *Temp.* iv. 1. 144:

> "your father 's in some passion
> That works him strongly;"

Id. v. 1. 17: "Your charm so strongly works 'em," etc. See also *Macb.* i. 3. 149 and *Oth.* v. 2. 345.

62. *Would I were dead*, etc. May I die if I do not believe, etc.

67. *Fixure.* Edwards says: "The meaning is, though her eye be fixed (as the eye of a statue always is) yet it seems to have motion in it: that tremulous motion which is perceptible in the eye of

a living person, how much soever one endeavour to fix it." In *T. and C.* i. 3. 101, the only other instance of the word in S., it is = stability. *Fixture* (= setting) occurs only in *M. W.* iii. 3. 67.

68. *As.* For so. Abbott compares *M. of V.* i. 3. 73 and *Macb.* i. 7. 78. *With* = by; as in v. 1. 113 and v. 2. 67 above.

86. *Resolve you.* Prepare yourselves.

96. *Unlawful business.* Alluding to the old laws against the practice of magical arts. Cf. *A. Y. L.* v. 2. 68.

100. *Look upon.* See on iv. 4. 448 above.

107. *Double.* For the adverbial use, cf. *A. W.* ii. 3. 254, *Macb.* i. 6. 15, iv. 1. 83, etc.

109. *Is she become the suitor?* Rowe changed the interrogation mark of the folio to a period, and has been generally followed. I do not see much to choose between the readings, but on the whole prefer the old one. Paulina says in substance: Do not be afraid of her, but give her your hand; you wooed her once, is she become the suitor now? This does not imply that Hermione makes no advances, but rather indicates surprise that he who once wooed her should now "shun" her when she approaches him and let her do *all* the wooing. Furness prefers the period.

122. *Your sacred vials.* Malone remarks that the expression seems to have been suggested by *Revelation*, xvi. 1; and Halliwell-Phillipps adds *Isaiah*, xlv. 8.

129. *Push.* Impulse (Schmidt), or suggestion. Clarke explains it as "emergency, special occasion," which Furness approves, referring to *Macb.* v. 3. 20.

131. *You precious winners.* You who have gained what is precious to you.

132. *Partake.* Impart. Cf. *Per.* i. 1. 153:—

> ' "our mind partakes
> Her private actions to your secrecy.'

This, however, is not in Shakespeare's part of the play.

Turtle. See on iv. 4. 154 above.

135. *Till I*, etc. Till I too, etc.

144. *Whose*. Referring to *Camillo*, not to *her*.

145. *Justified*. Avouched. Cf. v. 2. 69 above.

147. *What! look upon my brother*. "How exquisitely this serves to depict the sensitively averted face of Hermione from Polixenes, recollecting all the misconstruction that had formerly grown out of her purely gracious attentions to him; and also how sufficingly it shows the sincere repentance of Leontes for bygone errors, that he has had sixteen years to mourn and see in their true light!" (Clarke).

148. *Holy*. Blameless. Cf. v. 1. 29, 31, and 169 above.

149. *This is your son-in-law*, etc. The folio reads thus: —

> "This your Son-in-law,
> And Sonne vnto the King, whom heauens directing
> Is troth-plight to your daughter."

Walker suggests "This' your" = "This is your" which, as he remarks, would not mar the metre, though he prefers the other. It seems awkward to make the leading sentence "This your son-in-law is troth-plight to your daughter" — the assertion being already implied in the subject — and to make "whom heavens directing" merely parenthetical, as some editors do. What Leontes says is rather, I think, "This *is* your son-in-law, and by heaven's direction he is troth-plight," etc. "Whom heavens directing" is a "confusion of construction" for "Who, heavens directing him." Capell changed *whom* to "who," as the "Globe" ed. does. For *troth-plight*, cf. *Hen V.* ii. 1. 21: "you were troth-plight to her."

APPENDIX

The Jealousy of Leontes

The Winter's Tale, as some one has said, is like two plays in one — a tragedy and a comedy. The subject of the former is the jealousy of Leontes, and this is one of the most enigmatical incidents in Shakespeare. Critics have been perplexed by it, and have differed widely in their attempts to explain it. We are naturally led to compare it with the representation of the same passion in other of the plays, particularly in *Othello*.

The Moor is not naturally inclined to be jealous. Desdemona at first thinks him incapable of it. Indeed, he does not become jealous in the strict sense of the word, for it is the chief characteristic of jealousy that its suspicions are either groundless or based upon "trifles light as air" that are misconceived and magnified by foul surmise. It is nourished, as Massinger says,

> "with imagined food,
> Holding no real ground on which to raise
> A building of suspicion she was ever
> Or can be false."

Ford, in the *Merry Wives*, and Leontes are jealous, the one with only comical, the other with almost tragical, results, but both without the shadow of reason for their suspicions. But Othello, like Posthumus in *Cymbeline*, has ample reasons for believing his wife unfaithful. Iago has laid his infernal plans so well that the seeming evidence he brings to bear on Othello's mind would convince any man of a "frank and open nature," as Iago himself tells us Othello is; and the same is true of the proof which the villanous Iachimo brings to satisfy Posthumus of the guilt of Imogen.

But Leontes has no ground whatever for distrusting either his wife or his friend. He is the victim of no treachery on the part of those about him; on the contrary, Camillo, Antigonus, and Paulina all unite in opposing his delusion and maintaining the innocence of the queen. The only result is that he suspects them as he has suspected her. Even the oracle, which, for a wonder, has no ambiguous voice, as the oracles were wont to have, does not convince him of his error. Neither gods nor men can move him in the least. The obstinate persistence in his jealousy seems at first as unnatural as the startling suddenness of its inception. But Shakespeare's characters are never unnatural, though we may sometimes be puzzled to explain their behaviour, as good critics have been in this instance.

The poet Campbell believed that the jealousy, "though rash and irrational, is not unnatural in a hasty and wilful man," and such he believes Leontes to be. Hartley Coleridge also says that "the sudden jealousy, though unaccountable, is not impossible," but he attempts to account for it thus: "How slight a spark may cause explosion in the foul atmosphere of a *despot's* heart it is hard to say. Irresponsible power is tyranny without, and moral anarchy within. We should little wonder at the conduct of Leontes in an Eastern tale. Many of the sultans in the *Arabian Nights* act as madly and wickedly, whom yet the inventors [*sic*] evidently meant for wise and gracious princes; nay, history records abundant instances of like abjuration of reason in men not incapable of generosity or incidental greatness, to say nothing of taste and sensibility, for which some of the worst of kings have been conspicuous."

But Leontes is no Oriental despot, and, aside from this episode in his history as recorded by the dramatist, is a better king than this view of his character implies. The critic makes him altogether too bad, as he does by going on to express a doubt whether "one who had fallen thus" could ever again be capable of a "heart-cleansing repentance" or "worthy of a restoration to happiness," as Shakespeare represents him. Other critics, while they cannot

excuse his jealousy, regard it as "his only fault, temporarily overriding his natural qualities, but not combining with them; the more violent for being unwonted, and the shorter-lived for being violent." He is not essentially a bad man, they think, but impulsive, headstrong, lacking in self-control, and therefore weak, rather than wicked.

For myself, I cannot fully accept any of these explanations. I am inclined to agree with Lady Martin that "a sudden access of madness can alone account for the debasing change in Leontes." It is so unreasoning and unreasonable that it seems, indeed, like insanity. It is a "jealousy without cause, — cruel, vindictive, and remorseless almost beyond belief." Dowden observes: "No Iago whispers poisonous suspicion in Leontes' ear. His wife is not untried, nor did she yield to him her heart with the sweet proneness of Desdemona: —

> 'Three crabbed months had sour'd themselves to death
> Ere I could make thee open thy white hand
> And clap thyself my love; then didst thou utter,
> "I am yours for ever."'

Hermione is suspected of sudden and shameless dishonour, she who is a matron, the mother of Leontes' children, a woman of serious and sweet dignity of character, inured to a noble self-command, and frank only through the consciousness of invulnerable loyalty."

It seems to me that nothing short of the theory of actual *insanity* can explain such a sudden and violent outburst of jealousy under these circumstances. More than one critic has recognized in Leontes "a predisposition to jealousy," which, as one expresses it, "had hitherto been kept latent by his wife's clear, firm, serene discreetness, but which breaks out into sudden and frightful activity as soon as she slightly overacts the confidence of friendship." I cannot see, however, that she does "overact" in her friendly appeals to Polixenes to prolong his stay. Leontes has urged him

to remain, and begs Hermione, who has been silent, to second his entreaties: "Tongue-tied our queen! speak you." When she says, a little later, "He 'll stay, my lord," Leontes replies, "At my request he would not;" but he adds, apparently in unfeigned gratification at her success: —

> "Hermione, my dearest, you never spoke
> To better purpose."

Then follows the charming reference to their wooing days, with seemingly the best of feelings on his side no less than on hers. Then in the next breath, before Hermione has said another word to Polixenes, comes the soliloquy of Leontes, "Too hot! too hot!" etc. There would almost seem to be a loss of some part of the text at this point, for in this brief soliloquy, following immediately upon that loving conversation between Leontes and Hermione, he speaks of her as "paddling palms and pinching fingers," adding "*as now they are*," which proves that he refers to what he *sees*, or supposes that he sees, at that very moment. If nothing is lost here, it must be that, in a sudden fit of insane imagination, he *supposes* that he sees it. He turns aside to talk with his son, but keeps his eyes on his wife, who may naturally resume conversation with Polixenes, but we cannot imagine her as holding his hand, and "making practised smiles" and sighing, as Leontes describes her.

Schlegel, who is perplexed at the suddenness of this "distempered frenzy," says: "The poet might, perhaps, have wished to indicate slightly that Hermione, though virtuous, was too active in her efforts to please Polixenes;" but the play affords not the slightest support to this notion. Others have suggested that Leontes may have begun to be jealous before the play opens; but this seems absolutely irreconcilable with his behaviour and language after it opens, up to the time of the soliloquy in which the jealousy is clearly and emphatically expressed. Furness says: "Almost as swift as thought Leontes is at the height of jealousy;" and later he distinctly calls it the "attack of mania," besides referring to the

foul suspicions of Leontes as "the wild distortions of madness," — that is, distortions of harmless familiarities he may have witnessed in the friendly intercourse of Hermione and her royal guest. Some critics, as he notes, have gone so far as to suppose that Hermione had been actually imprudent in her behaviour toward Polixenes; but it strikes me that such a suspicion might almost lead us to doubt the sanity of the critics themselves.

The refusal of Leontes to believe the oracle clearly confirms, I think, the theory that he is actually insane. The appeal to the oracle was his own idea (in the novel Hermione petitions for it), and he has declared that he will be governed by its verdict. He tells Antigonus that the evidence against the queen, though strong, is only circumstantial, and he adds : —

> "Yet, for a greater confirmation, —
> For in an act of this importance 't were
> Most piteous to be wild, — I have dispatch'd in post
> To sacred Delphos, to Apollo's temple,
> Cleomenes and Dion, whom you know
> Of stuff'd sufficiency. Now from the oracle
> They will bring all, whose spiritual counsel had
> Shall stop or spur me."

This seems like a temporary return to sanity. There can be no doubt of his sincerity at the time. He would have been mad indeed to send to the oracle if he did not intend to accept its decision. Though he has himself no doubt of the guilt of Hermione, he says,

> "yet shall the oracle
> Give rest to the minds of others."

But when the response is received, he declares at once, before the court and the people, that it is "mere falsehood," and that the trial of the queen shall proceed without regard to it.

Then the death of his son is announced, and brings him to his senses. He is startled into sanity by the shock, and there is something almost abject in his sorrow and self-reproach. The change

is as sudden as the access of madness had been. We might fear that it would prove a transient spasm of penitence, but there is no relapse into mania. The terrible reproaches of Paulina when, a moment later, she declares that Hermione is dead — reproaches so intense and unrestrained that those present beg her to desist — he submissively accepts as only his due : —

> "Go on, go on !
> Thou canst not speak too much ; I have deserv'd
> All tongues to talk their bitterest."

And the contrite mood endures through the long penance of sixteen years that follows. "All the atonement that could be made for his crime he did make. Never for one day, we may believe, had he not been haunted by the ghost of his little son who had died of a broken heart, — of the babe exposed to death, and never heard of more, — of the queen, also the victim of his unjust jealousy." As another has said, "It would be unchristian not to forgive Leontes."

Comments on other of the Characters

Hermione. — We naturally associate Hermione with Queen Katherine. The two are alike in their nobility and dignity of nature as well as in the more delicate and lovely attributes of womanhood ; and in their great sufferings they were not divided. As Mrs. Jameson remarks, "she is one of those characters of whom it has been said proverbially that 'still waters run deep.' Her passions are not vehement, but in her settled mind the sources of pain or pleasure, love or resentment, are like the springs that feed mountain lakes, impenetrable, unfathomable, and inexhaustible."

Her concealment of herself for sixteen years, during which time she must have heard continually through Paulina of the sorrow and remorse of her husband, has been sometimes criticised as unnatural

or inconceivable; but as Mrs. Jameson says, "besides all the probability necessary for the purposes of poetry, it has all the likelihood it can derive from the peculiar character of Hermione, who is precisely the woman who could and would have acted in this manner. In such a mind as hers, the sense of a cruel injury, inflicted by one she had loved and trusted, without awakening any violent anger or any desire of vengeance, would sink deep — almost incurably and lastingly deep."

When Shakespeare, as in this instance, has to adopt an embarrassing situation from an old story that he dramatizes, he displays wonderful art in fitting the character to the circumstances in which it is placed. Here what in most other women would be unnatural becomes perfectly consistent with all that we know of Hermione.

Other critics have wondered that the poet has not represented Hermione as speaking to her husband after her apparent restoration to life. She asks no blessing upon him, but only upon her daughter, to whom she says: —

> "You gods, look down
> And from your sacred vials pour your graces
> Upon my daughter's head! — Tell me, mine own,
> Where hast thou been preserv'd? where liv'd? how found
> Thy father's court? for thou shalt hear that I,
> Knowing by Paulina that the oracle
> Gave hope thou wast in being, have preserv'd
> Myself to see the issue."

It is for Perdita, not for Leontes, that she has preserved herself. She forgives him, for she embraces him, but as yet she cannot speak to him. His first wooing of her required "three crabbed months," as he tells us; and the new wooing, after the sixteen years of divorce, may be as long. Perdita will doubtless help to reknit the ties that were severed at the time of her birth.

Mrs. Jameson explains this reticence in a different way, but it is not inconsistent with mine. She says: "It appears to me that her silence during the whole of this scene (except where she invokes a

blessing on her daughter's head) is in the finest taste as a poetical beauty, besides being an admirable trait of character. The misfortunes of Hermione, her long religious seclusion, the wonderful and almost supernatural part she has just enacted, have invested her with such a sacred and awful charm that any words put into her mouth must, I think, have injured the solemn and profound pathos of the situation."

PAULINA AND HER HUSBANDS. — Paulina is an admirable, though not in all respects an amiable, character. She has none of the resignation of Hermione, but stoutly fights against the injustice of Leontes. She has a sharp tongue, and uses it fearlessly, though not always wisely. She has no patience with the weak and jealous king, and sometimes perhaps she strengthens his blind obstinacy by her exasperating attacks upon it. She is also at times injudicious in act as well as in word ; as, for instance, when she brings the new-born babe into the presence of the angry monarch. Her devotion to Hermione is beautiful in the extreme, and she is justly rewarded in the end by seeing all things come out according to her hopes.

Her husband, like Hermione's, is inferior to her. Antigonus is too easily led to believe in the queen's infidelity, and to be the agent for exposing her innocent child on the desert shore. He pays the penalty for it in being eaten by the bear. It was a severe but not unrighteous retribution.

Camillo is a nobler character every way, and doubtless proved a more congenial mate for Paulina in her old age than Antigonus would have been, had he escaped his Nemesis in the shape of the bear. It is to be noted, by the way, that Camillo, with all his excellent traits, is an accomplished courtier. He has become expert in all the diplomatic strategy of court life ; but he uses it only in good causes, and the end here may justify the means.

FLORIZEL AND PERDITA. — In the delightful afterpiece which we have in the last two acts of the play, so charming in itself and in preventing the threatened tragedy that precedes from proving a

tragedy indeed, Florizel and Perdita, with the rogue Autolycus, are the chief personages. The two former are a most captivating pair, and remind us of Ferdinand and Miranda in *The Tempest;* and yet, like all Shakespeare's characters, they have their distinct individuality.

Florizel is the very ideal of young manhood, pure, frank, and true — so free from guile that he is rather awkward at playing an assumed part, even under the direction of so accomplished a master as Camillo. At the same time he is thoroughly brave and knightly. It is much to Shakespeare's credit that he could conceive such a character in a day when perfect purity was seldom associated with youthful brilliancy and attractiveness. Shakespeare's ideal young man might well be quoted as a model by the most fastidious moralist of this latter day.

Miss Cecilia O'Brien, in her paper on "Shakespeare's Young Men" in the *Westminster Review* for October, 1876, describes the poet's ideal young man thus: "Healthy, brave, natural, constant in friendship, noble in love, well-bred, cultivated, and self-restrained — such are the main points which we can discover of Shakespeare's ideal young man." As Miss O'Brien intimates, this is in some respects not at all the young man that contemporary dramatists delighted to draw. The fact that he can receive this unqualified praise in the eyes of a maiden critic in these latter days is of itself most significant. Note also this tribute to the young man's behaviour in love: "That he should be capable of really falling in love is almost a matter of course. It was not a matter of course, in those days or since, that the love so represented should be the pure and honest thing it is with these young heroes. Passionate, ardent, outspoken, it is always straightforward, frank, and honourable, in both the lover and the object of his love, in any character held up for our admiration." Of what other dramatist of the time could this, or anything like it, be said?

It would be "painting the lily" to comment at any length on the exquisite delineation of maiden beauty and innocence in Perdita,

and I shall be guilty of no such "wasteful and ridiculous excess." As I have already suggested, she reminds us much of Miranda, but, if possible, is even more graceful and lovely. Perhaps, however, that is only because she is placed in an atmosphere more favourable to the frank display of her grace and loveliness. We do not see Miranda as queen of a rural festival, and nowhere does she play so prominent a part in the action as Perdita does in her forest life with the shepherds.

AUTOLYCUS. — Autolycus is not borrowed from Greene's novel, but is a being of the poet's own creation. He is the *only* Autolycus, the merriest of rogues, the most captivating of "tramps." In him pocket-picking becomes a charm, and petty larceny a consummate grace. When he is wickedest we like him best, and could hardly wish him to reform lest he should turn out to be a dull fellow. He promises to reform in the end, but of course he never did it, but was a jolly vagabond to the end of his days.

THE TIME-ANALYSIS OF THE PLAY

This is summed up by Mr. P. A. Daniel in his paper "On the Times or Durations of the Action of Shakspere's Plays" (*Trans. of New Shakspere Society*, 1877–1879, p. 177), as follows: —

"The time of this Play comprises eight days represented on the stage; with intervals.

Day 1. Act I. sc. i. and ii.

Day 2. Act II. sc. i.

I am not sure that a separate day should be given to this scene; but, on the whole, the proposed departure of Polixenes and Camillo on the *night* of the first day, and the mission, *since then*, of Cleomenes and Dion to Delphos make this division probable.

An Interval of twenty-three days (for the visit to the Oracle).

Day 3. Act II. sc. ii. and iii. and Act III. sc. i.

Day 4. Act III. sc. ii.

An Interval. Antigonus's voyage to Bohemia.

Day 5. Act III. sc. iii.

An Interval (Act IV. sc. i.) of sixteen years.

Day 6. Act IV. sc. ii. and iii.

Autolycus cheats the Clown (the Shepherd's son) of his purse as he is on his way to buy things for the sheep-shearing festival. This incident suggests the placing of the festival on the following day.[1]

Day 7. Act IV. sc. iv.

An Interval. The journey to Sicilia.

Day 8. Act. V. sc. i.–iii."

List of Characters in the Play

The numbers in parentheses indicate the lines the characters have in each scene.

Leontes: i. 2(210); ii. 1(108), 3(109); iii. 2(73); v. 1(105), 3(76). Whole no. 681.

Mamillius: i. 2(4); ii. 1(18). Whole no. 22.

Camillo: i. 1(26), 2(123); iv. 2(18), 4(131); v. 3(7). Whole no. 305.

Antigonus: ii. 1(30), 3(29); iii. 3(51). Whole no. 110.

Cleomenes: iii. 1(11), 2(1); v. 1(12). Whole no. 24.

Dion: iii. 1(16), 2(1); v. 1(11). Whole no. 28.

Polixenes: i. 2(129); iv. 2(44), 4(94); v. 3(10). Whole no. 277.

Florizel: iv. 4(167); v. 1(38). Whole no. 205.

Archidamus: i. 1(24). Whole no. 24.

Shepherd: iii. 3(47); iv. 4(89); v. 2(8). Whole no. 144.

Clown: iii. 3(38); iv. 3(48), 4(86); v. 2(37). Whole no. 209.

[1] This may explain his having money at that time (see on iv. 4. 251), though "on the way" seems to refer to coming to the festival. — *Ed.*

Autolycus : iv. 3(87), 4(207); v. 2(25). Whole no. 319.
Mariner : iii. 3(11). Whole no. 11.
Gaoler : ii. 2(13). Whole no. 13.
Officer : iii. 2(27). Whole no. 27.
1*st Lord :* ii. 1(18), 3(12); iii. 2(9); v. 1(24). Whole no. 63.
1*st Gentleman :* v. 1(18), 2(30). Whole no. 48.
2*d Gentleman :* v. 2(17). Whole no. 17.
3*d Gentleman :* v. 2(71). Whole no. 71.
1*st Servant :* ii. 3(8); iii. 2(5); iv. 4(39). Whole no. 52.
2*d Servant :* ii. 3(2). Whole no. 2.
Time (Chorus) : iv. 1(32). Whole no. 32.
Hermione : i. 2(68); ii. 1(46); iii. 2(89); v. 3(8). Whole no. 211.
Perdita : iv. 4(118); v. 1(3), 3(7). Whole no. 128.
Paulina : ii. 2(44), 3(84); iii. 2(60); v. 1(67), 3(76). Whole no. 331.
Emilia : ii. 2(20). Whole no. 20.
Mopsa : iv. 4(21). Whole no. 21.
Dorcas : iv. 4(13). Whole no. 13.
1*st Lady :* ii. (19). Whole no. 9.
2*d Lady :* ii. 1(4). Whole no. 4.

In the above enumeration, parts of lines are counted as whole lines, making the total in the play greater than it is. The actual number of lines in each scene (Globe edition numbering) is as follows: i. 1(50), 2(465); ii. 1(199), 2(66), 3(207); iii. 1(22), 2(244), 3(143); iv. 1(32), 2(62), 3(135), 4(873); v. 1(233), 2(188), 3(155). Whole number in the play, 3074.

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